June 6, 1936

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THE NAT WEEKLY

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ROBERT O REID

Come to the Aid of the Party

By Walter Davenport

Kyle Crichton   Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

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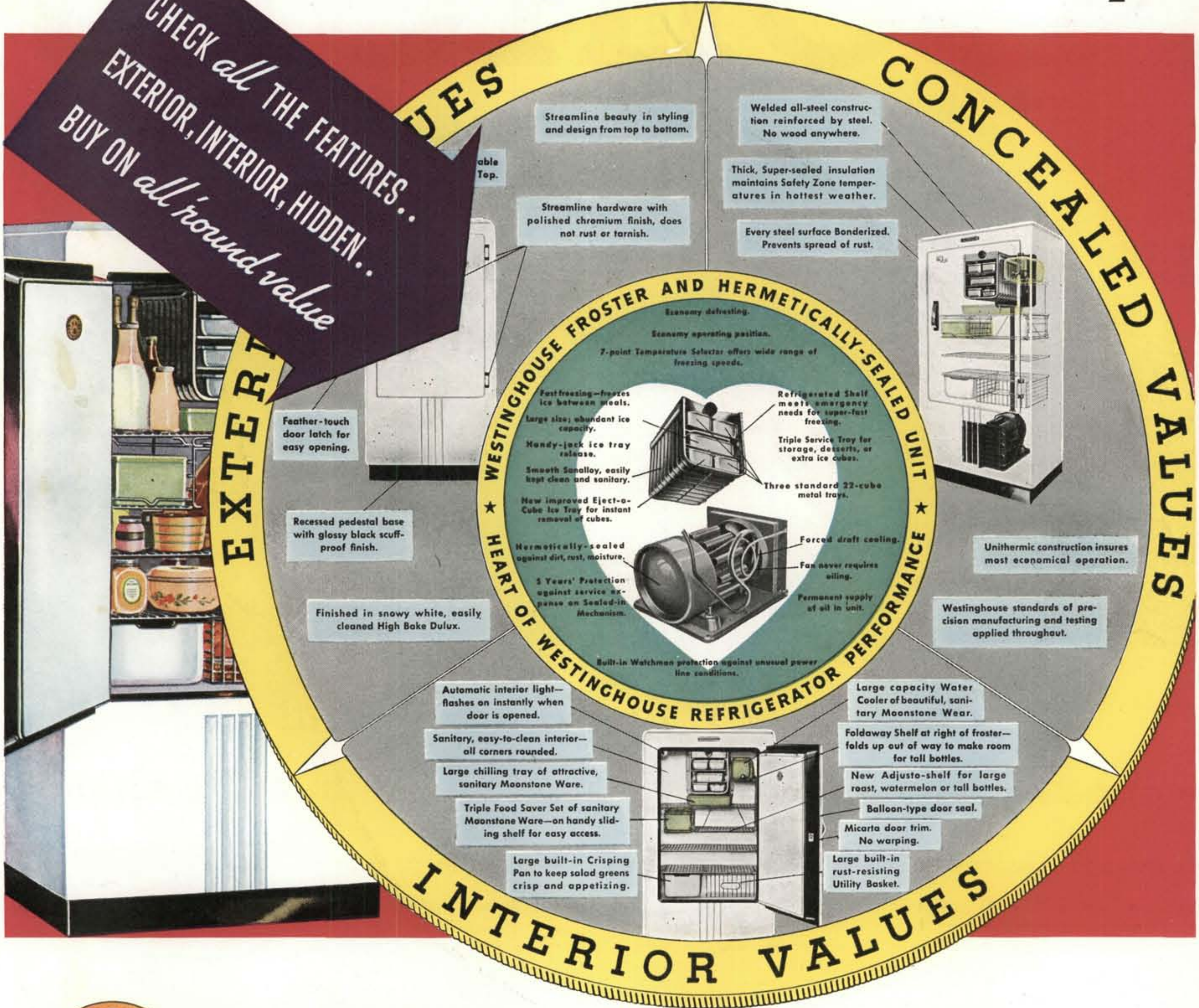
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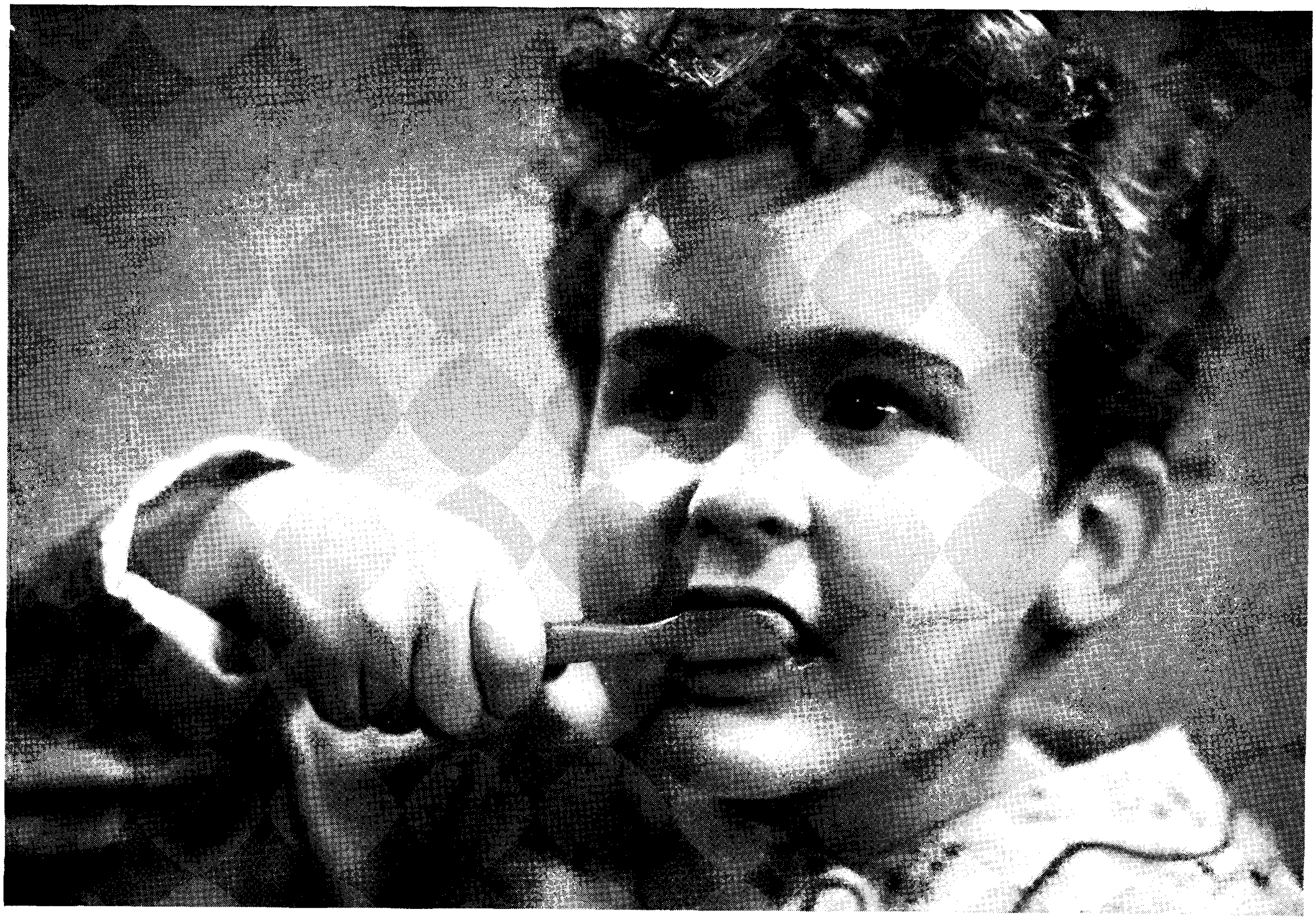

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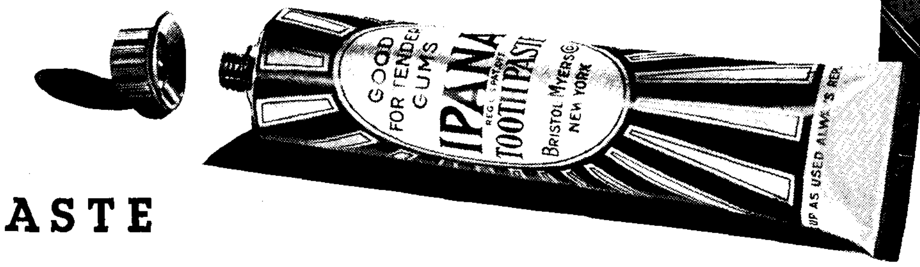
IPANA

TOOTH PASTE



Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Next Week

BIG BILL was a cautious man, a man who played safe. Before he bet fifty thousand on Little David LaRue, he insured his bet by buying off Little David's opponent. Before he spoke to the girl in the seat in front of him, he had his henchman explain to her just who he was. A cautious man, planning each step carefully. It gave him a sense of inner strength.

But that night in the Garden, watching through the smoke-filled air while Little David bored into Slam Finnegan, Big Bill forgot himself. He was on top of the world; he thought he could reach out and take anything he wanted. What he took was a gardenia. Max Brand dramatically tells the story.

YOU might, if you were traveling in France, cross the Maginot Line without noticing it. A few rows of upright poles, like those in a vineyard, a few bulbous blobs of cement—that's all there is to be seen. But no invading army could cross that line without noticing it. It is as nearly impregnable as anything on earth. From it can be laid down "France's Curtain of Fire," reaching from Belgium to Switzerland. Beneath those blobs of cement are subterranean forts, self-contained and self-sufficient cities, a monument to military genius. T. R. Ybarra takes you to see them.

WHEN Carly Bancroft came on from the West to visit her godmother in Newport, the girls on Bailey's Beach greeted her with "Thumbs Down." "There's something irrepressibly friendly about Westerners," said Glory Cameron, dismissing her from the picture. But Carly's hair was red: she wouldn't be dismissed. Her story is told by Frances Minturn Howard.

IT is still a source of pleasant surprise to Mr. Joseph DiMaggio that you can play baseball and be paid for it. And there are a number of pitchers who are sorry that Mr. DiMaggio ever found that out, for Mr. DiMaggio is the new menace. Quentin Reynolds tells his story.

THERE was no one in the brokerage house of Pfaff & Gieser who would not have taken pleasure in seeing Mr. Bert Baab sent to the cleaners. As a result, when Bert was caught short, three people leaped into action where one would have been enough. The result is to be found in "The Sign of the Scales."

COREY FORD, Kyle Crichton, Sidney Herschel Small, Janet Lane, George Agnew Chamberlain, George Creel, Teresa Hyde Phillips and others complete the program.

This Week

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June 6, 1936

Cover by Robert O. Reid

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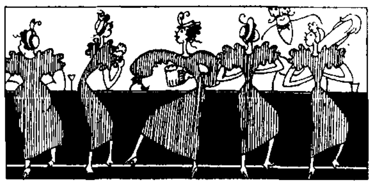
●

Any Week

WE'VE just had a chat with Mr. Max Durkin. Mr. Durkin is a barkeep and, furthermore, a good, strong one. What we went to see Mr. Durkin about was this: Another friend of ours is working for the dry cause. He gets a salary for doing whatever he can to revive prohibition and return this country to the holy state of total abstinence that obtained, as you all know, under the Eighteenth Amendment. He told us that before repeal the ladies were in the majority of the dry support. He says that if it weren't for the womenfolks prohibition laws would have been fewer, and that the country wouldn't have been legally dry at all. But now, he said, the dry cause is getting most of its support from men. A little surprised, we asked Mr. Durkin. Mr. Durkin said that he knew nothing about it, never having worked for the drys. "But," he added, "if it wasn't for the ladies these days half the bars I know of would be out of business. And if you can make anything out of that, you're welcome."



JUST outside Mr. Durkin's place we picked up another bit of information. You are cordially invited to make something out of this. In Madison, Wisconsin, we talked to a young fellow named Fein. Mr. Fein is an important official of the relief workers' union which, at that moment, was occupying the assembly chamber of the Wisconsin legislature. Moreover, it was defying the authorities to dispossess it. When they got tired of defying the authorities they went back to work—for WPA. Mr. Fein said that the seats were uncomfortable too. We asked him what his plans were. "Listen," said Mr. Fein, "be sure to see us at the conventions. We're planning to move in on the convention hall in Cleveland and after that see about Philly when the Democrats get together. It's got the gent's furnishings business licked cockeyed," said Mr. Fein who used to own a haberdashery.

WE'VE been hearing a great deal about "undesirable aliens." Now we know just what an undesirable alien is. We get it from Miss Emma Gospol of Birmingham, Alabama. And she got it from her employer, a lawyer. "What, exactly," asked she, "is an undesirable alien?" Said her employer: "An undesirable alien is a foreigner who makes more money than I do."

WE think we'd better go to the conventions where, according to Mr. Ted Gross of Baltimore, Maryland, "everybody within hearing distance will come home with a sick headache." At each of these patriotic roundups, says Mr. Gross, "a handful of carefully selected bosses will get together behind locked doors and write up a platform which they will call the will of the people. And when the people find out what their will is they will be surprised, as usual. Most of the people won't know until the platform is read that they had a will."

CONVENTIONS

VERY few will take it as philosophically as Mr. Gene Nolan's grandfather might if he were still alive. After listening to Mr. Roosevelt's acceptance speech four years ago in Chicago, Mr. Nolan raced home and asked the old man whether he had heard Mr. Roosevelt. "I have not," said Mr. Nolan's grandfather, "so let's hear no more about it." Mr. Nolan tried again. "Well, did you read the Democratic platform?" "I did not," said Grandpa, "and they had little to do. Did you bring home the funnies?"

LET us hope, however, that the orators don't become too enthusiastic and promise us too many things they haven't got. Things like that are almost certain to throw the electorate off balance. We have here a letter from Mrs. J. B. Brooklaw of Calgary, Alberta. Mrs. Brooklaw says: "Since you were here, Bible Bill Aberhart, our social credit premier, has lost a lot of popularity. He isn't paying the populace the twenty-five dollars a month he promised and isn't going to. So the people are deserting Bill in droves. But it is not so much that it is now clear that social credit won't work and that Mr. Aberhart can't pay them anything. They're deserting because some other chap is going around saying that if he were premier he would pay them fifty dollars a month. So," says Mrs. Brooklaw, "naturally, they're pretty angry at Bill for failing to pay only twenty-five."

"I," WRITES Mrs. Eva G. True of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, "have been reading you for some time and would like to know would you call Mussolini a flop."

IT depends on where we were at the time.

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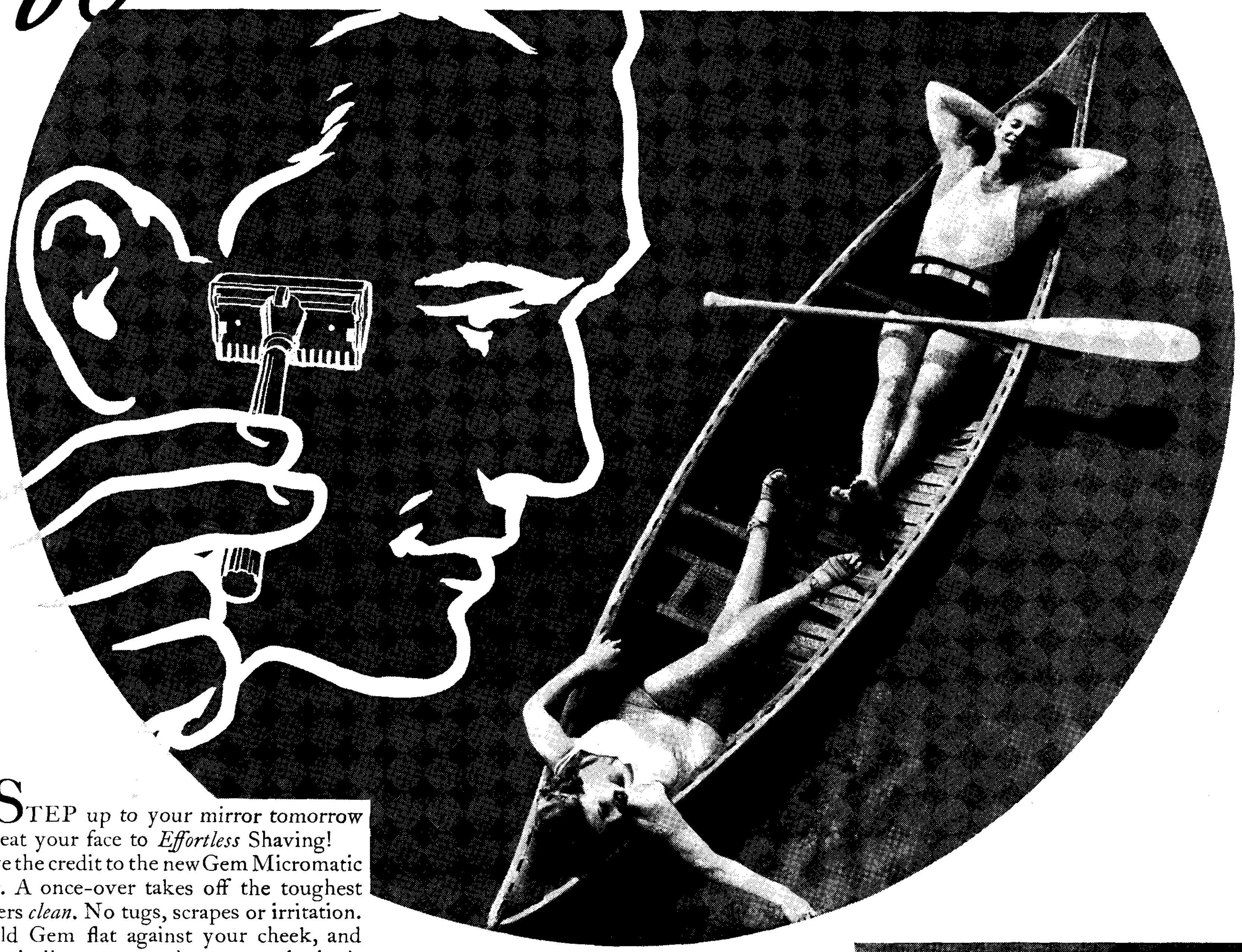

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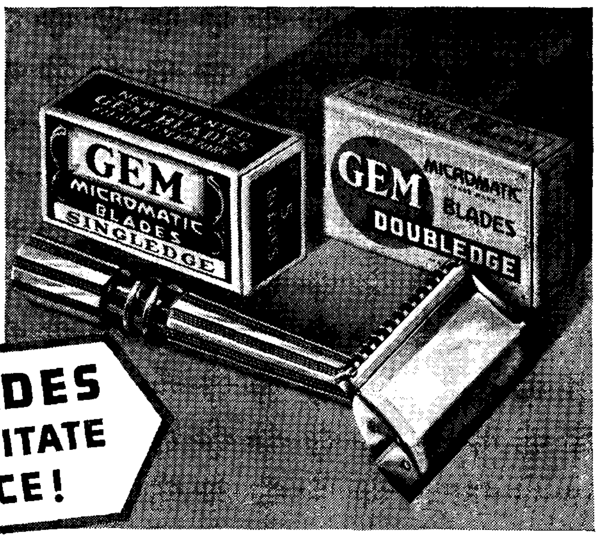

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GEM MICROMATIC *Razor and Blades*

The Perfect Voter

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

What this country needs is a man to explain everything to Aristides Kamenides. Then all of us could listen in and find out something for ourselves

I HAVE got heem!" cried Aristides Kamenides. "I am American ceetizen. I can today vote. How's it, falla, how's it, hey?"

"That's swell, Boss," said Jimmy dutifully.

"You bet swell, hey?"

"Sure, sure."

"I feel good, *good.* Leesten to me tell you—"

Jimmy had turned on the shiny green-painted stitcher and was offering a shoe to his god. Aristides Kamenides thought to shout at him; but a customer was waiting in one of the bright yellow booths and on the wall a sign said: "We Repair Shoes—While You Wait!" The Boss should not interfere with business.

"I am today American ceetizen," Mr. Kamenides announced loudly, for the benefit of Julio and Paul.

They grinned, pounding tacks into sole leather. Julio said nothing; his mouth was full of brads.

"You will have to serve on jury," Paul said.

"Sure, you bet!"

"They will tax you more, too."

"I pay heem! It ees *my* country!"

"You look out, Boss. They put you in army."

Shrugging, his smile still bright, Mr. Kamenides turned away from the shoe-repair department. That Paul! Bulgarians no good for anything but work, work and drink. Pooey on Paul. Not even his first papers, yet. While he, Aristides Kamenides—

"You boys shine tham bright an' do not keed Boss. I am today American ceetizen!"

This joviality addressed to Arthur, Elfred and William—young colored gentlemen with straightened hair and neat neckties—produced a more satisfactory response. Arthur and William stopped shining shoes long enough to chuckle; and Elfred, court jester of the establishment, condescended to be foolish.

"You which, Mistah Chris?"

"I am ceetizen. I today have the final papers. I can vote, falla!"

"Reckon you kin, Mistah Chris?"

"Sure, sure."

"Reckon you know how, sho' 'nough?"

"I go to poll-ing place. They show me."

"Don't you go votin' no *Reppocrat* ticket, Mistah Chris. He, he, he!"

Mr. Kamenides blinked.

"What ees?"

"Mistah Chris, he's goin' to vote the *Dempublican* ticket!" This from Arthur.

A bit bewilderedly Mr. Kamenides glanced at Arthur's customer. What ees? *Reppocrat* ticket? The customer, enthroned on glistening imitation green leather, grinned faintly. Mr. Kame-

MARIO COOPER

So I say, "Ees true Meester Bashaw steal wheat-crop-loan money from government?" Oh, beeg mistake. Ha, ha, ha nides appraised him with respect. He had a white face and reddish hair; he wore ten-dollar shoes and an expensive topcoat. He was lucky falla. He was American ceetizen *born.* He knew what ees.

"They keed me. Ha, ha, ha," said Mr. Kamenides.

The born American citizen nodded.

"Wait till the politicians start kidding you, Tony," said the born American citizen, "then you'll be kidded by experts."

Mr. Kamenides pretended to understand.

"Sure—sure—thees politician, I meet heem now. I am ceetizen!" It was said with naïve pride.

The customer snorted.

"The further you stay away from those guys the better off you'll be, Tony."

"How ees?"

"Crooks, Tony. All of 'em!"

The born American's shine was finished. He tipped Arthur a dime and stood to be brushed off. Timidly Mr. Kamenides plucked his sleeve.

"Politician do not make lie to me," he said with great earnestness. "I weel not vote for bad man—for liar. No!"

"You can save yourself a lot of grief by not voting at all, Tony," said the born American citizen. And with the admiring chuckles of Arthur, William and Elfred as his reward, the born American hurried into Grand Boulevard.

"Gat to work, you fallas!"

"Yas, suh, Boss, yas, *suh!*"

A sudden ominous dignity had taken possession of Mr. Kamenides. He turned his back on the shoeshine stand. Pooey to such fallas. And the born American—pooey to heem. It was not right to make beeg joke about serious, important matters.

Mr. Kamenides felt like lecturing them all—Jimmy, Paul, Julio, the colored fallas—but there were emotions in his pudgy chest not to be discussed with one's employees. He could speak of them only to Helen Pazmezoglu. He must talk to Helen right away quick. Helen was his fiancée; and she worked at Gus Pappas' candy store around the corner.

"I go out leetle while," he said to Joseph, the head hat worker.

"Okay, Boss," said Joseph. "We need more No. 1 fluid."

"Get heem!"

As Mr. Kamenides reached for his pearl-gray fedora and put on his camel's-hair topcoat, he looked around at his business. Five customers in the shoe-repair section. Two customers calling for hats. Eleven rows of cleaned and blocked hats, two long rows of repaired shoes—in the new imitation walnut storage case. Cousin Spyros Kamenides was briskly operating an electric cash register. In eight years—this business.

MR. KAMENIDES stopped at the cashier's counter.

"On the window . . . under my name . . . you gat sign painter falla, see?"

"What ees for, Aristides?"

Cousin Spyros had only his first papers.

"Chris Kamenides . . . see? Under eet the falla ees to put 'American Ceetizen.' You understand? Chris Kamenides, American ceetizen!"

Cousin Spyros nodded.

"You spell heem, Aristides."

"Yes. I write."

Laboriously and reverently, Mr. Kamenides scribbled, "Amerrican Citizen. Gold you use please."

Mr. Kamenides went forth into Grand Boulevard. He was thirty-six years old and taking on fat; but his step was gay and twentyish. Five years of waiting for his quota number; seven years of waiting after that for this great day.

"Hi-yah, Chris!"

"Hi, falla!"

He took exquisite pleasure in Traffic Officer Donahey's salutation. Traffic Officer Donahey had never asked him: "Are you a Venizelos man?" or "Aren't you a Royalist?" Mr. Kamenides looked straight ahead at the wondrous marquee of the Fox Theater. A grateful warmth suffused his soul. No agent provocateur accosted him; no spy lurked in sidewalk shadows.

"Sport extry, Mr. Kamenides!"

Mr. Kamenides bought copies of two newspapers and gave the boy a quarter. "Keep change, keed." He tucked the newspapers under his arm, hugging them. Hugging them for the truth they told.

SIGHTS and sounds charmed Mr. Kamenides. The terra-cotta façade of that skyscraper across the street; the brisk slither of shining automobiles; the trim click of well-shod feminine feet; the raucous noises of riveting hammer and steam shovel. One big fine city, falla! One big fine country!

"I am ceetizen," Mr. Kamenides exulted. "I feel good, *good!*"

He entered Gus Pappas' candy store. Miss Helen Pazmezoglu was very pleased to see him.

"How's the big shot today, hunh?"

"I have got heem—"

"Yeah, I know. I been waiting for you to call me—"

"I so sorry, Helan. I am much excite so I forgat—"

The comely Helen—born American citizen, Elizabeth, N. J.—winked at George Pappas.

"Chris is gonna run for mayor!"

"Mayor? No, no—Helan. I have not the education. I am only voter!"

"Leave it lay, Chris. I'm sure glad you got what you wanted, honey. Gee, I thought some crummy judge would change his mind at the last minute!"

Mr. Kamenides exploded in a mixture of Greek and English. Crummy judge? Oh, pooey shame on that! A judge in the big Federal Court, Helan. Very fine, honest man. He had shaken hands with Aristides Kamenides. He had said, "Mr. Kamenides, I congratulate you!" And Mr. Kamenides had walked out of that courtroom a *free* man and a *citizen.* In the old country, Helan, you did not walk out of courtrooms a free man. . . .

"Okay, honey, okay. I told you I wouldn't marry any guy who wasn't a real, legal citizen. I'm darn' glad you got by. Are we going any place tonight?"

Mr. Kamenides beamed.

"Yes, Helan. We make the beeg celebrate! We go to Thirteenth Ward poleetical meeting!"

Firmly, Miss Pazmezoglu shook her head.

"No, we don't, Chris," she said.

"B-but, Helan, I am *voter!* I meet politician fallas now—"

Miss Pazmezoglu pulled the pearl-gray felt over her beloved's nose. Her tone was tender, playful but nonetheless positive.

"You're staying outa politics, boy friend," said she. "Leave that to the Irish and the Dutch."

"You listen, Helan. You smart girl—"

"Jiggers. I got a customer—"

When his Helen returned, Mr. Kamenides was prepared to state the case clearly.

"It ees my duty to vote, you see, Helan?"

"Sure, sure."

"It ees also my duty to peek good, hones' men to rule my country, you see sure?"

"Yeah. Go ahead an' vote if you wanta take the trouble, Chris. But don't ask *me* to go to any darn' political meetings. We're gonna go to the Silver Duck for chop suey an' then to see Clark Gable."

"Excuse, please, Helan, but—"

"Oh, I can get some other guy—"

"No, no, Helan. I go, I go!"

A WEEK later—Helen being obliged to work on the night shift—Mr. Kamenides attended his first political meeting. The Thirteenth Ward Improvement Association had invited two rival candidates for alderman to speak.

Mr. Kamenides listened intently to what Herman P. Schmacke, plumbing contractor, had to say in behalf of his candidacy. Mr. Kamenides gave equally close attention to the speech of Guido Sansone, fruit wholesaler. These two, Mr. Kamenides had been informed after painstaking inquiry, were the leading candidates for alderman in his ward.

Next morning, Cousin Spyros respectfully inquired whether Mr. Kamenides had reached a decision on the vote for alderman.

"It ees no good—the speeches," said Mr. Kamenides. "They say same thing. They promise same thing. They wave arms—so. Pooey on heem!"

"What ees man to do with vote, then?" asked Cousin Spyros.

Mr. Kamenides frowned portentously.

"I talk to heem—Schmacke. I talk to heem—Sansone. They not fool me. I tell wheech is hones' man, wheech ees smartes' man."

"Much better you 'tend to business, I think," said Cousin Spyros.

"No, no. I am ceetizen. It ees duty," said Mr. Kamenides.

Helen Pazmezoglu was much amused

when Mr. Kamenides reported to her the result of his interviews with Candidates Schmacke and Sansone.

"Sansone ees crook!" cried Mr. Kamenides. "He no look me in eye when I say, 'Ees not true you sell bad fruit to ceety hospeetal an' infirmary?' He get sore. Pooey on heem. I vote for Schmacke. *You* mus' vote for Schmacke!"

"Oh, Chris!"

"Why you laugh at me, Helan?"

"It's a wonder that Dago didn't stick a knife in your tummy. Idea of asking a guy such a thing!"

"Why not? I am *voter!* It ees duty."

In the opinion of Miss Pazmezoglu her boy friend's quaint activity had gone on long enough.

"Listen, Hon," she said, "you don't got to carry this town on your shoulder. And if you keep on butting into political business you're apt to get into serious trouble."

"Sansone ees crook, Helan."

"Sure, and so are plenty other guys in bigger offices than alderman. It's a dirty racket, Chris, an' you leave it lay!"

But Mr. Kamenides would not take her advice. He wheedled and argued and pleaded.

IT RAINED election day. Mr. Kamenides called for Helen in a taxicab. As one humoring a child, Helen accompanied him to the polling place and voted for Honest Herman Schmacke.

"I hope you're satisfied," said the lady, "and you got to clean this dress and shoes for me!"

Mr. Kamenides nodded solemnly.

"I am American ceetizen. I have done eet right!"

Candidate Schmacke was elected with a majority of two votes.

"You see, Helan?" said Mr. Kamenides, triumphantly. "*We* do that! *Our* two votes do that!"

Helen was now thoroughly alarmed. She had been hearing a great deal of disapproving talk about Mr. Kamenides' political activity.

"How do you know they was our votes, Chris? Over sixteen hunderd people voted in the Thirteenth Ward. It was jest a coincidence."

"Co-in—what ees?"

"Aw, it jest happened. That's all."

"No, no—we elect heem!"

"They'll probably put over a crooked recount an' give it to Sansone. Get wise, Hon!"

But Mr. Kamenides would not be disillusioned. He swaggered back to his place of business, chuckling. There he insisted on telling Spyros, Jimmy, Paul, Julio, William, Arthur and Elfred how he and Helen had elected an honest alderman. Mr. Kamenides had now developed a theory which he expounded to employees and customers.

"Thees speeches—no good," he would say. "The papers, the radio—no good. A politician falla weel say anything in the public. No, no. Leesten, I tell you—I am voter. I, Chris Kamenides, am voter. I do not vote for bad man. I find out what his neighbors say of heem. Then I myself personally talk to heem. You understand? You mus' talk to heem an' . . ."

"Yeah, sure, that's right, Chris."

TWO days before the Easter rush of business was due to commence, Mr. Kamenides made an astonishing announcement to Cousin Spyros:

"I go to see Meester John Bashaw!"

"Who ees?"

"Pooey shame on you, Spyros. Mr. John Bashaw ees Farm-Labor candidate for governor. I think maybe I vote for heem."

Cousin Spyros stared at Aristides Kamenides. Then he hotfooted it around the corner to Gus Pappas' candy store.

"Come queek, Helan. He ees gone cuckoo!"

Helen, accompanied by Gus and Albert and George Pappas, arrived just as Mr. Kamenides was buttoning his topcoat.

"That guy Bashaw lives fifty miles from town, Chris!"

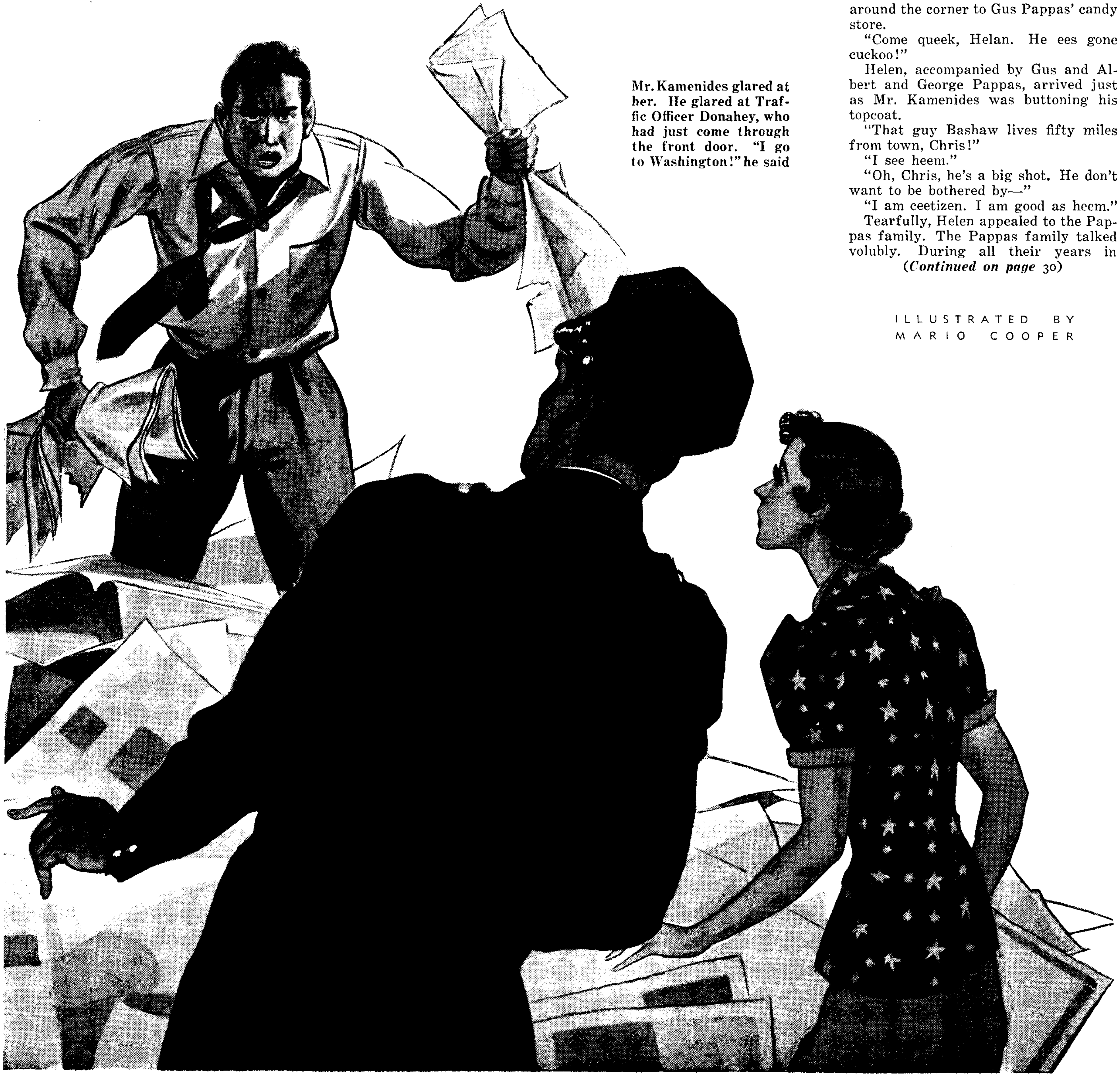
"I see heem."

"Oh, Chris, he's a big shot. He don't want to be bothered by—"

"I am ceetizen. I am good as heem."

Tearfully, Helen appealed to the Pappas family. The Pappas family talked volubly. During all their years in

(*Continued on page* 30)



Mr. Kamenides glared at her. He glared at Traffic Officer Donahey, who had just come through the front door. "I go to Washington!" he said

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Inconstant Wife

The extraordinary behavior of Madame Gégouette, selected to be the ideal wife by a man admittedly the ideal husband

By Henri Duvernois

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

TO ALEXIS GÉGOUETTE his friend Fouche seemed so miserable that he couldn't resist the temptation of parading his own good fortune.

"Come home with me," he said; "I'll show you a connoisseur's apartment and you will meet the lovely girl who is my wife. You can have lunch with us."

"Thanks so much," Fouche sighed. "I accept with pleasure. It's fine to be with you again. Do you remember college and our plans for the future? None of mine have worked out. No wonder you didn't recognize me a while ago when I spoke to you. As an architect I ask: how can you distinguish the original design in a house that has been ruined in the building? How different it has been with you! You told me you were going to make a name in table linen, and it's done; that you would marry a lovely girl, and you've married her. Look at me: I'm not much like the undergraduate of twenty years ago."

"Perhaps you haven't worked hard enough," Gégouette suggested. "You can achieve anything if you work for it, even love. I've made a brilliant success in table linen because I wasn't satisfied to confine my study of it to restaurants. You might have seen me in shirt sleeves, understand, actually working with my coat off! After devoting ten years to my business—up at six, to bed at ten—I decided to choose a helpmate and I studied the question with the same thoroughness that used to get me first groups in the courses that you flunked. I wished Madame Gégouette to be blond but serious-minded, elegant but economical, possessed of originality but obedient, devoted to me but considerate of my freedom and with no thought of her own!"

"You were looking for the ideal!"

"Shall I give you an example? My wife drives our car—it's just by accident that you met me on foot; I'm having the fan belt changed. When I have business engagements to keep in Paris, Madame Gégouette acts as chauffeur. Confidentially, she's a little jealous. Sometimes she waits outside for two hours or more, reading. None of your novels! She detests novels! Instead she reads works of science and philosophy: The Grimace and its Origin in Civilized Societies or Ancient Stoicism and the Contemporary Cult of Resignation. She has a serious mind but she likes amusement too. A rare creature—gold and precious gems. And so I call her Jewel."

Gégouette was short, corpulent and excitable. He pointed out to his friend a new building in a cheerless street: "I've bought the second floor, there where you see the lovely curtains." Fouche muttered testily: "Shoddy construction, but the apartment house looks well enough and probably will last as long as you do."

He was taken into a startlingly ugly study. The furniture was too heavy and the partitions too thin; you could hear the noise of radios, the sound of running water and the clatter of plates. "We'll have a dreadful meal," thought Fouche. But he was impatient to meet Madame Gégouette who, he suspected, would match the apartment. He was not long in seeing his mistake.

"Jewel, let me present an old friend—Fouche."

She was strikingly pretty, her spectacular blondness offset by a quiet and reserved manner. Fouche, though an expert in matters of the heart, saw at once that in this household he could never hope to play anything but the unimportant role of family friend. He forced himself to be his wittiest without gaining the attention of Madame Gégouette for as much as a second. She replied with polite monosyllables and kept her eyes on her husband as though to say: "When shall we be alone?" Fouche decided that Gégouette's wife really loved him, and the architect's natural pessimism was deepened by that fact. He finished his coffee, which tasted like burned acorns and was served in an imitation Sèvres cup, and said goodby, silently swearing never to come back.

"WELL," Gégouette said, returning from the door. "Poor devil! I bet he doesn't get a meal like that every day. Did he bore you?"

"Me!" Jewel cried. "I didn't even listen to him."

"You didn't listen enough. We have been married for five years now, but you still have a great many things to learn. For instance, in your own home you must always seem to be having a good time. When you are out you must try to give the impression of being bored. There, in a word, is the A B C of distinguished manners. Shall I explain?"

"Please."

"If you seem to be having a good time in other people's homes they will immediately assume that you don't get asked out much and that their invitation was a special treat. Do you understand?"

"I understand. Are we going out somewhere?"

"No. But on Saturday the store will be closed. Do you want to do what we did last Saturday—sit here beside our own hearth in the same chair?"

"Listen, Alexis—"

"That was fun, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but—"

"What's that? A but? I don't like that much."

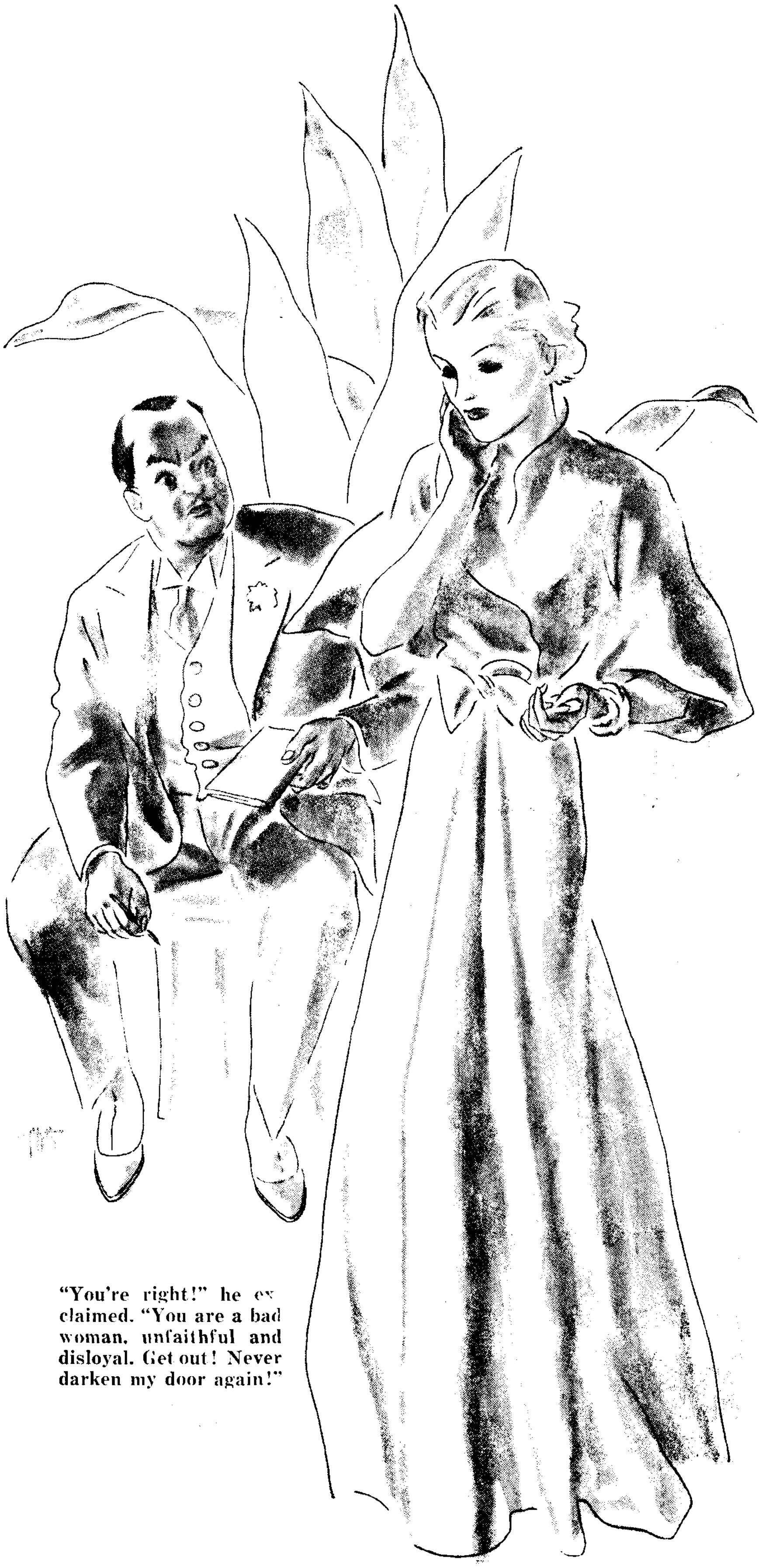
"I have to talk to you."

"I'm listening."

"I want you to pay attention to what I have to say with all your indulgence, kindliness, intelligence and charity."

Gégouette raised his eyebrows like a man who has never before been asked to combine so many virtues at once.

"My dear," Jewel began evenly and unhesitatingly, "I'm not at all the woman you think me."



"You're right!" he exclaimed. "You are a bad woman, unfaithful and disloyal. Get out! Never darken my door again!"

"What's that?" Gégouette inquired.

"To be perfectly honest with you, I'm a bad woman."

"Have you run up a bill at the dressmaker's?"

"No."

"You've been gambling?"

"No—"

"That useless brother has been borrowing again?"

"It's not a matter of money. Alexis, I'm a bad woman."

"DON'T keep saying that. What do you mean?"

"I've been unfaithful to you— Don't get up. It's no use looking for your revolver: I've hidden the cartridges, not on my account, but to save you the results of an angry impulse you would be the first to regret."

"I must be dreaming," muttered Gégouette, overcome by this first contact with realities he had thought reserved for others. "You say that right to my face, as though it were perfectly natural. Why, I might have a stroke."

"Be calm and let me go on."

"You have a lover?"

"Yes."

"To do a thing like that to me! Do you really mean it?"

"Yes, Alexis. And now that you know, I feel a weight off my mind."

"My cane!"

"I've hidden that too."

"What's the man's name?"

"Lodime."

"What's that?"

"Lodime."

"Can't you see the whole thing's fantastic? Lodime!"

"Marcel Lodime—"

"His address?"

"He's passing through Paris. He's an aviator and spends his time in the air."

"My wife is the mistress of a boxer."

"An aviator."

"It amounts to the same thing."

"As you like. I've given you every right to be unjust. Shall I go on?"

"Go on. Wait a minute: I'll get a pencil and takes notes. All right!"

"Stop me if I go too fast. This is what happened: I met Marcel Lodime one month and six days ago exactly; it was Wednesday, the seventh of October, at a quarter of three o'clock—you've broken the lead."

"Just as I'll break that fellow's neck!"

"DON'T get excited. Turn your pencil the other way to get the lead down. I was *coming* out of a little leather store at the corner of the Boulevard Haussmann—"

"You were true to me at that time?"

"I give you my word of honor."

"You no longer have a word of honor."

"Well, then, I swear it on your head."

"After what you've done!"

"Alexis, reproach me as much as you like; I deserve it, but no sarcasm, I beg of you. . . . I had just bought a little white handbag to go with my red dress. It was priced at five hundred francs, but they let me have it for two seventy-five because it had a little smudge near the clasp. I was very much pleased with it and I was planning to surprise you and say jokingly: 'Look, Alex, what a lovely bag your Jewel has given herself for your birthday!' Suddenly I felt someone touch me on the arm. I was so startled I dropped the bag. I thought I had been mistaken for a thief and was being arrested. But when I looked, a gentleman was bending over to pick up my bag. He handed it to me saying: 'Good afternoon, Madame Gégouette.'"

"How did he know your name?"

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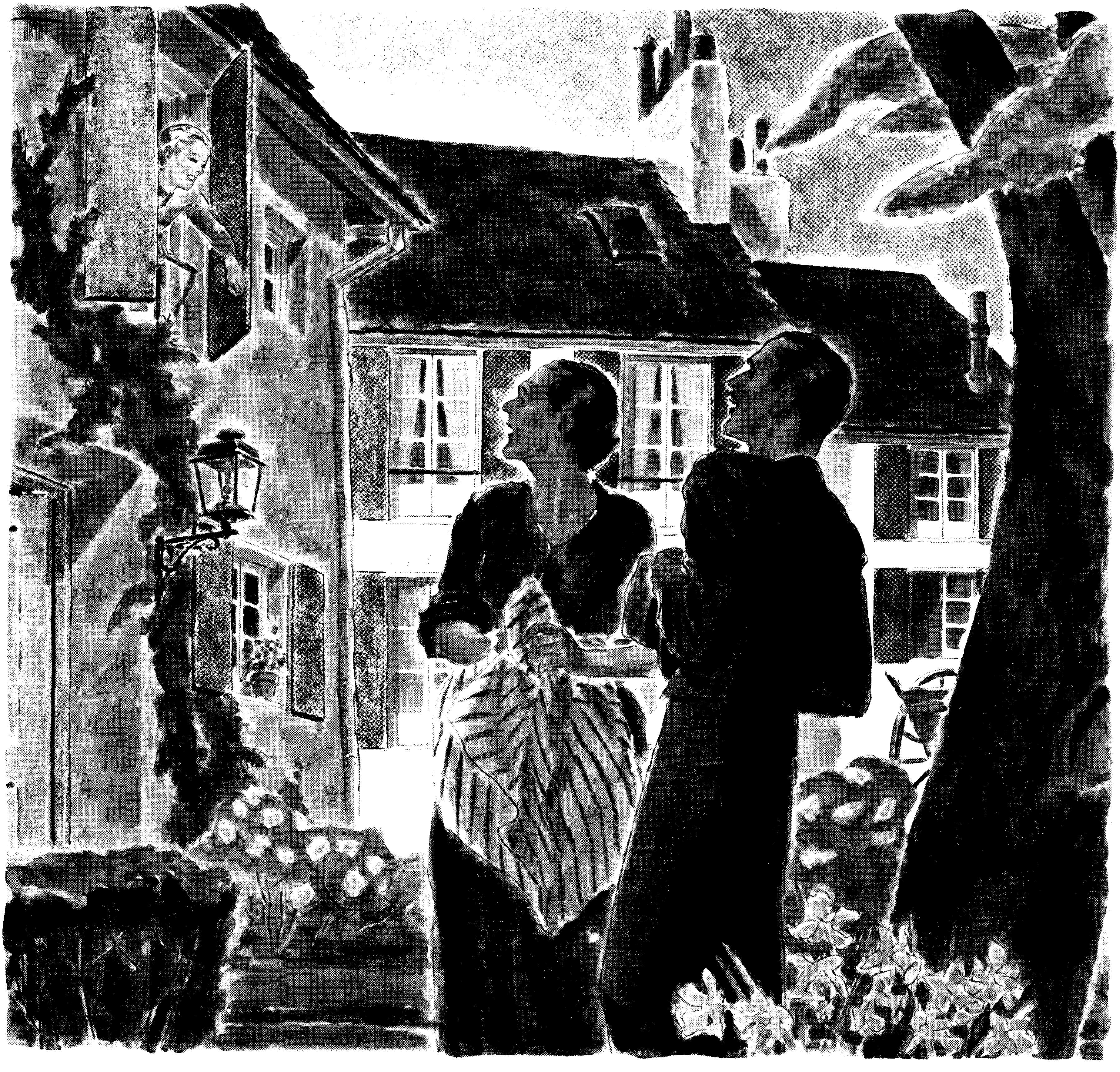


"Oh, it's you," she said. "Open the door, Julie, and ask the gentleman into the sitting-room"

Come to the Aid of the Party

They want nothing for themselves—oh, a job perhaps, or a few thousand dollars. They have rallied, uncalled, to the aid of the party, with crafty designs for restoring it to its pristine glory, for making it worthy of The Founders. So here they are, with graph and chart and formula, a brigade of lackluster Moseses besieging Republican headquarters for a chance to lead the party out of the wilderness

By Walter Davenport

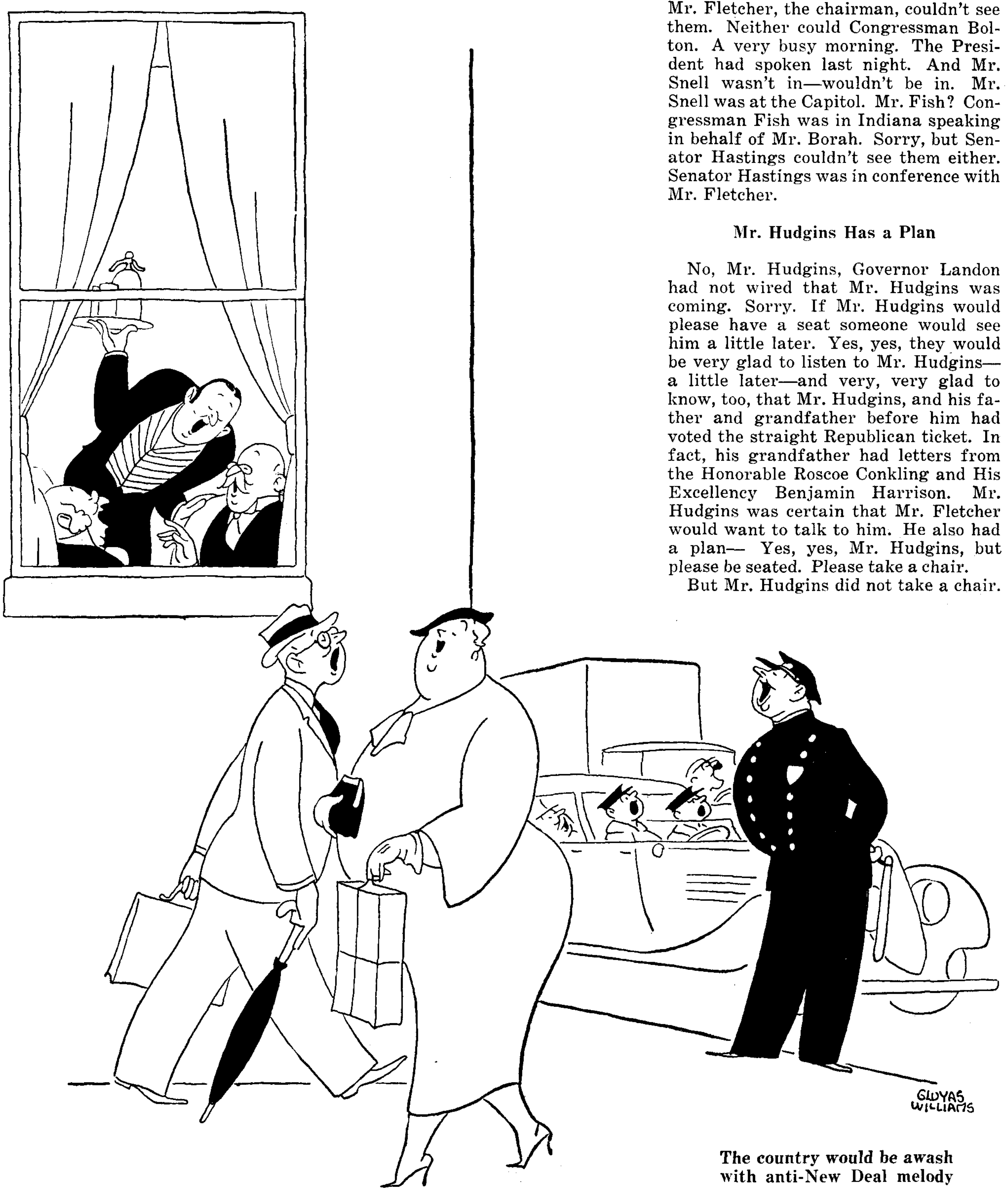
EVEN before the offices had opened for another day of strategy, they had begun to forgather. If you hadn't known who they were and why they were there at the doors of the Republican National Committee you might have thought remarkable the cold distrust with which they regarded one another. They spoke amongst themselves but infrequently; and when they did their words were few, high and patronizing. Only when a newcomer arrived was there a suggestion of common interest. At such times they turned upon the belated fellow with sour disdain.

There was a certain striking sameness about them. All seemed to conform to a common character matrix. Old-timers in the committee's offices told us that some of them have been turning up regularly every four years; and it was a matter of daily speculation what they did between presidential campaigns. They were all either well settled in middle-age or had edged over into the shade. There were evidences, too, that the going hadn't always been kind. There was a rather anxious cunning in all their faces, the furtiveness of men who had lived too long with secrets—a foxiness that comes to supplant speed and enthusiasm that are waning or gone. Not an overly gallant crew, but forever sanguine. A staleness had settled on them.

All Republican Saviors

They carried themselves with a certain importance, even a pomposity which, however, lacked conviction. They carried brief cases so fatly packed with dog-eared papers that the latches were inches from meeting, but securely strapped. Some of them had wrapped a third or even a fourth strap around just to be sure. And they clung to them jealously, belligerently, for you may as well know now as later that in each of these gorged brief cases was a plan (ah, no—*the* plan) which was to revive, restore, rejuvenate and rehabilitate, sir, the Republican party. Each carried the solution of all the Republican party's problems. Here were the facts, the ways and means, the magical formulas, the new, scientific and hitherto undreamed-of methods which would assure, guarantee, warrant and certify, sir, a Republican landslide in November. Here were data, evidence, documented fact and incontrovertible damnings which wrote the doom of the New Deal, of all the Ickeses, Hopkinses, Tugwells, Morgenthaus, Wallaces and Farleys. And in the strictest confidence, my dear sir, were these special envelopes, this particular pamphlet and the manuscript I hold in my hand, my friend; but, opened for the perusal of the American people, Mr. Roosevelt himself would vanish. It is even possible, my friend, that he would find it advisable to withdraw from the race.

No wonder, then, that they regarded one another with suspicion. Therefore, it is not strange that when the doors swung open they should bunt one another aside in their anxiety to be the first to win high audience. Even a Republican, beset and badgered, as well he might be, with doubt and perplexity, would be swift to gather that these plans and formulas, analyses and revelations could not all be the party's salvation. But how was the Republican Committee to know which of all these plan peddlers was trustworthy, whose brief case contained the truth, where among all these victory prescriptions was the sure cure to be found? Obviously, as each fellow knew and was prepared to proclaim that his rival was a charlatan bent upon nothing more patriotic than to attach himself by fraud to the rich Republican pay roll, there was nothing to do but be first to be heard.



The country would be awash with anti-New Deal melody

And that is why they were hurling one another out of the way, announcing themselves with determined clarity, glaring at each other in their fight for speedy conduct into the offices beyond the partition. And that is why, when told that they would have to wait, they raced to the chairs and benches, hugging their brief cases, fumbling their hats. It was a busy morning in headquarters. They would have to wait, perhaps an hour. No, Mr. Fletcher, the chairman, couldn't see them. Neither could Congressman Bolton. A very busy morning. The President had spoken last night. And Mr. Snell wasn't in—wouldn't be in. Mr. Snell was at the Capitol. Mr. Fish? Congressman Fish was in Indiana speaking in behalf of Mr. Borah. Sorry, but Senator Hastings couldn't see them either. Senator Hastings was in conference with Mr. Fletcher.

Mr. Hudgins Has a Plan

No, Mr. Hudgins, Governor Landon had not wired that Mr. Hudgins was coming. Sorry. If Mr. Hudgins would please have a seat someone would see him a little later. Yes, yes, they would be very glad to listen to Mr. Hudgins—a little later—and very, very glad to know, too, that Mr. Hudgins, and his father and grandfather before him had voted the straight Republican ticket. In fact, his grandfather had letters from the Honorable Roscoe Conkling and His Excellency Benjamin Harrison. Mr. Hudgins was certain that Mr. Fletcher would want to talk to him. He also had a plan— Yes, yes, Mr. Hudgins, but please be seated. Please take a chair.

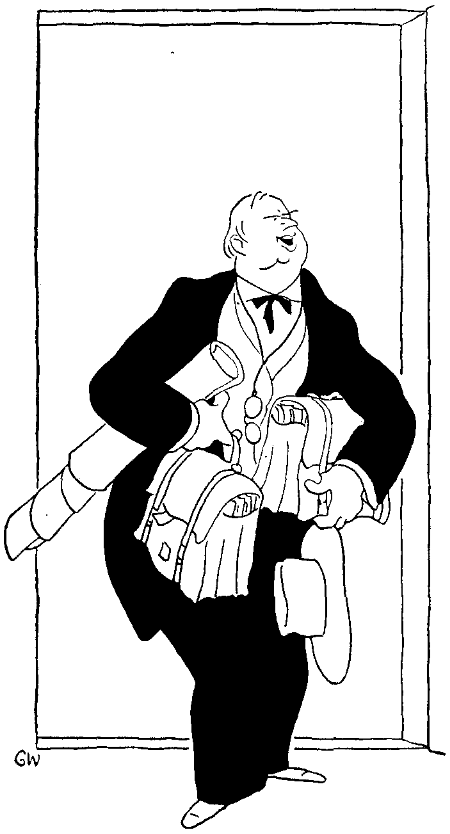
But Mr. Hudgins did not take a chair.

He didn't sit down. There were no more seats. He glared around the reception room, proudly ignored the sneers of the others who had not paused to boast or argue, but had captured seats. He was being shoved around a bit because a fairly steady tide of callers was flowing in and Mr. Hudgins was pretty heavily burdened with two brief cases and a large roll of charts. Saving the party was no trifling by-play with Mr. Hudgins, whose museum-piece hat was a little awry and eyeglasses dangled from their ribbon. Finally he elected to stand in the corner nearest the inside door where he reorganized himself and greeted a couple of callers with "Morning, Senator," although they weren't senators.

Important Republicans were arriving to confer with their official equals upon what the President had said the night before. You'd know they were important by the way they brushed through, nodding to the reception clerks and vanishing inside. And you recognized some of them. Senator McNary, for example—youngish, vigorous, serious. He, too, had a brief case and the sight of it moved the plan peddlers to clutch theirs tighter. Two or three of them recognized him and smiled at him, one of them starting from his chair as if to address the Gentleman from Oregon. But they lacked decision. Senator McNary, who hopes to write the party's farm program if Senator Borah doesn't, had legged it out of sight. Plenty of steam to McNary. The party savers in the chairs knew they'd have no trouble at all electing him. With a man like McNary and their cunning—nothing, nothing to it.

They're Immune to Rebuff

Then Senator Metcalf of Rhode Island, old, cold, slow afoot, obviously a man of wealth, walked through. He spoke to nobody, although several young attendants bowed in quick subservience. He carried a paper, a single sheet, in his hand. After him came another rich man, the huge Jerseyman, Senator Barbour, very curly and quite fat but exceedingly genial, too. When younger he was a good heavyweight boxer—an amateur, of course. They all recognized him, and Mr. Hudgins, who was having lots of trouble with his chart roll, a clumsy thing that insisted upon sliding, gave him a round Republican greeting—"Ah, good morning, Senator." And Senator Barbour, looking the wrong way, replied with a vigorous but impersonal "Hullo," and went in.



His charts were slipping like the sections of a loose telescope

A very busy morning in headquarters. Senator White of Maine, former Senator Fess of Ohio—a tall, rigid, sanctimonious man wearing an overcoat in spite of the morning's mildness. And Lester Dickinson of Iowa. Senator Dickinson didn't go inside. He merely asked one of the attendants to take a large brown envelope to somebody and, after shaking hands with three or four persons who told him "everybody out our way wants to see you in the White House," left. A couple of the big brief-case luggers stand up and speak to him. But he doesn't seem to hear. They sink back, somewhat abashed. One has dropped his hat and, as he gropes for it, spills his precious brief case.

Our early friends sitting in the chairs, worrying the shredded ends of unfragrant cigars, must understand by now that they'll have to wait quite a while before laying their secrets of success before the authorities inside. They are a hardier lot than they looked. They're almost immune to rebuff. And why not: they've been rebuffed for years. It is clear that they intend staying right where they are until they get a hearing. All day if necessary. And back tomorrow morning if need be, although tomorrow morning will see a new platoon of idea merchants, campaign builders, victory manufacturers and secret sellers. After all, this is all they have to do—wait, hang around, hope, persist and try to sell themselves and their menageries of plots, schemes and mumbo-jumbo. Or compete with patriots who arrive to bestow their brain children free—for the good of the party, for the rescue of America, for the salvation of our American ideals and in defense of the Constitution.

How to Break the Solid South

There are many, too many, of the latter. They ask nothing but to be heard. They have nothing to sell. They know what the party needs, how it can be restored to its former magnificence and might. Of course they aren't without certain affiliations which might benefit in the party's successful revival. They would like to see a prohibition plank inserted into the platform. Or they hope for pensions—class pensions like the Townsend Plan. Perhaps they hope for cotton, tobacco, wheat, corn, soybean or ginseng subsidies. Or what could be more American than a stout Republican pledge to lift all church mortgages by appropriations straight from the federal treasury? If the Republican party would thus declare itself for a debt-free and unburdened Christian Church, ten million voters would troop to the polls singing Old Hundred and praying the prayers of victory. This, dear friends, would break the Solid South, would fetch thirteen erstwhile Democratic states into the Republican fold. Hundreds, yes, thousands of the little churches of the Southland groan beneath the burden of indebtedness. Free them and reap the votes of grateful congregations.

The fellow with this benevolent project on his tongue makes no secret of it. He is holding forth in slow, mellifluent oratory to a nervous finger-picking chap yonder. The party that saves our small, struggling Christian churches, saves the nation to us and to itself, brother. Several of the brief-case owners are startled. They listen to him intently. Here's an idea. One covertly makes notes. Another, quite concerned, cups his hand behind his ear, unstraps his brief case and extracts a paper. Apparently that was part of his own scheme—a scheme he had to sell, not give away. Damn these loud mouths—you can almost hear him thinking it. And where do these birds get off to come around spouting ideas that they've picked up somewhere? Our agitated friend reads the paper he has taken from his brief case. He nods. Perhaps he is afraid he had dropped that paper somewhere and that this croaker yonder had found it. Anyway, somebody has stolen one of his ideas, sometime, somehow. It merely goes to show that you can't be careful enough these days.

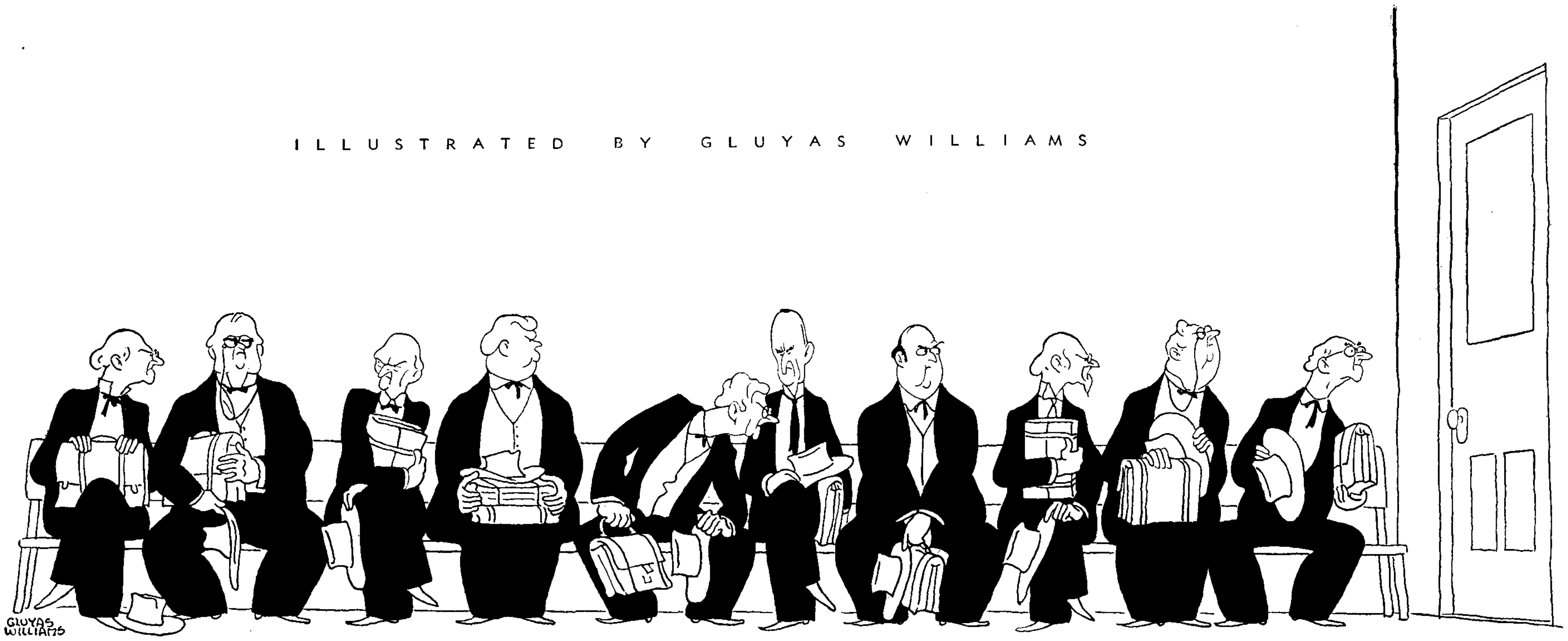
But there are other things to be heard. The truth is, if you'll stand around either of the suites the Republicans are occupying in Washington you'll hear virtually everything up to the Nicene Creed and the name of Cheops' undertaker. You'll be told exactly what is going on in the executive committee's councils. Anybody can tell you—anybody, even if he's never been there before or has never got beyond the information clerk's desk. For example, do you know what is going on in Chairman Fletcher's office this minute—exactly what Mr. Fletcher and all those party nobles of his are wrangling about? Perfectly simple. Listen. So we listen while the brief-case brigade furtively makes notes under hats held in their laps, pausing only occasionally to glare accusingly, defiantly at their neighbors.

The Authoritative Low-Down

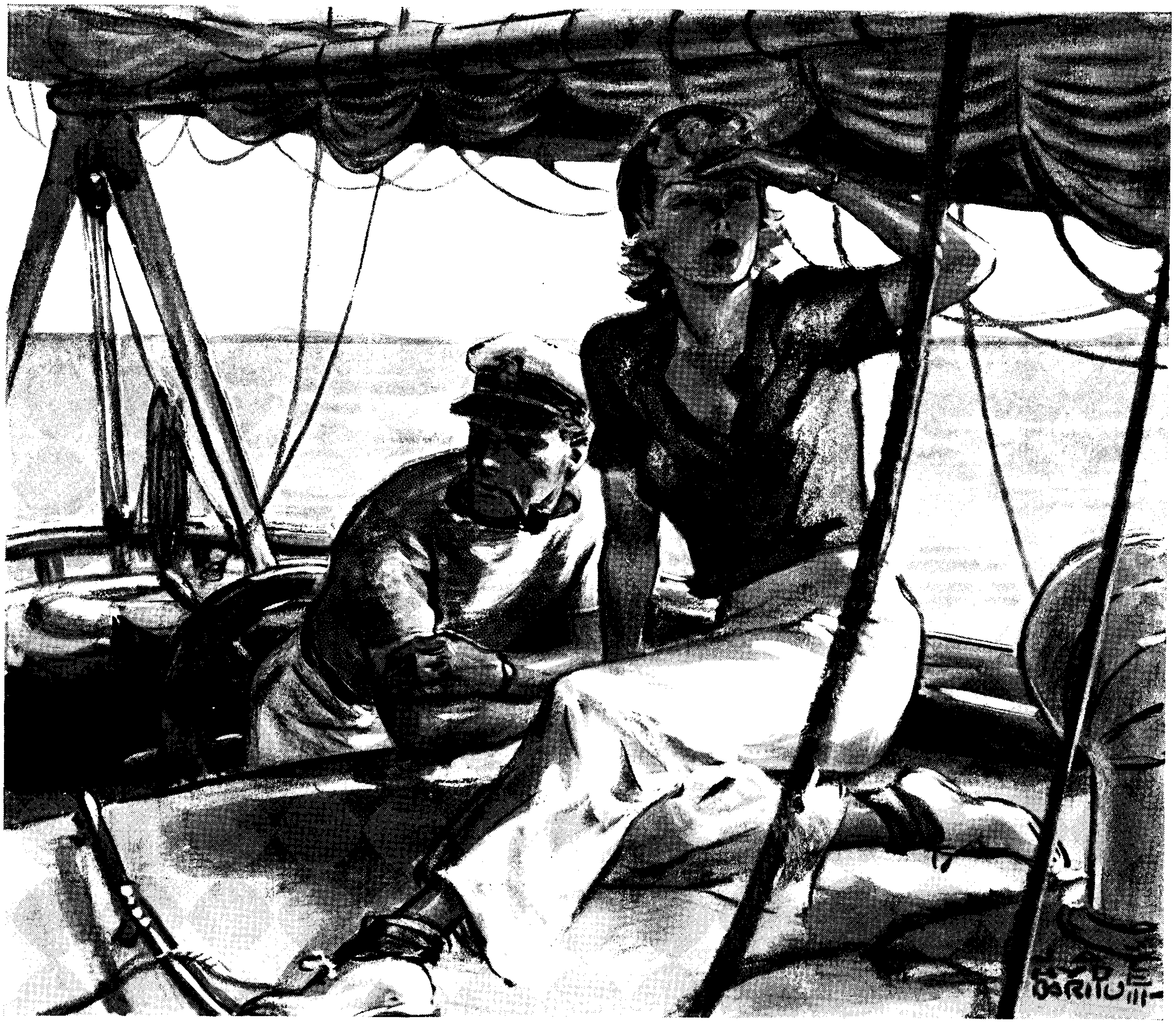
What you hear is this, which, being the authoritative low-down and not to be bruited about regardless, issues from the corner of wisdom's mouth: The high council of the Republican party is split from gullet to crotch on the matter of battle strategy. Mr. Fletcher and his allies—Mr. Hoover, Mr. Mills, Mr. Snell, Mr. Fess and the rest of the inflexibles—are counterpunch fighters. They insist upon fighting both Mr. Roosevelt and his New Deal, including all the trumpeting apostles thereof. The others (names here being quite vague although the rope-walking Senator McNary, Governor Landon and even Senator Vandenberg are mentioned with qualifications) are insisting that the fight should be concentrated upon Mr. Roosevelt himself and upon such of his lieutenants as Messrs. Ickes, Wallace, Hopkins and Tugwell. See?

(*Continued on page* 56)

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS



Each carried the solution of all the Republican party's problems



For two hours, while the sun calmly left them, they drifted on the tide

Seagoing Girl

The story of Tommy Turrentine's sister, who didn't tell all she knew—and Brad Stratton, who had to sail a boat on a turbulent cruise with her to learn the truth

By Richard Howells Watkins

AT THE sight of the resplendent Victoria VI the freckled, almost snub-nosed young man on the boat-yard wharf whistled softly. The sun wrinkles at the corners of his eyes deepened.

Four years before, Brad Stratton had cruised joyously on that little schooner as an able-bodied guest; now he was looking at her with the eyes of a yacht broker.

"I ought to sock it to her in a breeze of wind before I let Tommy Turrentine sell her to my clients," Brad murmured. "A good old girl! But!"

The graceful craft's old bones were glorified by an expensive paint job. Her topsides glowed richly with dark blue gloss; her canvas deck was an unblemished expanse of buff; her much-varnished brightwork flashed back the brilliance of the warm May sun.

Brad had never seen a boat owned by any member of the Turrentine family in such beautiful condition. Salty but sloppy were the Turrentines, traditionally, and Tommy Turrentine was the most careless of the lot.

Brad swung his long body aboard, dumped his canvas bag on the house, ran a hand through his sand-colored, spiky hair and got another shock. The standing rigging on both fore and mainmast had been renewed. And the tall masts themselves were without a blemish.

Brad shook his head. "I'm not sure I oughtn't to make Tommy haul her out so I can stick a knife in her bottom," he told himself. "But if I can get her rail down and let her romp along it will tell me something. Twenty years old—but she's copper-fastened."

He hailed Tommy below but nobody answered. The cabin was locked. Brad looked at his watch. He had come from New York to Mystic, and Tommy, by last accounts, had been just over the hill at New London.

"He'll show up," Brad assured himself with a grin. The plump and casual Tommy, he knew, would keep even a business appointment if it were his only chance of raising the money to buy Ed Dennis' clean-heeled yawl.

Like all Turrentines, Tommy had the Bermuda race bug. One Turrentine had been drowned and Tommy's father had carried away his dry-rotted mainmast in the Stream while making a strong bid for the honor. Let Tommy get hold of a craft that would pass the race committee and unprospering Turrentines from Eastport to San Pedro would come swarming for another go at it.

Brad's clients, the nice young Wellingtons, appeared on the wharf. They were bent at the knees with supplies for this week-end test cruise and so was the disapproving chauffeur who followed them. Brad hastily tried to look like a super yacht broker and eyed the Wellingtons with misgivings. A communicative female extrovert and a silent male introvert. They both looked to him terribly callow, almost yachty. You can't be that way on anything that carries canvas and particularly you can't be that way on anything under a hundred feet. And the old Victoria VI was only fifty-two feet over all and built to sail. Not to go yachting. To sail.

Dora Wellington overwhelmed Brad with gay, excited cries of welcome. It was plain she regarded him as a combination of Noah and Bowditch.

"It's so kind of you and Mr. Turrentine to go with us, Mr. Stratton," she said, waving her white hands. "We're just fizzing to start the cruise, never having owned a yacht before."

"You don't own this one yet," Brad Stratton pointed out with a certain emphasis of his own.

"Oh, yes, we do!" Dora insisted happily. "Edmund mailed Mr. Turrentine the check yesterday."

"What!"

"Mr. Turrentine said he knew you wouldn't mind it being done that way. He has a chance of buying a yawl for the Bermuda race if he acts quickly."

BRAD STRATTON lit his pipe to hide his emotion. Right then he would have enjoyed breaking Tommy Turrentine's neck. Was the extraction of a check direct from these babes in the woods skulduggery or merely haste? By now Tommy would have spent that check. Was the Victoria VI sound and a bargain at ten thousand?

Brad realized that he must get the answer at once. You can't turn loose at sea in what may be a rotten old basket a nice young couple, as nice and young as two kittens and just about as knowing.

Edmund, the male Wellington, whose marine enthusiasm was somewhat more restrained than that of his wife, lit a cigarette—he seemed to keep lighting them all the time—and followed Brad's eyes to the wharf. No sign of Tommy Turrentine.

Brad looked at his watch. Nearly a quarter past four. Tommy had been due at four. The nice young Wellingtons were getting fidgety.

"We'll shove off without Turrentine," Brad told them. "We'll motorboat and be snug in an anchorage before dark. Then, tomorrow, if we get a breeze of wind perhaps we'll see."

He left them, shifted hastily into spotty white flannels. Then he started the motor and told the twittering Wellingtons to cast off.

"Hi! Victoria!"

Somebody came racing along the wharf. It was a girl—a slim creature with an overnight bag in one hand and a woolly coat over the other arm. Closer to she resolved miraculously into Kay Turrentine, youngest of that casual breed, a curly-head, twenty-odd, pretty in a slender and elusive way but handy on a deck. Probably the hint of fragility was due to her smooth, white, fine-textured skin.

Brad's heart had skipped a beat. Enthusiastically he kicked out the gears and waited. The sun redoubled its spring brilliance.

Kay leaped aboard and he grasped her hand.

"Tommy can't come, Brad," she reported breathlessly. "W-will I do?" She addressed the question to them all.

"Will you!" Brad answered.

"You know Tommy," Kay explained. "He's simply too juvenile for words. All of a dither about that Dennis yawl for the Bermuda thrash."

"Where is he?" Dora Wellington inquired somewhat tersely.

The girl jerked a quick hand southward, in the general direction of Long Island, Fisher's Island and Block Island Sounds.

"Trying out the yawl and tuning her up with Ed Dennis," she said. "You know how yawls are. D'you mind, Mrs. Wellington? Of course it's inexcusable that Tommy isn't here but he just isn't."

"I'd love to have you, my dear." Mrs. Wellington's smile was slightly noncommittal; she glanced rather searchingly at Brad.

Brad's freckles and sandy hair slowly submerged in a rising flood of color. Dora Wellington jumped too swiftly at conclusions and got her answers all wrong. He hadn't dreamed of luck like this.

It was like Tommy to grab that check and then duck behind his devoted sister. But it suited Brad immensely that Kay had come, even if it were only to save Tommy from his wrath.

"We're off!" he cried cheerily. Less loudly he spoke to Kay:

"This is the best luck I've had since—What year were you born?"

Kay Turrentine smiled at him and slung her coat and bag down onto the port bunk. Gently, unassumingly, she took the mooring lines from the male Wellington, who seemed to be playing a highly complicated game of cat's cradle with them. Swiftly she made them up and stowed them below.

THEY started motorboating merrily down the long and winding channel that led out of Mystic into Fisher's Island Sound.

Kay got out a five-cent notebook with a stubby green pencil held inside by a rubber band. She peered at the cabin clock and jotted down a few words. Kay always kept her own log of a cruise—for her grandchildren, she said. And it was always a stubby green pencil, which required wetting before it would write. Brad warmed to that inadequate little pencil. He let Kay finish and waited until the Wellingtons had wandered forward before he spoke to her.

"Is this old hooker sound, Kay?"

She nodded. "As far as I know."

"That's a relief, since I seem to have sold it to the Wellingtons," he said. "You know, Kay, if I were in Tommy's place today, tuning up a yawl for offshore work and not wanting to be disturbed by extraneous details such as me—"

He paused to light his pipe; then went on: "I'd keep away from New London and the other harbors along the coast and head for Block Island; I'd drop my hook tonight in Great Salt Pond."

Kay's gray eyes dropped; then instantly looked up at him again. Brad realized that he had made a good guess. Tommy was holing up in the Pond for the night and Kay knew it. Or was she fooling him with this faint, swiftly suppressed agitation?

"So," he continued, "we'll monkey-wrench out there this afternoon and see if I'm right. I have a word for Tommy's ear about how he extracted that check."

"Don't be hard on Tommy, Brad."

"Hard on him! I feel like shaking his hand. He's a genius at conciliation."

Kay flushed. "Don't be too sure," she murmured, fingering her green pencil.

The Wellingtons came aft and conversation languished. They rounded Ram Island and ran through the Sound with a swift tide under them, between Latimer Reef and Seal Rocks.

"Remember the last cruise, Kay?" Brad asked softly. Kay, lying flat on the deck outside the cockpit with the sweet salt air on her face, nodded silently.

ONCE outside on the Atlantic with the sea and wind as flat as the proverbial pussy's heel and the Wellingtons too entranced to ask any more questions, Brad turned over the wheel to Kay.

"I'm going below to lay off a course for Block Island," he said, nodding toward the hazy southeastern horizon under which was concealed Tommy's probable hideout.

Kay looked up at him.

"Do you think we can make it by nightfall?" she asked with an almost imperceptible glance toward the Wellingtons.

He laughed softly. "If you know any reason why I shouldn't go that far off shore in old Vic now is the time to confess," he said.

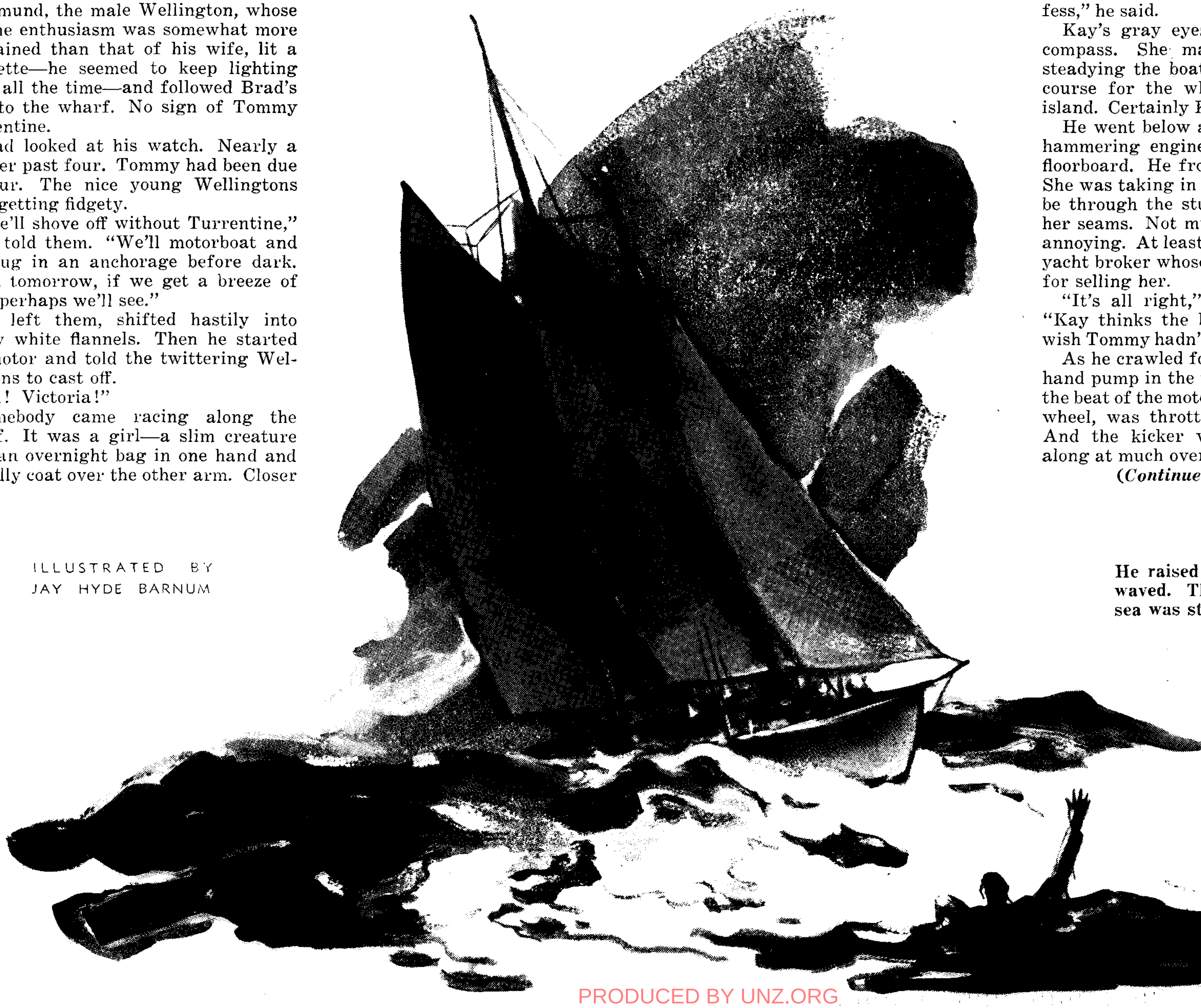
Kay's gray eyes gazed down at the compass. She made answer only by steadying the boat on the approximate course for the whistling buoy off the island. Certainly Kay knew her stuff.

He went below and looked at the hot, hammering engine; then yanked up a floorboard. He frowned into the bilges. She was taking in some water. It might be through the stuffing box or through her seams. Not much, but enough to be annoying. At least to be annoying to the yacht broker whose responsibility it was for selling her.

"It's all right," he assured himself. "Kay thinks the boat is sound. But I wish Tommy hadn't grabbed that check."

As he crawled forward to get the new hand pump in the tiny forecastle he felt the beat of the motor slacken. Kay, at the wheel, was throttling her down a bit. And the kicker wasn't pushing them along at much over four, at that.

(*Continued on page 68*)



He raised his hand and waved. The cold of the sea was striking in now

ILLUSTRATED BY
JAY HYDE BARNUM

The Prodigal Nurse

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

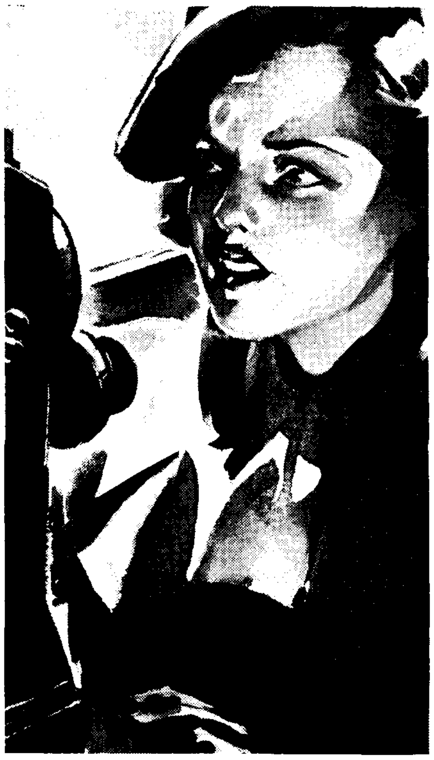
The Story Thus Far:

CELIA LANDIS, just twenty-one and beautiful, begins her work as a trained nurse in New York City. To young Dr. Anthony Starr's pleas that she marry him, she replies that she does not care to marry yet—that she wants to see life, on her own, for a time. And she takes patient No. 1—a dissolute, rich old man whose conduct forces her to drop the case at once.

Patient No. 2 is quite different: Mrs. Carleton Daklin, a charming woman of great wealth. But hardly has she arrived at the elaborate Daklin ménage on East 73d Street than she realizes that she is in for a trying experience. From the moment he first sees her, "Carlie" Daklin, Mrs. Daklin's husband—sophisticated, brilliant and utterly charming—makes love to her; he does it openly before everyone—including his wife. Celia guesses the situation: Mrs. Daklin is in love with Pat Braddock, one of her young satellites, an advertisers' and artists' model.

While Alita Brett—who is obviously interested in Pat Braddock—is visiting Mrs. Daklin, Celia starts for a walk. Braddock follows her, grabs her, kisses her. Daklin reproves Braddock. And Mrs. Daklin and Alita Brett witness the proceedings!

Celia informs Mrs. Daklin that she must get another nurse. But something tells her that she has not seen the last of Carleton Daklin; *nor does she want to.*



She felt herself turn cold with hatred

III

WALKING as fast as she could, Celia reached Fifth Avenue and turned into a hotel to telephone Dr. Kallock. The first thing she must do was to report to him. "And I'd rather be hanged!" she thought, waiting for the number.

Though she held her head up and defied him, she found that her hands were icy and there seemed to be something wrong with her breathing. Tears were welling up and she closed her eyes to stop them, but they forced their way through. And then she was angry again and the tears stopped. She refused to be discouraged; she tried to tell herself that all the things nurses said about Kallock were not true, and that he would be understanding and decent about this. "He *may be furious,*" *she thought,* "*but he'll* be decent."

She held the receiver tight. Never again should Kallock be given the chance to be furious. In the future she would handle his patients like a veteran, she would refuse to let the circumstances of any case get the upper hand. She had let this one get the upper hand this time and at what a cost! Now, please, *please,* Dr. Kallock, be a good sport about this. Try to see how it is. You know the crowd in that house and no matter if you do think it need not have happened, you'll stick by one of your nurses. Just out of loyalty, Dr. Kallock, no matter how wrong you think I am—just out of professional ethics!

But Dr. Kallock couldn't do that. He couldn't depart from the principles of a lifetime and put someone else before his own self-interest. He couldn't even see that there might be two sides to this thing.

"Hello?" she heard the smooth voice.

"It is Miss Landis, Dr. Kallock. I am telephoning to tell you that I have had trouble at the Daklins'. I am awfully sorry, and I think I can explain it to you better when I see you." She took a long breath. "The fact is I am off the case."

"You are *what?* I didn't quite get it."

"I am off the case."

There was a moment's silence. The telephone seemed to freeze in her hand. Icicles should have formed on the transmitter. "I don't understand," came his voice. "How did this come about?"

She tried to tell him. It was difficult. There was so little she could say that did not, somehow, seem catty, disloyal to everyone. But he kept insisting. His cross-examination, following a testimony that Celia tried to make honest but that was of necessity vague, grew biting.

"Then, as I understand it," he said finally, "Mrs. Daklin was annoyed because of your over-familiarity with one of her guests?"

"He had said that!" Celia thought, her face flushing. "He dares say *that!*" Her mind stopped there. Even had she not been overwhelmed by anger she would have been powerless to find a term that would express her contempt for him. But she restrained herself. She remembered she was a nurse, subordinate to him, that she had to take things like this on the chin. She was all at once calm, calmer than she had been at any time.

"No," she said. "It was not like that and Mrs. Daklin will tell you so." Suddenly she realized that Mrs. Daklin *would stand by her and that was something.* "But the situation made it impossible for me to stay on." She swallowed her personal pride and spoke only as a nurse. "I am sorry, terribly sorry—"

But Dr. Kallock, incredibly, had hung up, and she knew that he had hung up for good. She would never hear from him again. She stood staring at the telephone, incredulous before that mental picture of Dr. Kallock, with his harsh eyes and his smooth voice and his vulgar, disdainful rudeness towards a nurse who balled things up. She felt herself turn cold with hatred of him. She couldn't, for a time, pull herself together; she was still full of icy hatred.

AFTER a while she left the booth. Silently she picked up her bag. What was there to do or say? Nothing, she decided. She stood for a minute and considered the bleak, immediate future, the prospect of her interview with Miss Klapham. "And won't that be something!" She pushed out of the revolving door and stood waiting for a taxi. There was a mist over the park which would, quite apparently, turn in a few minutes into rain. It would rain!

"Well, live and learn," she thought and tried to forget Kallock. That was hard to do, harder to forget than anything that had ever happened to her. Even Alita Brett and Braddock were more pleasant to remember. "At least I ought to be glad to have escaped from that madhouse," she told herself. "I should be glad," she thought, "even if Kallock and Klapham, between them, see that I never get another case." And she was not glad, for she was absolutely unable to think what she should do, then or ever, if they were leagued against her. It was serious—serious in the sense that no amount of stalking out of cases with hurt feelings and a conviction that she had been dealt with unfairly would earn her a living. She thought, "Perhaps I could get some sort of executive job at the hospital." But that was absurd, for St. Martha's had been cutting down steadily on its staff and recently had closed a ward for lack of funds. "If you starve to death," an older nurse had counseled Celia at graduation, "you can lay it to the depression. No one can afford to be sick these days."

"Well, I can't blame all this on the depression," Celia reminded herself with utter honesty. "I seem to be a pretty good flop in my own right."

SHE stood gloomily on the curb. There appeared to be no vacant cabs and all she could do was stand and watch the traffic roar past. She watched it with a sort of sinking feeling, for it seemed difficult, all at once, to lump all that clanging and rushing under the simple head of "traffic." It was more than that; it was the city personified, careless and dangerous. It was fear's brother. Horns tooted, brakes screamed, bumpers cracked, while the city, having reached at this five o'clock hour the crest of its madness, lashed itself into a sort of nervous amazement at its own powers of endurance.

"Go right ahead! Bang and smash!" Celia told it. "See if *I* care!"

And the derisive traffic roared on, used to the lies which lone persons tell themselves as they go through life.

Two men, striding through the mist, earnestly talking, brushed close to Celia and one bumped the bag which stood beside her. "So sorry," he murmured to her and recognized her in the same instant.

"Celia!" exclaimed Starr.

"Tony!" Oh, here was her friend! Smiling down at her in the mist. Now the whole world could shriek and laugh and cry: "Oh! Look at the lovely girl over there! I pick her!" But the girl could be very calm and only look at Tony Starr and only go where he led her. And once more the traffic was merely traffic: a string of bleating taxis and smug town cars and mournful buses carrying the herd, the great safe herd, living alike, thinking alike, riding alike up and down and across with red and green lights, lights which the traffic monster must obey. You couldn't be much afraid of a thing that was afraid of a light!

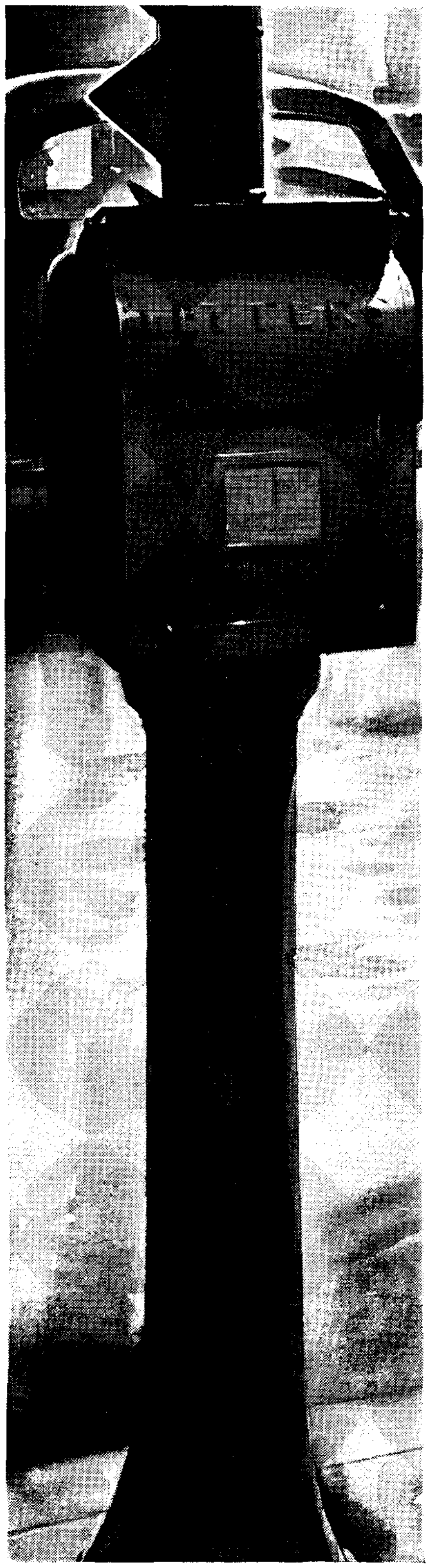
"Tony!" she said again, breathlessly.

"Right the first time," he laughed, staring at her all the time. How he loved seeing her! You could see that all over him. How he loved it!

"I've never been so glad to see anyone in my life." Her lashes, starry with mist, looked up at him—at the firm chin and the intrepid nose and the humorous, quizzical eyes. The calmness and the reassurance in his face did a new thing to her, a happy, comforting thing like good fresh water after a dusty trip. As always, he seemed to make the world straight and plain and reasonable once more.

Tony squeezed her gloved hand. The mist swam between them, caressing everything as the lamps retreated into it. The second man had moved back slightly into that mist along with the streetlights, but now Starr motioned to him. "This is my senior over at the Institute," he said; "Dr. Alderdice." And as Alderdice stepped closer, "And this," he said proudly, "is Celia Landis, Manhattan's tops in nursing circles."

Celia had forgotten that she was in the neighborhood of the Chalmers Institute. It was odd to think that while she,



so to speak, had been drinking the poppy-brew of the Daklins' lotus land, Tony and this broad-faced, broad-shouldered, intent Alderdice and dozens of men like them had been just around the corner, testing, hazarding, experimenting long into the night and all night, perhaps, with their obliging platoons of monkeys and guinea pigs.

"Yes, she's a nurse," Starr assured his friend, "this little waif abandoned in the drizzle." He said, "What's the matter, Celia, and why the bag?"

She had to brush away a quick picture of Braddock and Janet Daklin, of Kallock and Alita Brett, who seemed to stalk up, mocking ghosts out of the mist. "I might as well tell him," she thought, but, oh, how she hated to do it. "But I don't have to bawl while I tell him."

"I've been fired from my second case," she said. "Not in so many words, of course, but politely and inevitably fired."

"Celia," said Starr sharply. "What are you talking about?"

"My patient has just thrown me out into the cold, cold world. And now, I expect, I shall starve."

His blue eyes were like two pebbles, belying the softness still in his voice. "Thrown you out? But no patient can do that. What about Kallock?"

She told him about Kallock. She made it short, and as much as possible as if she did not care, for she knew if she did not do this she would rage and make a scene and drown herself in hysterical tears.

"So Kallock has thrown me overboard and Klapham will tar and feather me and there isn't a job, is there, scrubbing floors up at the Institute?"

STARR stood a second without saying anything. "Nice chap," he said after a while. "Kallock. He'll get along in the world." He laid his hand on Celia's shoulder. "He's just a pup," he said. "They come like that once in a while. Don't spend any time worrying about him. There are other doctors. Good guys."

Dr. Alderdice was watching them both with scientific curiosity, as if they were interesting experiments. It began to rain.

"I say, Alderdice," said Starr, "we don't want to walk in a deluge. Let's hop a taxi and take this foundling home." Celia had not been able to attract a taxi but Starr stepped off the curb, somehow looking like a man for whom things necessarily stop, and of course a taxi stopped at once.

In the cab Alderdice beamed at Celia. "The girl is about to starve," he said to Starr, "and all you can suggest is that we dump her off. Is hospitality dead? Where is the latchstring of yesteryear?"

"All right, all right. Celia, *do* come *and eat with us. Only, of course,* because my senior suggests it, and ladies must live."

"Thanks, I will." It was a crazy hour to eat, but she knew what these men had been doing—working all day, no doubt, without remembering food.

"To Luchow's," Starr told the driver. He reached over and gave Celia a happy pinch. She pinched him back. This was nice. She looked thoughtfully at Alderdice. He was nice, too. There were some decent persons left in the world.

"Beer," Alderdice said. "We'll have lots of beer." He smiled equably at Celia. He disapproved of women but not actively. Nothing mattered, really, except experimental research. This girl had his young friend tied hand and foot, he saw, and that was a little bad but not serious, for Starr was not the kind that could be deflected or turned aside. He judged, and rightly, that no woman could swerve Starr from his work. Starr's heart was in the Highlands with another lassie, and that lassie's name was Medicine.

Having decided that, Alderdice settled himself most charmingly and courteously with Starr and Celia at Luchow's and ordered food and talked a little to *Celia and then became unaware of her* existence to a degree which was hardly human. For he had taken up his shop-talk with Starr where they had dropped it at the sight of Celia, and Starr forgot her, too, in a way, but felt her every minute as a lovely background.

"I AM not sure," Alderdice said, "that the virus you have produced is absolutely dead, but, so far as practical results are concerned it does not matter—"

"Virus kept in a one-tenth of one per cent of formalin," Starr said lovingly as if he were describing a beautiful woman, "*for six hours has been proved adequate*—"

Celia relaxed comfortably in this talk which she only half understood but which had for some time been a part of her life. She sat quiet, and listened, in the delightful way of one who has had a long experience in listening, to all this talk in which guinea pigs were as important as men.

"Fanatics!" she thought tenderly, and knew that it is fanatics who will save the world if it is to be saved. Starr's eyes met hers and he thought, "Um! There's no one like her. No one." His glance embraced her, then wandered back to rarefied air. Celia smiled to herself. "That puts you in your place," she told herself and was pleased that it was so, after the over-ardent attention she had received of late. She wondered why she had been so wrought up by such unimportant happenings. The simple efficacy of these two valid, unexaggerated men in restoring her to normal astonished her.

It was still early in the evening, though they had talked long, when Starr said, "Celia! We're treating you like a stepchild. Why didn't you stop us?"

"Why should I? I like it."

"You must be tired. We'll take you home." But Alderdice tactfully said he, too, was tired and he thought if they didn't mind he would pop back on the subway.

"What happened that your patient fired you?" Starr asked in the taxi. "Tell Papa."

"Well, there was a man there, you know, sort of a hanger-on of Mrs. Daklin's—"

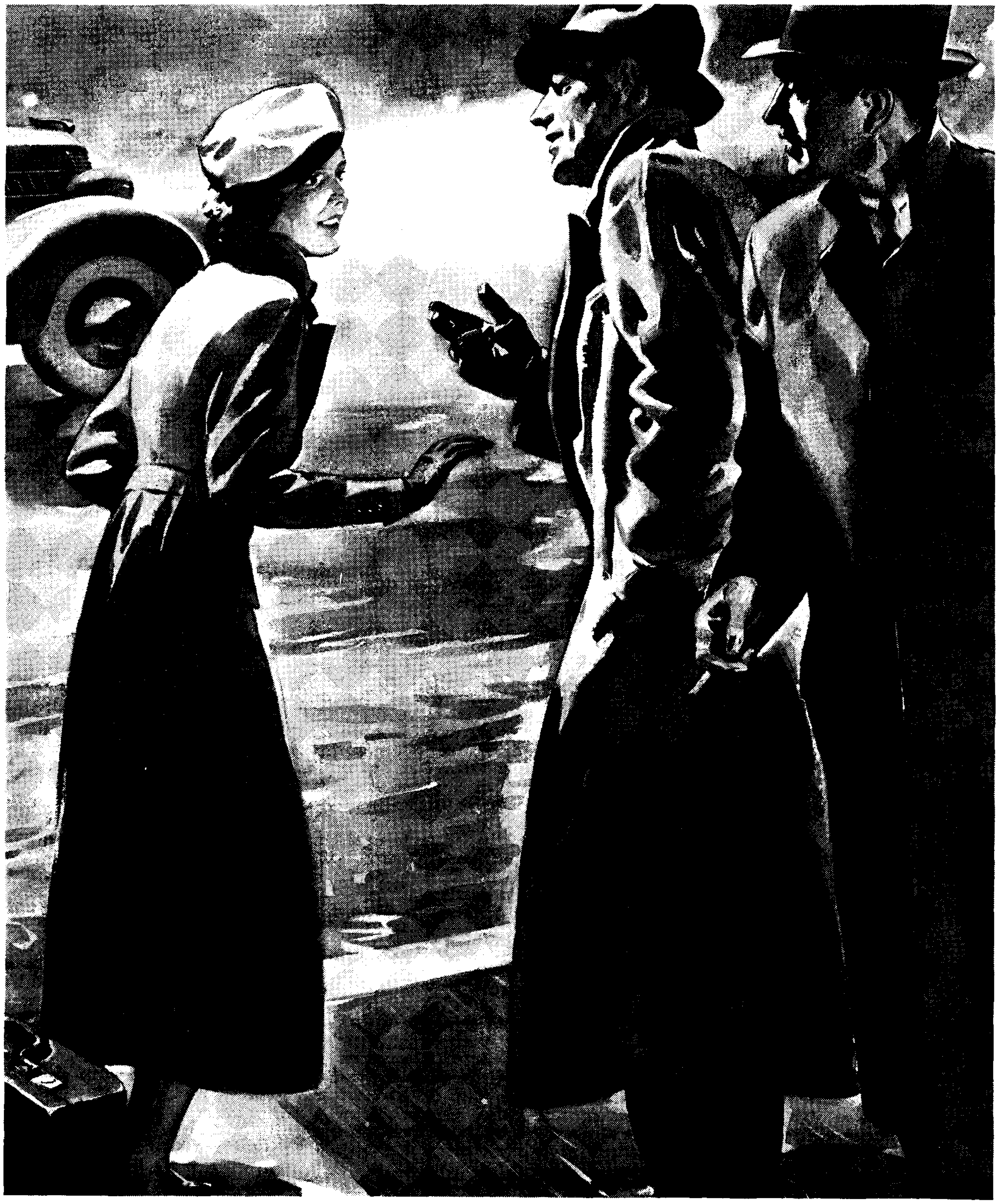
"You poor little nut!" He did not need to be told any more. "But even so," he said, "and granting that Kallock is sore, that won't turn the registry against you. One swallow doesn't make a summer, or so I've heard."

SHE told him about Mr. Jepler, and felt him stiffen, grow bodily alert in a shock of warm protection for her and of desire to sock Jepler. "The skunk!" It made him ill to think of her being up against things like that. He regarded her with eyes grown grave, grown stormy all at once.

"Good gosh!" he said, though he had made up his mind not to say it again. "Why won't you give up this fool idea of a job and marry me? Why not have some sense, darling?" The male cry down the ages.

"Tony, I can't." She tried to invent some imposing reason why she couldn't. She wanted freedom to try her wings but

(*Continued on page* 64)

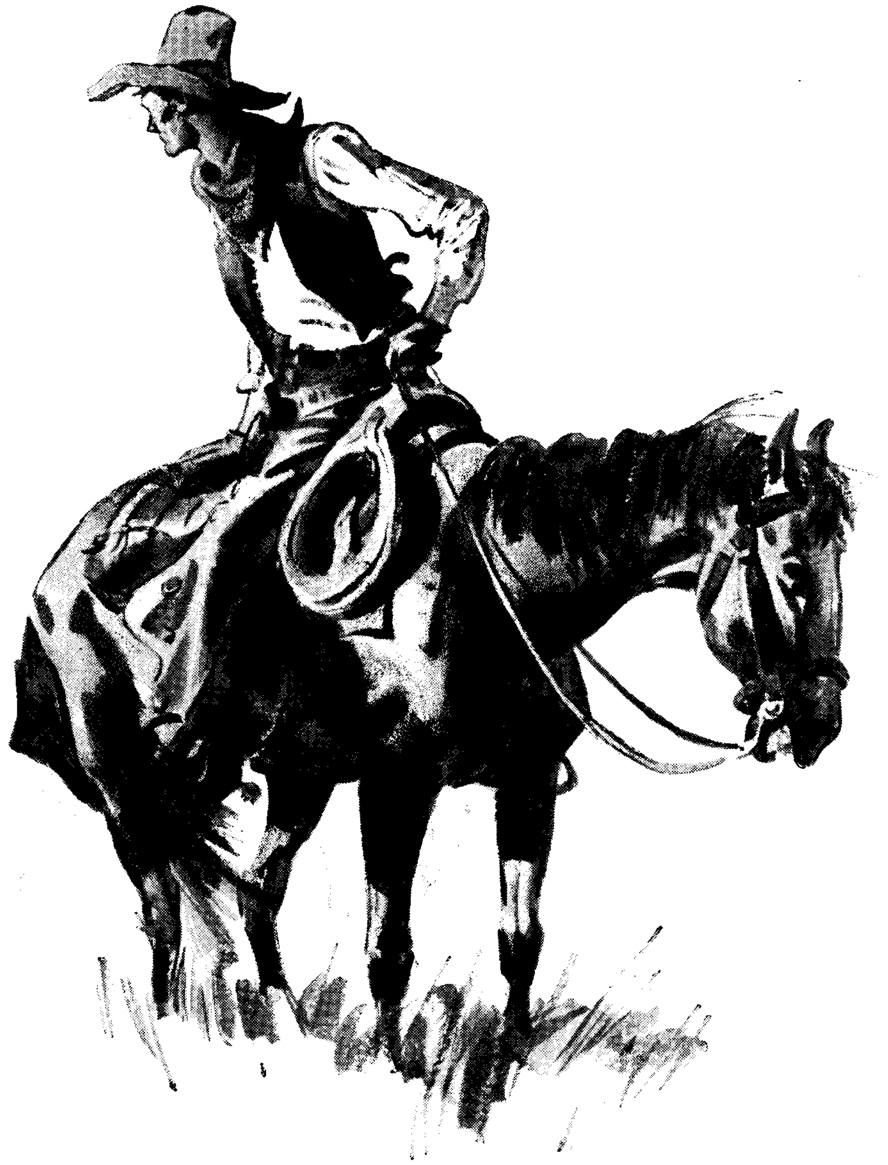


"I've never been so glad to see anyone in my life," she said. As always, he seemed to make the world straight

The Stranger

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES SCHUCKER



The story of a man who had a whole town guessing—and a girl who worked out the right answer

TEBO VAUGHN happened to be sitting on the saloon porch when the stranger came down the hill trail and dropped into Starr's Street, his pony's hoofs making almost no sound in that deep dust. It was twilight, with a thin blue haze softening the angular unloveliness of this little town; and Tebo at once remembered how many riders had come down that hill trail at nightfall. They made a shadowy, fugitive procession back through the long years, their story always the same. Yet, like a judge suspending sentence until the last line of evidence was in, Tebo permitted himself no conclusions.

The stranger turned his high, clay-colored horse into the stable across the street, and shortly afterwards came out upon the walk to stand there and shape up a cigarette while his eyes slowly absorbed the picture of store and saloon and hotel and steepled schoolhouse, and the ragged row of buildings wherein lights were beginning to shine dimly. They were all alike, these men who rode alone; scenting the wind ceaselessly for trouble. Then the stranger strolled across the dust, stepped up to the porch and went inside the saloon. Tebo Vaughn, very comfortable in the chair, regretfully got up to follow.

"I'll take one straight," said the stranger.

Tebo put bottle and glass in front of the man and rested his broad stomach against the bar. It was as smooth and gentle a voice as he had ever heard—a voice with the sing of melody in it. The stranger poured his jot, drinking it in a quick, relishing way. He was a tall and supple man with muscles whipped flat by riding. Sun had bleached his eyebrows and sun had bronzed his skin. He was young and tough and good-looking; and something simmered in him like heat.

The stranger said: "What's the name of the town?"

"Starr."

The man's lips loosened to let humor have its faint, ironic play: "Starr—a light burning on the high desert."

Soft and whimsical talk; and a rash temper, fitfully sleeping. Tebo had his look at the man's hands, which were big-knuckled and long of finger. Like any cowpuncher's hands. Yet—and this contrary fact rippled its message down his perceiving senses—the stranger's palms had none of those burns or calluses which were the trademarks of the cowpuncher.

The stranger paid for his drink and went out, crossing over to the hotel. Tebo Vaughn returned to his chair. A cooler wind flowed off the back hills; out eastward the desert's surface was shining under the light of a silver half-moon. Bob Duncan's late-working blacksmith hammer sent its rolling metal currents along the street, and the vacant windows of the schoolhouse glittered faintly. Mike Reese emerged from the depths of the stable and limped toward the hotel and Ed Swain appeared on the porch of his store to watch Mike. A light sprang up in one of the hotel's corner rooms; dishes clattered from its kitchen. Night settled its mysterious layers across Starr.

MIKE REESE presently came from the hotel and quartered across the dust to where Tebo sat in hulking silence. He stood there, a shriveled little man in his loose clothes—like a loose pea in an oversized pod—and stared at the saloonkeeper with narrowed, mysterious eyes. "He put his name on the register as Dick Skelton, from Utah," murmured Reese. "He didn't take the saddle off his horse. Utah's a long way, but the horse don't look traveled. It's been shoed recent. His rope is tied on the horn, Texas style."

Tebo's head lifted and lowered. Mike Reese crawled back to the stable, and Ed Swain crossed the dust, following Reese. A little later Swain came over to the saloon. He stood near Tebo—a dark and heavy-necked man with taciturn lips. He removed his hat to scrub dead black hair; against a leather-burnt complexion his eyes had a glass-green shine.

"Know him?" murmured Swain.

"No."

Bob Duncan walked by, sooty from his forge fire and bright beads of sweat on his forehead. Mrs. Monroney's voice lifted up over the edge of town, sailing in measured stridence across the housetops: "Supper—Jubal!" The shadows of the near-by hills piled down on Starr more and more thickly. Moonlight sprayed its frost-glow all across the eastern desert where Tom Mulrane's KX lay in vast stillness. The stranger whose name was Dick Skelton strolled from the hotel and advanced with the gait of well-fed indolence. He had shoved his hat to the back of his head and one hand jingled some loose silver in his pants pocket. Arrived at the saloon porch, he met Ed Swain's coolly deliberate stare. And said: "Evenin'."

It was, Tebo considered again, a soft voice and a deceptive one. And it seemed to throw warning through Ed Swain, whose shoulders cut an aggressive block against the saloon's lamplight. Swain's words were careful and insistent, faintly grating against the stillness: "Just on the travel?"

Skelton said approvingly: "Nobody's fooling you, mister." Amusement threw its quicksilver flash across the sudden stretch of his lips. He went into the saloon, Ed Swain following. Tebo waited a moment before he hoisted himself from the chair and tracked after them. He went behind the bar, waiting with both his fat hands on the counter.

"On me," suggested Ed Swain.

Skelton drawled: "To drown the memory of a sad supper."

Tebo put out the bottle and the glasses, lifting his eyes in time to see the way Ed Swain's glance bit into the stranger. Swain caught the scent of something here that cocked his nerves and made his expression strict. Dick Skelton poured himself his drink, poising the glass in his left hand, and waited for Swain to follow suit. There wasn't anything said for the moment—not until the drink had been downed. Then Skelton murmured: "On me." But Swain shook his head, adding: "No offense. One's my limit."

Skelton said: "What's the ranches here?"

"KX."

"What?"

ED SWAIN'S eyes had been lowered to the bar. They crept back to Dick Skelton in a way that was stealthy and prying. "Just one ranch. KX. You crossed it comin' here. You'll cross it goin' out. Whichever way you go. KX—Tom Mulrane."

Skelton said, with a softness and a carelessness that was like a signal to Tebo Vaughn: "Must have been KX men I heard last night then—bustin' down a trail in the hills. Traveling fast. A busy ranch, I'd guess."

"Maybe you'd know those men if you saw them," suggested Ed Swain.

Dick Skelton's silent laughter creased his lips into a straight, ironic line. "I didn't see 'em that plain."

But Tebo was witness to the way those two straightened against each other. Behind Swain's scrupulous calm and behind this Dick Skelton's laughter lay danger. It was the way they swapped glances that told Tebo of something trustless and unforgiving and without mercy suddenly born.

Swain said: "From Utah? It's a long way off."

"That's why I'm from Utah," murmured Skelton.

"Just travelin'?"

"Yeah."

Ed Swain moved carefully away from the bar, going out. Tebo Vaughn reached for the glasses and rubbed them round and round with a towel, listening to Swain's steps strike back toward the store. Skelton had both his arms on the bar; he had his face, sharp and serene and unstirred, tipped toward the bar. He kept tracing something along the wood with his finger. Watching that finger move, Tebo saw what it was: "KX." Somebody came out of Ed Swain's store and trotted from Starr. Skelton's finger paused and stayed that way until the muted echo of that horse died on the hill trail. Tebo turned his back to Skelton, replacing the glasses, and turned again. And then shock ripped through him. He hadn't felt like that for thirty years. Skelton's eyes were on him, round and cold and wicked, like the black muzzles of a shotgun.

"What the hell's the matter with this town?"

Tebo said: "If you're just travelin', what do you care?"

Skelton drawled, "That's right," and

walked to the porch. Somebody else was advancing along the walk at a slow, light step. Dick Skelton's head turned a little and Tebo heard a girl's voice say in an easy, teasing tone, "Hello," and then Helen Monroney appeared on the porch and held her head up at Dick Skelton so that he might see her red lips smiling on him.

It was, Tebo thought, a smile that any man might understand. This Skelton was too sharp a hand not to understand it; and yet Tebo, considering the scene with a weary, suspended interest, observed Skelton remove his hat and make a faint bow and speak with a courtesy that was gentle and inflexible: "Good evening." He walked past her, back to the hotel.

TEBO trudged to the porch, and let a long sigh heave out of him as he settled into the chair. The girl had turned, her supple chest stirring as she watched Skelton go away. Afterwards she looked at Tebo Vaughn, her prettiness turned dull and half sullen. "Nobody around here ever took off a hat for me, Tebo."

Ed Swain paced forward from his store and said, "Get out of here, kid," and took her by the arm and pushed her off the porch. She looked upward at Swain, her eyes all at once wild and hating, and then disappeared in the darkness beyond the stable. Swain growled: "What you think about him, Tebo?"

Tebo shook his white head, expression wholly obscure.

Swain said in a lowering voice: "Maybe he's just travelin'. But maybe Tom Mulrane has put another man here to spy. I'll find out about this fellow. I'll pick it up in his talk, or in his rig, or somehow." Swain swung his fist up and down in a checked, angry manner and wheeled away.

Tebo Vaughn plucked a cigar from his pocket and trimmed and lighted it, and let the good smoke filter through his nose. This night was soft and cool, its mysteries riding the silver-sparkling shadows. Coyotes on the ridge were making their mournful medicine. Bob Duncan stepped morosely by, bound back to his blacksmith shop to escape the biting tongue of his discontented wife. Two boys ran breathlessly into the street and vanished behind the hotel. The dust of the street was a rippled, frosty lane; and up in the hotel the light of Skelton's room gushed a moment and died out. A rider came down the hill trail and went into Swain's store—one of Swain's rustlers. Keeping his glance on Skelton's dark window, Tebo thought he saw the stranger standing observantly behind the panes.

Maybe, Tebo thought, the man was just traveling. Maybe he was on the dodge. And maybe he was somebody old Tom Mulrane had hired to come here. Ed Swain would find out—he always had. Tebo Vaughn's judgment was an aloof, suspended thing. Nothing ever changed. Men were shadows that stood out in his mind's eye, laughing or cursing their little while, and vanishing in the misty background of the years.

THE morning sun turned the earth a tawny yellow, and was relentless in the way it aged and gaunted and sucked the life from this little town. Tebo hauled his chair back into the thin path of shadow under the porch and indolently watched Dick Skelton, who was propped against the stable wall, smoke out his cigarette. A flat, high man caught in a moment of keen attention, with a restlessness that showed itself in the sharp thrust of his turning glance. Tebo knew that other people, deep in these buildings, were also watching Skelton. And he knew Skelton knew it. The impact of that surveillance was a real thing—a sullen, creeping quality abroad in a trustless town. Skelton flicked his cigarette into the dust and turned with a snap of his shoulders, walking down the lane beside the stable, bound toward the little cemetery at the town's edge. Out on the prairie, dust rolled up from an advancing group—buckboard accompanied by riders.

Tebo Vaughn lifted himself out of the chair and went into the saloon and poured himself a drink. Mornings were always bad for him, the freshness of the day reminding him he had once been a young and hopeful man, and was no longer that man. He came back to the porch to find old Tom Mulrane tooling a buckboard beside it, his daughter Lily beside him, and four KX riders behind.

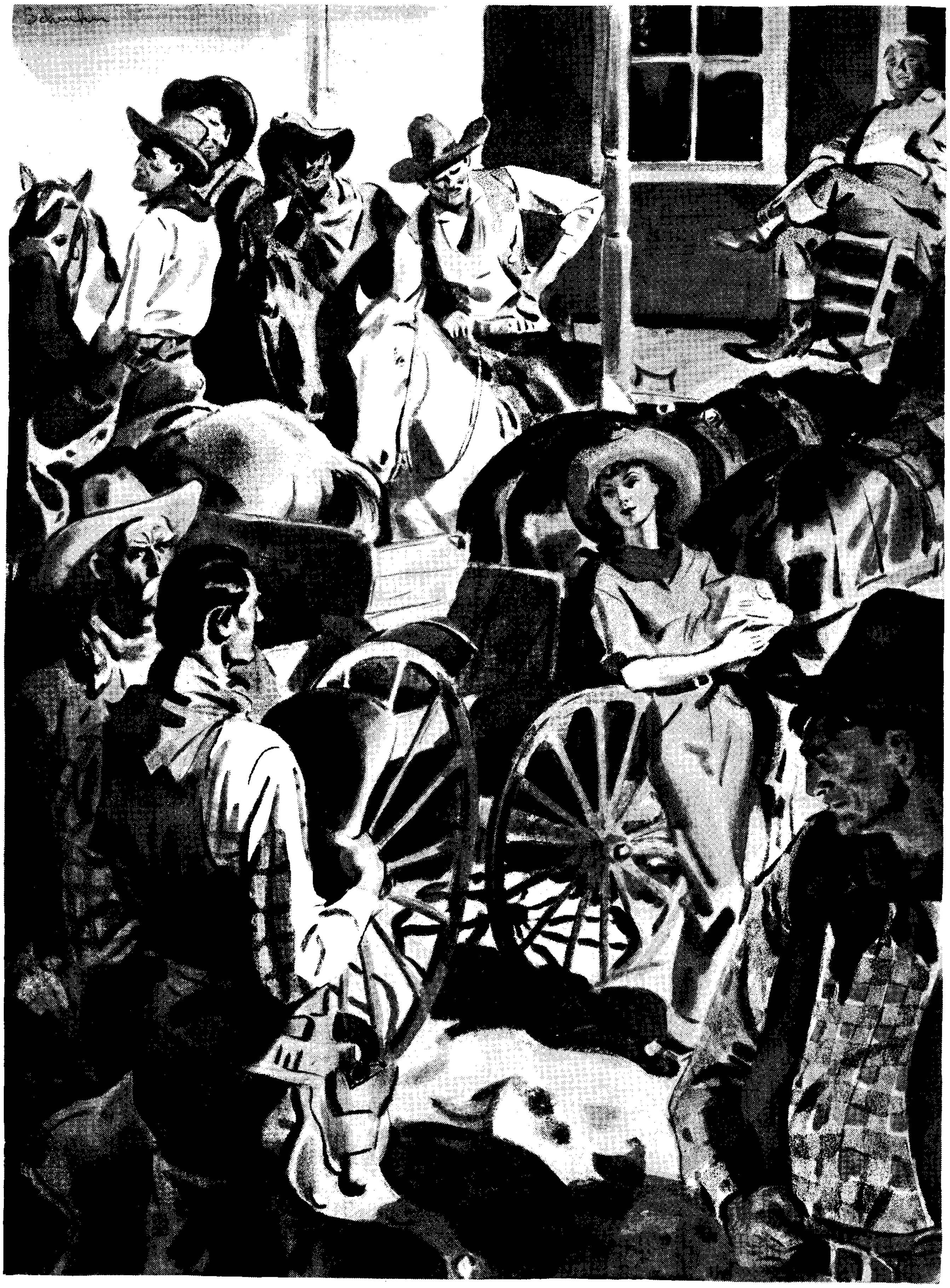
Mulrane said: "Tebo, you're gettin' to be an older man than me."

Tebo inclined his head, watching Lily Mulrane step out of the buckboard and smile at him. He could remember—Tebo could—the time when he had been a KX hand holding this Lily in front of his saddle. Sixteen years ago she was a black-eyed, chuckling kid of five. And the world was a simple place and loyalty meant something and KX was an independent kingdom on the Oregon high desert. In those days Tom Mulrane could roar out his laughter; and physically whip any man that crossed his will. The great ones of the country were gone and though Tom Mulrane still roared he no longer laughed; and men, riding the dark, rustled him poor. It was a thing he, Tebo, knew. That Tom Mulrane knew. That the whole country knew.

Lily Mulrane said, "Tebo, you're fat," and laughed again, and went on toward Ed Swain's store, her dark head shining under the sunlight and her supple body as proud and graceful as anything he could call to mind.

Mulrane wrapped the reins around the buggy stock and stepped to the porch. Tebo saw the old man's faintly infirm carriage, and dropped his eyes. He followed Mulrane into the saloon and put out the bottle and glass. Morning, he considered, a bad time for Tom Mulrane too, for Tom had been a lord. Still was a lord, only shorn of the vigor of life. Mulrane looked into the amber-filled glass with the seamy saturnine expression of an old bloodhound, and drank; and filled and drank again, afterwards returning to the porch. Tebo Vaughn

(*Continued on page* 72)



Skelton's glance touched Lily Mulrane and she returned that long appraisal in a way that stirred Tebo

Chasing Rainbows

See this six-inch trout? He's the representative of a billion-dollar industry. For his sake homes are deserted and thousands of miles of stream and river are whipped by countless lines. Elmer Q. Sportsman, 14,000,000 of him, rod in hand, is in canny pursuit of the rainbow, prince of fishes

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

THEY opened the Tonquin Valley last summer, in the heart of Jasper Park in the wild Canadian Rockies. Here is Amethyst Lake, at the top of the world, a fabulously beautiful jewel mounted in a setting of jagged snowcapped peaks and glaciers riding down to the very water's edge; and here, five years ago, the astute Canadian government, realizing the scenic possibilities of this unique spot, decided to stock the virginal waters with fish. They wanted the best fighters, of course. They wanted warriors worthy of this angler's Valhalla, fish that would give the sportsmen the best possible battle pound for pound, heroes that would live contentedly ever after in these Happy Fishing Grounds.

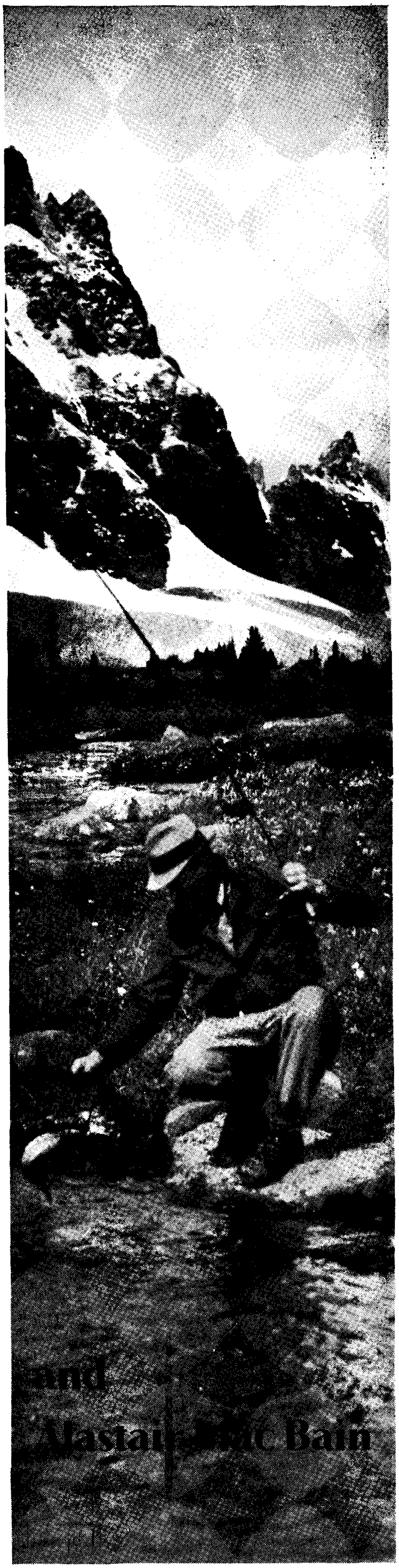
We fished Amethyst Lake last year, just after it was opened, as the climax of an indolent summer spent chasing rainbows across the continent and up into Canada. We worked the lake, and the fast water below the lake; and we took three- and four-pounders miraculously out of water that came scarcely above our ankles, watching the great silvery battlers hit and leap in savage arcs and stunt in mid-air in a breath-taking series of loops and spins and barrel-rolls; feeling our hearts go into our mouths as they nose-dived into the water again and bolted downstream toward the rapids just below us; lowering the tips of our rods in meek surrender as they leaped once more, pancaked in a final shower of peacock-colored drops, and disappeared, fly and tackle and all, down over the falls.

Only one fish could have put on an air circus like that. Only one fish could have satisfied the Canadian government, five years ago, when they set out to find the *ultimate* in fast-water angling, the gamest fish of all. That would be the same elusive specimen we had chased all the way across the country, the identical species they are stocking wherever possible all over our own United States today, our good old pal from the Beaverkill and the Brodhead and even the Bronx, the rainbow trout. . . .

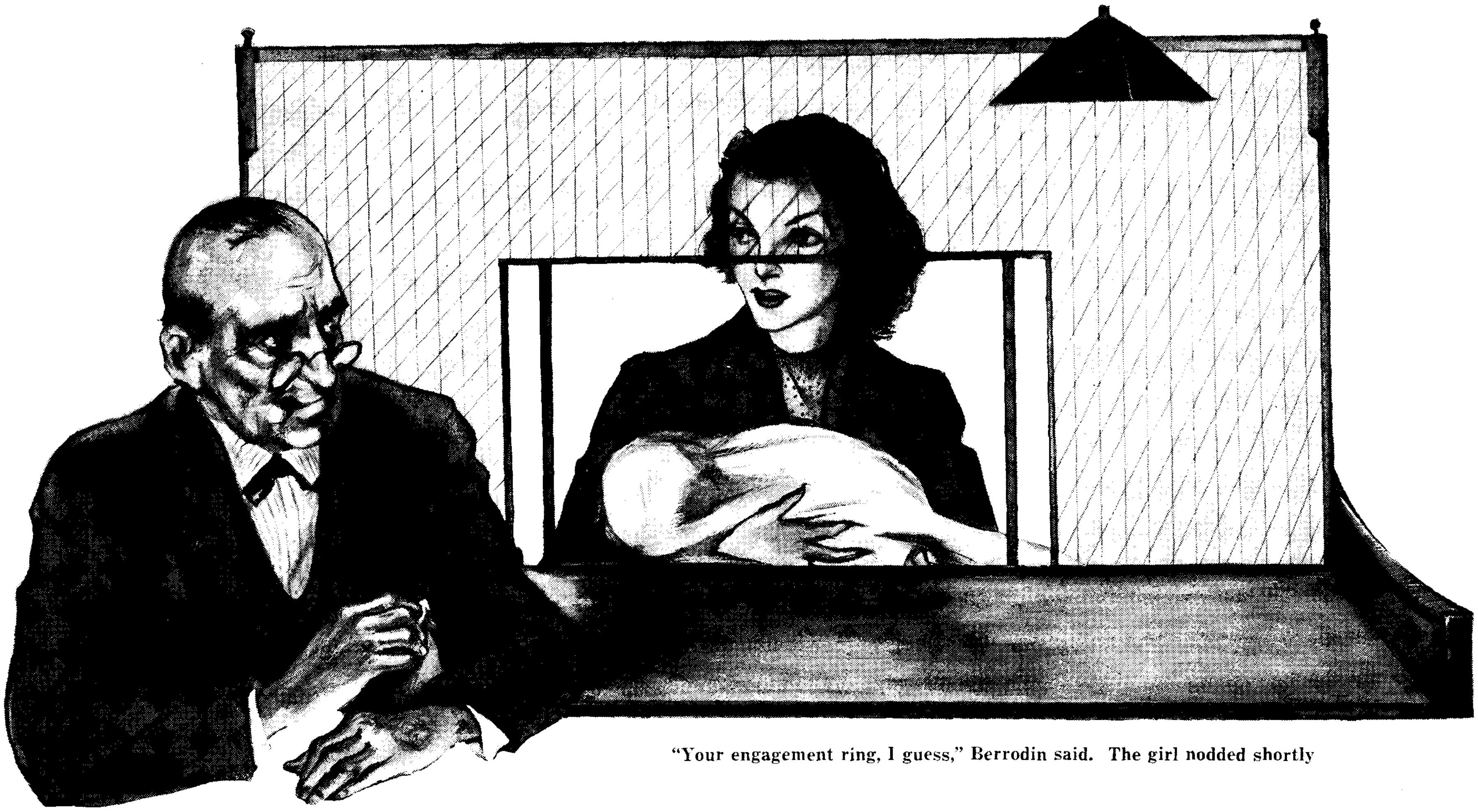
The scene is just before dawn, in one of our big Eastern states. Men in hip boots are working secretly, under cover of darkness, loading heavy galvanized-iron cans onto the rear of a waiting truck. They hide the telltale cans with a brown tarpaulin, which they lash down securely. The driver at the wheel, with sealed orders for his destination in the pocket of his leather coat, glances at his watch and drums his fingers impatiently. The time is short. It is almost daylight.

Bootleggers about to make a dash across the border? A dawn patrol ready for a dangerous foray through the enemy lines? Not at all; they are merely state wardens, loading a hatchery truck with some rainbows which they plan to stock in one of the more popular public streams; and they are attempting to make a sneak for it, through the battery of eager anglers spying on them over the tops of hedges and from adjoining rooftops, in an effort to get the fish planted in the water at least an hour before the

(Continued on page 60)



The authors, Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain, at Amethyst Lake, Tonquin Valley, at the foot of the snow-capped peaks of the Canadian Rockies



"Your engagement ring, I guess," Berrodin said. The girl nodded shortly

The Spider

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Frederick Skerry

ILLUSTRATED BY GWENN TUCKER

OLD BERRODIN laid the ring carefully on the shelf of his wicket. It was a handsome ring, a highly creditable piece of jewelers' art, with a large topaz of deep tawny hue mounted in a striking combination of white and yellow gold.

"Two-fifty," said Berrodin.

"What!" exclaimed the man on the other side of the grille. "Why, I paid forty-five dollars for that ring!"

"I ain't saying you didn't, Mister," Berrodin shrugged.

"And you'll lend only two and a half! See here! I think the world of that ring; it's not going to get away from me; I'm going to have it back. But I've got to have ten dollars right away."

Old Berrodin shook his head. They all thought that; they all were going to redeem their stuff. "Sorry!" he said. "Two-fifty."

The man gave a short, unpleasant laugh. "Robbers' dens, that's what these places are," he snorted. He strode indignantly to the door. And he slammed it when he went out.

Berrodin remained standing behind his little grille. He had already forgotten the man as an individual; that person had become merely one of a type. People didn't understand. They never understood. Sure, they paid good money for some of the things they brought in, but they forgot—or didn't think—that they also paid a manufacturers' profit and a retailers' profit, and those two profits had to be deducted right away from the price, and that left what they had bought worth half—if even that much—of the retail price. Then the interest—suppose it wasn't paid, it had to be added to the loan. And, if the borrowers never showed up again, all must be got back in the sale of the unredeemed pledge—maybe years would go by before a thing could be sold. And people thought that what they paid for something....

Berrodin's thoughts rambled, but he did not stir from the wicket. A girl had come to his door, hesitated, and moved away—a young girl, like a fly drawn to a spider's web.

There were, indeed, people who would have likened Old Berrodin to a spider, sitting, waiting for prey to be driven by need to his door. In that respect alone Berrodin was like a spider, and his loan office like a web; he had to wait; he could not seek business—except by way of his show window—and his place was a web in which many people, by their own shortcomings or by misfortune, were inextricably caught. Through the mesh of his grille Old Berrodin saw the seamy side of life, the underside, rough, raveled, rueful. As he might protect his eyes with colored glasses against the sun's rays, he must protect his heart with a mask of callousness lest the despair and the wretchedness which he read in eyes and heard in voices impair his judgment. For this was business.

THAT girl with the infant in her arms, Berrodin noticed, had come back again; three times now she had come as far as the door, only to retreat. But she would come in—they all came in eventually. Berrodin knew who she was. He had seen her around ever since she was a child. Tck! Tck! She was hardly more than a child now, and here she was, with a baby—deceived, abandoned. He knew about it. Some loafer, some low-life....

Berrodin was still behind the grille, waiting, when the girl entered. Timidly, she approached the wicket. She carried, Berrodin noted, nothing but the child.

The old man smiled at her, looking over his spectacles. "Good afternoon!"

The girl nodded absently. Shifting her small burden slightly, she drew a ring from her finger. Berrodin, watching, saw the ring which remained, a wedding ring, already turning her finger green. Bought it herself, he surmised, for ten cents.

He picked up the ring which she had laid on the shelf. He didn't screw into one eye the little magnifying glass; Berrodin was an expert on gems. "Your engagement ring, I guess."

The girl nodded shortly.

Berrodin gently put the ring down. "You know," he said kindly, "we don't lend much on things. How much did you expect to get on this?"

"Why—I don't know." She looked confused. "This is—well, I never—"

"All right, all right, my dear child," Berrodin smiled. "Then, what were you going to do with the money?"

"Why—well, the baby needs lots of things—and my—my folks can't—" The stumbling words were stemmed, as if she thought all this an unnecessary detail in the transaction.

"Yes, I know," Berrodin nodded; "babies seem to need lots of things. But, like I said, we can't lend much on things—not so much as you might think. Tell me, how much do you need?"

"Well—oh, I never reckoned it up." Her brow was creased by her effort to estimate.

"Twenty dollars?" Berrodin prompted. "Twenty-five?"

The girl's eyes widened at what seemed to her like wealth. "Oh, I never reckoned it up, but if I could get that much—you know, as soon as I get a job I'd start paying it back."

"Look now!" smiled Berrodin. "You know, there's interest—regular interest payments—on a loan. And maybe when the time came it wouldn't be convenient for you to pay—if you didn't get the job, now. So supposing you *sell* me the ring—just like that, no ticket, no record, no red tape, nothing—just between ourselves. A little business dealing, eh?" He spread his hands, smiling, as if at the simplicity of the proposal.

But the girl hesitated, eying him fixedly.

"And," he went on, persuasively, "so you wouldn't lose the money—or so nobody could borrow it all from you—you could come here every week and get five dollars until the price is paid. Five dollars every week for a while would buy lots of things for the baby."

The girl lowered her eyes from him to the ring. Berrodin followed her gaze. Poor innocent! She was only less innocent than the infant in her arms. "How much, then?" she asked at last.

"Thirty-five dollars," he replied. "And, believe me, that is plenty for that ring. Trust me to know, my dear."

SHE eyed him narrowly, and her hand slid stealthily across the shelf to the ring. When she had grasped it in her fist she stepped back from the wicket. "So!" she jeered, suddenly hard. "You think I don't know anything? You thought you'd make some money on me. I guess if you'd pay thirty-five dollars for this ring it must be worth lots more than that. You can keep your thirty-five dollars."

When the door closed behind her Berrodin sighed deeply. What could you do with them? Nothing. Kindness was thrown away on them. Refusing thirty-five dollars—for a phony, a synthetic white sapphire! If that low-life of hers paid more than six dollars for the thing he got stuck—bad.

He shuffled away from the wicket, shaking his head. "Tck! Tck! Berrodin," he mumbled. "You shouldn't be so soft, you really shouldn't."

And the spider dropped wearily into his chair to await a new victim.

Under Pressure

By
George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

BANDITS seize La Barranca, Cutler Sewell's beautiful Mexican estate, murder his wife and force him to flee for his life. With his small daughter, Joyce, he makes his escape and returns to the United States where, after marrying again, he finally dies—without recovering his property.

Several years after his death, Joyce receives ten thousand dollars—belated indemnity for the loss of her mother. And saying nothing to anyone (she dislikes her stepmother) she flies to Mexico City, where she begins a fight *to win back La Barranca.*

At the American Embassy she is coldly received; Dirk Van Suttart, young second secretary, gives her no encouragement whatsoever. But a Mexican, General Onelia, whose bitterest enemy, General Dorado, is occupying La Barranca, is delighted to cooperate. He advises her to oust Dorado by force; and, with a number of soldiers with whom he supplies her, she does so—Dorado goes out, and she goes in.

Mystified by her disappearance, her stepmother turns to Helm Blackadder—an astute businessman whom she is soon to marry. Blackadder does some clever sleuthing; and presently he is on his way to La Barranca. But he does not reach it until he has been captured by Dorado (who is laying siege to the *hacienda)* and released on his promise to take the American girl away and present the place to the bandit.

As he approaches La Barranca he is surprised to see a number of lorries, carrying howitzers, rumbling over the plain. . . . Meanwhile, an interesting situation has developed at the *hacienda.* Two fascinating men have arrived: Dirk Van Suttart, who, obedient to urgent orders from Washington, is doing what he can to "protect" Miss Joyce Sewell, American; and Adán Arnaldo, a debonair Mexican man of mystery who is investigating the situation (secretly) for the Mexican Minister of War, who loathes Onelia. Both seize every possible opportunity to be alone with Joyce: both are soon far more than merely interested in her. . . . Joyce understands Arnaldo. She is not so sure of Dirk Van Suttart. His casualness, a curious indefinable something in his attitude toward her, convinces her that he is merely playing with her. A kiss, to which she does not respond, draws a rebuke from her one evening. "Dirk," she says, "some day you'll grow up and learn how foolish it is to cheapen another person." And Dirk walks from the room.

IX

BLACKADDER recoiled from his first glance in a mirror in five days. He felt grateful to that young Van Suttart for saving him from showing himself to Joyce looking like a tramp. Being a stickler for daily shaving he hadn't seen his beard in years and was shocked to find it splotched with gray. He took joy in getting rid of it, in steaming in a hot bath and in slipping into underwear and shirt, coarse but clean, supplied from the *hacienda* store. In spite of his wrinkled suit he felt in better humor than at any moment since his departure from Elsinboro. Joyce was a fool, he reflected complacently. What a chance she had missed by giving him this opportunity for recuperation! In his mind he credited her with tactical error number one.

But the moment he was shown into her presence he wondered if and where he had gone wrong. Already dressed in one of her plain frocks, she turned in the chair at her desk but did not rise. She looked unbelievably cool—cool inside and out—as she passed slow eyes over his face and figure. Here was a man out of her past, accurately remembered, and he had not changed; yet he was distant, divided from her by a world. As for Blackadder, he beheld a person he did not know, a person he felt he might never know. He had been thinking of her as a young girl—headstrong, violent in her reactions, but young, unformed and consequently malleable. Now he stared at something as fixed as a portrait; alive yet baffling, impenetrable. Instantly his own plan of attack went into reverse with an almost audible stripping of mental gears and as an added humiliation he discovered he would have to speak first or not at all.

"Hardly what you'd call a warm welcome, Joyce."

"No," she admitted; then continued in an even tone, "Why have you come and what do you want?"

He was at a loss for an answer. That a whippersnapper should outface him roused his always unmanageable temper and, abandoning the sensible course he had just determined upon, he foolishly reverted to a prepared speech—prepared and rehearsed for days.

"You know why I'm here. You're a willful and ungrateful girl. You bit the hand that fed you—fed you for years. Your escapade has cost me time and money and caused real anguish to Irma, as fine a woman as ever drew breath. But now it's a lot more serious. You're like a child playing with matches around a keg of powder and thinking it's funny! Get this, Joyce; if you don't go back with me at once you may find yourself responsible, silly as it may sound, for thousands of deaths. Fortunately you're still a minor. Do you hear? A minor."

"Yes, yes," said Joyce quietly, "you don't have to shout. I heard you—a minor. Well, what of it?"

"Your stepmother has appointed me your guardian and by the laws of the State of New York—" He stopped, halted by a clear laugh.

"Excuse me," said Joyce, controlling herself, "but that sounded so funny. The State of New York, Elsinboro, you, my stepmother—it's all thousands of miles and a hundred years away. There you were Mr. Blackadder, weren't you? Mr. Helm Blackadder, and a power in a small way. Well, here you're nothing."

"YOU talk to me like that," exploded Blackadder, "a man twice your age, who—"

"Please don't shout," interrupted Joyce. "Try to realize it's only because I hate bloodshed you weren't shot. That's easy enough to understand, but what about this? If you had been, it wouldn't have affected the course of my present life in the slightest—it wouldn't even have rated an added inconvenience."

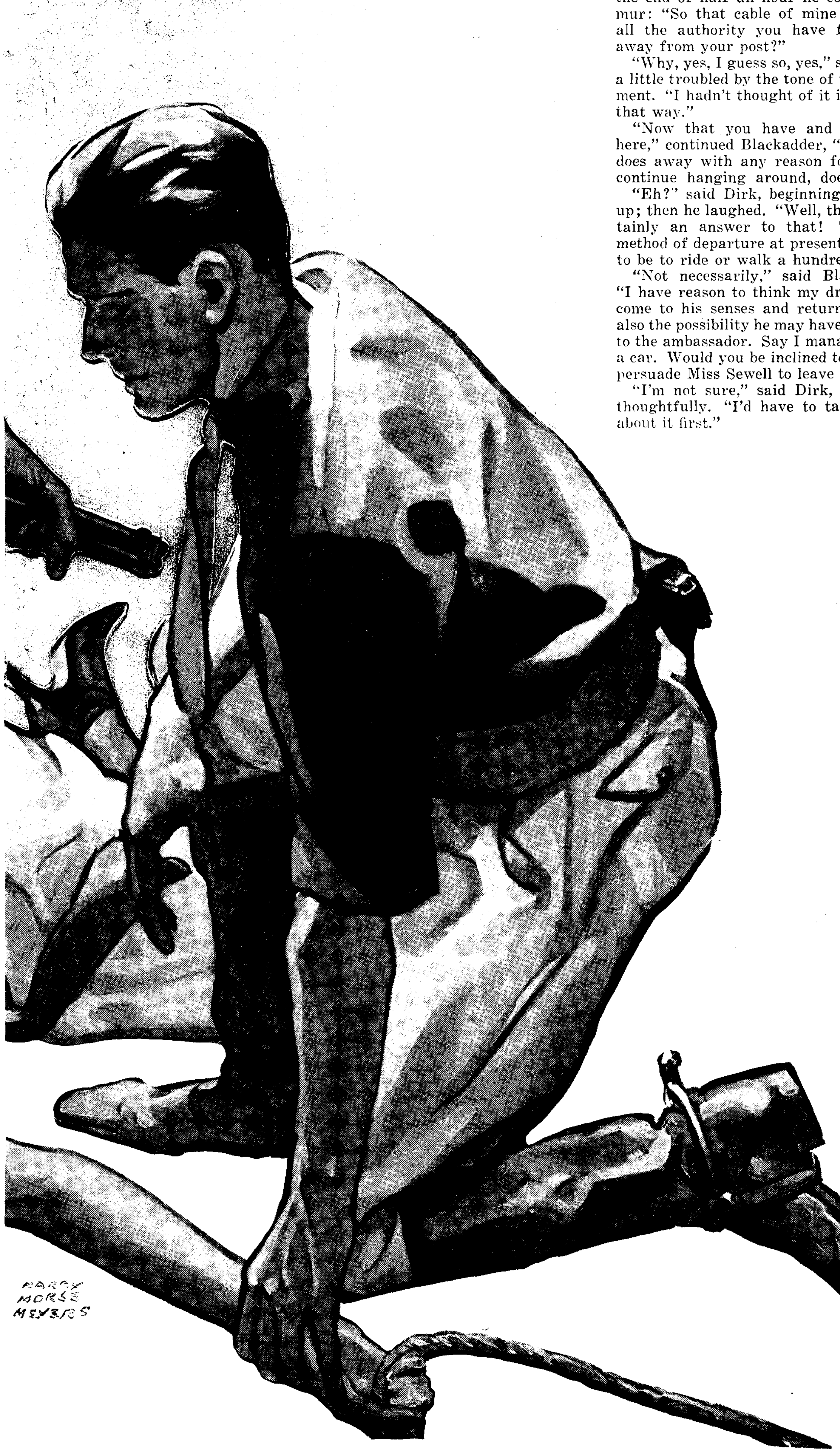
"Are you crazy?" gasped Blackadder.

"Perhaps," said Joyce, "but that isn't what matters, is it? What stands for a whole lot more than you seem able to comprehend is that I'm mistress of La Barranca."

"Anything I can do to help, Joyce?" asked Dirk, sauntering in from the balcony.

"Oh, Dirk; I'm glad you came. Do you mind showing Mr. Blackadder around for a while? I'm going to be busy until dinnertime."

Blackadder, though annoyed at the interruption, promptly saw the value of a



"Let up on it," Leonardo advised Dirk sharply. "Can't you see she's passed out? Get on your horse, *señor,* and take her. Hurry!"

chance to sound out Van Suttart. Whose ally would he turn out to be? What was he doing here anyway? How had he got here and when? He accompanied Dirk with alacrity, glad of a chance besides to reassemble his shaken wits, and to all his questions except the first and most important obtained ready answers. At the end of half an hour he could murmur: "So that cable of mine is really all the authority you have for being away from your post?"

"Why, yes, I guess so, yes," said Dirk, a little troubled by the tone of the statement. "I hadn't thought of it in exactly that way."

"Now that you have and that I'm here," continued Blackadder, "it sort of does away with any reason for you to continue hanging around, doesn't it?"

"Eh?" said Dirk, beginning to wake up; then he laughed. "Well, there's certainly an answer to that! The only method of departure at present happens to be to ride or walk a hundred miles."

"Not necessarily," said Blackadder. "I have reason to think my driver may come to his senses and return; there's also the possibility he may have reported to the ambassador. Say I manage to get a car. Would you be inclined to help me persuade Miss Sewell to leave at once?"

"I'm not sure," said Dirk, frowning thoughtfully. "I'd have to talk to her about it first."

"That's an extraordinary stand for you to take."

"Why?"

"If you can't see it," said Blackadder, "I won't try to show you. For your own good I might point out again that your justification for absence from your post terminated with my arrival."

"I can't blame you for being puzzled, Mr. Blackadder," said Dirk slowly, "since I'm a bit that way myself. I don't know quite how it's come about but somehow I sort of don't seem to give a tinker's dam about my post."

BLACKADDER snorted, stared at him, then turned away with a shrug. Here certainly was no ally and he dismissed him from mind. But not for long. At dinner, where Blackadder sat in brooding silence, Dirk was the mainspring that kept the ball of conversation rolling. He egged Don Jorge and Arnaldo into one of their perfervid political discussions, then bargained with the latter to alternate with him at playing a dance tune, Adán to go first. The challenge accepted, Dirk fairly forced Joyce to dance, but when it came his turn it developed he scarcely knew one note from another.

Joyce had been puzzled by his high spirits, in violent contrast to the gloom which had enshrouded him from the moment of the rebuke she had administered. It wasn't the kiss she had minded nor its rough-and-ready manner, not even its humiliating assumption. The truth was she had been hurt rather than angry and had spoken straight from the heart in protest against a blow struck at some vague beauty, still in the bud yet present to them both. But no sooner did he slip his arm around her to dance than his strategy throughout dinner became evident.

"This is the only way I could think of," he whispered, "to be alone with you. To tell you I'm sorry—sorrier than I ever was about anything else in my life. You were quite right to say what you did. Please don't stay away from me. Please give me a chance. Please go for a ride tomorrow as though nothing had happened."

"Will you promise on your word of honor—your given word, I believe you called it—never to do it again?"

"No," he said after some deliberation, "I can't honestly promise any such thing. I'm through with giving my word. All I can say is I'll do my best—my level best."

IT WAS all Joyce could do to keep from laughing and what stopped her, strangely enough, was his sincerity—the very thing that made him comical. They rode the next morning; to Blackadder's disgust they were gone for hours. After their return came lunch and the inevitable siesta. Even then Blackadder got no chance for a further talk with Joyce, for she was busy with the myriad details tossed up as steadily as a playing fountain by a family of five hundred souls. How long was this sort of thing to keep up? He could imagine himself hanging around for days without ever securing five minutes free of interruption. The dinner was an exact replica of that of the night before except that his surly abstraction was more profound—so dense it gradually spread its wet blanket over everybody else. At last Joyce surrendered, crushed into submission by a prolonged silence.

"I'm afraid you're having a miserable time, Mr. Blackadder. What can we do to cheer you up?"

Helm raised somber eyes to her face. "You know the answer to that, Joyce," he said with overwhelming simplicity. "All that I ask from these gentlemen and yourself is an hour's uninterrupted talk with you."

(Continued on page 38)

Hitler's Velvet Glove

When rough-and-ready Nazidom requires the services of diplomacy as it was known in the old days, there's an aristocrat at hand to serve it—the smiling, suave and cultured Foreign Minister, Baron Konstantin von Neurath. Here, in an exclusive interview with Mr. Ybarra, he states his country's position

By T. R. Ybarra

INTO those palaces built two or three centuries ago, which line one side of Berlin's Wilhelmstrasse and now house various important departments of Adolf Hitler's government, only one prominent member of that government seems to fit easily and snugly.

Hitler himself fits them as a square peg fits a round hole. So does Hermann Goering. So does Joseph Goebbels. The Fuehrer's coatless brown garb and fist-banging-the-table manner, his Aviation Minister's rough-and-ready ways, his Propaganda chief's violent spellbinding, don't harmonize at all with the old-world façades, old-fashioned gardens, old-style flunkeys in white ties and boiled shirt fronts and black swallowtails who gravely usher visitors in and out of mellow old rooms which seem to have gone to sleep with Frederick the Great and not to have waked up even when Bismarck stamped and stormed through them.

Yes, one alone among the bigwigs of Nazidom seems to fit comfortably into the atmosphere of those Wilhelmstrasse palaces. That man is Konstantin von Neurath, Adolf Hitler's Foreign Minister.

"Von Neurath should have been painted in doublet and hose, by Holbein." In those words an American who met him in Berlin described the man at the head of Nazidom's foreign affairs. As I was shown (by one of those old-world flunkeys) from an antechamber decorated with busts and paintings of dead Prussian statesmen—all dignity and pomp and formality—into the room, still more reminiscent of faraway yesterdays, which serves Baron von Neurath for an office, and as I took in mine the hand which he held out to me, I agreed fully with that American.

Von Neurath belongs to the old German nobility. He has the polished manners of prewar officialdom. In Hitler's realm he is a sort of liaison officer between the elegance and etiquette of the old diplomacy and the roughness and rudeness of the new regime.

In contrast with his chief's unsmiling concentration and fanatical earnestness, von Neurath smiles and laughs willingly, jumps easily from one subject to another. He is a man of the world—whereas Hitler seems a man of another world. Nothing in the whole fantastic realm of Nazidom is more incongruous than this suave nobleman who has lived all his life among blue bloods and believes in their ideals, yet who faithfully serves a master who used to be a house-painter, who goes coatless whenever he can, and who takes the greatest delight in knocking to pieces the traditions upon which the whole importance of von Neurath's clan was built up in days when Brown Shirts were undreamed of in Germany.

Baron von Neurath received me in Berlin a few days before his temperamental chief startled the world by denouncing the Locarno Treaty and sending German troops into the demilitarized Rhineland zone. It is hardly possible that his Foreign Minister should not have known about the imminence of that sensational action. Bearing this in mind, the opening words spoken by the baron as he settled his big frame into a chair a few feet away from me have a special and encouraging significance for all those who hope that Europe will somehow disentangle herself from her difficulties without recourse to arms. He said:

"I have always been optimistic about peace being maintained. Why should anyone want war? We Germans do not want it. Most of us know what war is. We were soldiers in the last war. We know well that another war would mean the end of everything, the end of civilization.

Rearmament for Peace

"Germany wants reconciliation with France," continued Baron von Neurath. "It is quite true, now that the Saar question has been decided, that there is no source of discord between the two nations. But every German attempt at reconciliation has been rebuffed by the French. They speak constantly of the necessity for security. What does 'security' mean?

"We proposed limitation of armaments. We offered to keep our army down to 300,000 men. Do you remember? But it was all in vain.

"I think that a rearmed Germany is far better for Europe. Rearmed, Germany is a guarantee of peace, instead of being—as she was when disarmed—a menace of war, owing to the temptation which she offered to heavily-armed neighbors. I hope that German rearmament will lead to the limitation of armaments.

"Other nations do not understand the

(*Continued on page 52*)

In Hitler's realm, Foreign Minister Konstantin von Neurath is a liaison officer between the suavity of the old diplomacy and the roughness of the new

"I Compared 'All Three'—and Plymouth won Hands Down

THAT SWELL ENGINE, AND THE WAY SHE'S BUILT, LOOKED MIGHTY GOOD TO ME"

CHIEF ENGINEER BEATTIE, Miami. At sea he bosses the engine room...ashore drives a beautiful, new Plymouth.

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(Top, Center) "THE VIBRATIONLESS SMOOTHNESS of Floating Power engine mountings impresses any engineer."

(Left) "AND WHAT A MONEY-SAVER! I'm averaging 20 miles per gallon...using very little oil...amazingly low upkeep."

(Left) "I FOUND ONLY PLYMOUTH of 'All Three' gives you Safety-Steel body and double-action Hydraulic brakes...both. That decided me."

TUNE IN ED WYNN, GRAHAM McNAMEE AND ALL-STAR CAST, TUESDAY NIGHTS, N.B.C. RED NETWORK

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

Mr. Woodall's Wife

By Kyle Crichton

The story of Miss Zasu Pitts, whose diffidence amounts to genius

ZASU PITTS was on the Chaplin lot ("I always wanted to work with Mr. Chaplin," she says in her usual respectful manner) for six months without appearing in a scene. She would come down in the morning, sit modestly in the background, move about apologetically whenever the stagehands yelled at her and hope that somebody would notice her. Then one morning she met Charlie on the street on her way to work.

"Right in front of the First M. E. Church," says Zasu, to bring the subject right down to earth.

The incident promised an immediate problem. It was clearly the obligation of the gentleman to speak first but he was in conversation with his business manager and there was the possibility that he might not see her. On her part she felt a duty toward her employer.

"It would be pretty awful if a man paid you for six months and then couldn't even get good morning out of you," she thought, but followed it immediately with the fear that he might consider her just a fresh thing who went around accosting men on the streets.

This all went through her head rapidly enough but even before she got done weighing the alternatives, Charlie and his manager had drawn abreast and she said demurely:

"Good morning, Mr. Chaplin," and he looked up suddenly and touched his hat and mumbled something and went on for about ten feet before addressing other words to his manager. Miss Pitts has never forgotten what Mr. Chaplin said.

"Who the hell was that?" said Mr. Chaplin in some bewilderment.

This should have been a lesson to Miss Pitts that humility never gets you anywhere in a place like Hollywood, but she still has all the aggressiveness of a squirrel and could be run off any set in the business by anybody yelling boo. Despite everything, however, she is still a great Hollywood favorite, worked steadily during the days of the silent films, transferred over to sound without the loss of a minute and is still so polite in the presence of assistant cameramen that she calls them mister and completely disarms them.

From reports, she is still the same girl who came down from Santa Cruz, California, in 1918, to go into the movies. She hadn't particularly wanted to come but her mother thought it would be a good idea and Zasu was never one to doubt her mother. It was her mother who had thought up her name in the first place—Zasu, taken from Sarah Susan and pronounced Zay-zoo, as in "Oh, zay, can zoo see." Mrs. Pitts had been left a widow when Zasu was six and had managed to keep the family going by taking in summer boarders. Things were pretty cheap in Santa Cruz—rent $6 a month—and a family could get along in those days.

Zasu was in high school and wanted to get in the dramatic club but they didn't think she had the looks of an actress. So she "did pieces," little monologues she picked out of a book. Her best was Mrs. Smart Learns How to Skate. She recited that in assembly and rather killed them. There wasn't much difficulty about the interpretation because neither Zasu nor the audience had ever seen a pair of skates or a frozen creek and she could get away with almost anything in the manner of stage business.

About Hollywood her mother had no false notions.

"You might as well go down there and look it over," she said. "There's always time enough to come back here and work in the five-and-ten."

Zasu had a room in Hollywood with some other girls and made the rounds of the studios every morning and got looking more pathetic every day. The casting offices were cluttered up with beauties and Zasu felt like a peg-legged lady who had wandered into a harem, but it was

(Continued on page 54)

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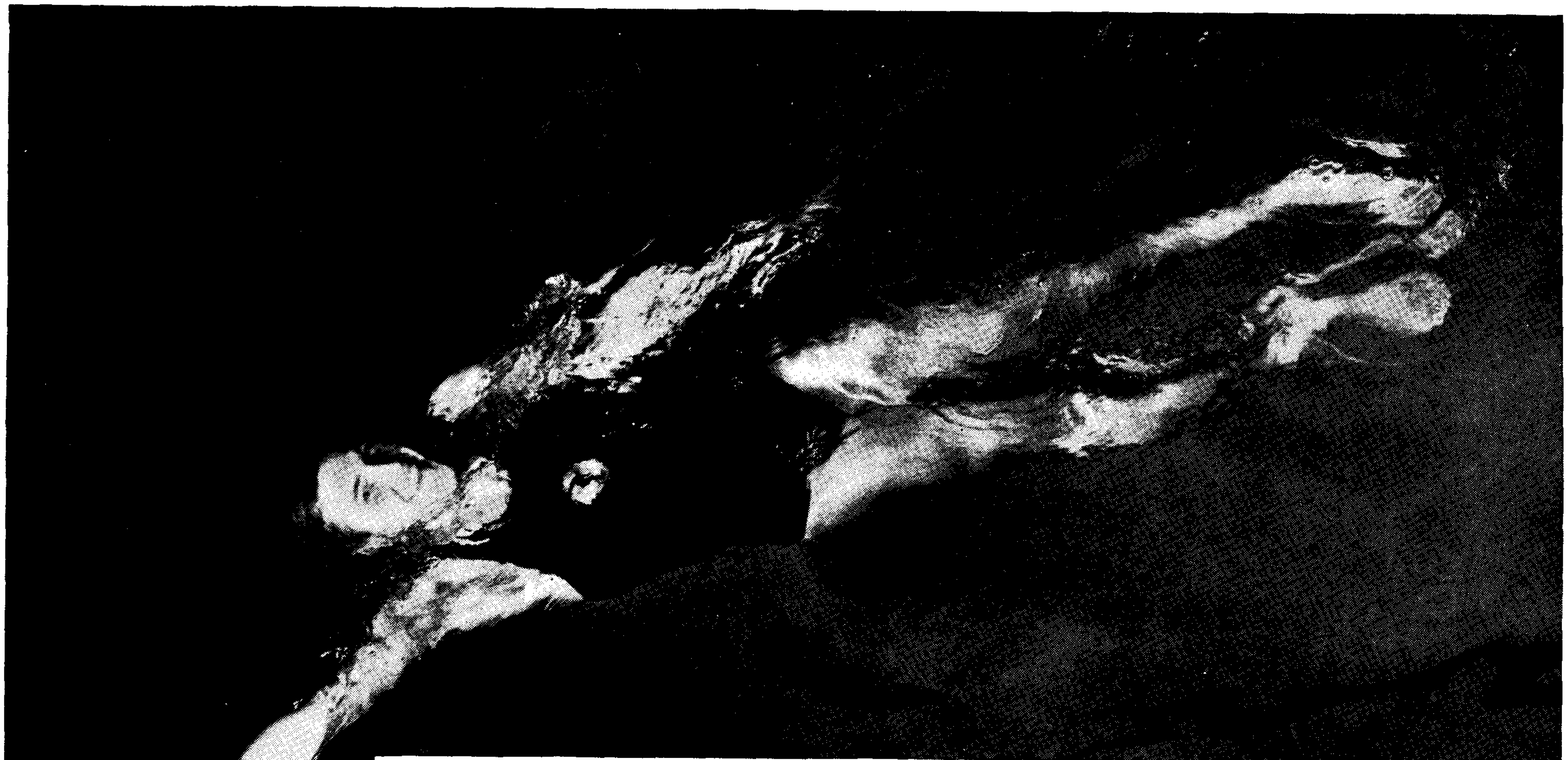


The Kiefer stroke is stiff-armed right back from the shoulder

Sonny Relaxes

This is Sonny Kiefer, who swims like a lazy windmill. At seventeen he holds a handful of world's records and is thinking of really trying when he gets round to the 1936 Olympic Games

By
Quentin Reynolds

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY VALENTINO SARRA

Sonny Kiefer outclasses all backstroke competition, past or present

ADOLPH "Sonny" Kiefer was always rather a lazy youngster and because of that fact he is today the greatest backstroke swimmer in the world, the greatest, in fact, ever to push off from the end of a pool. In many ways Sonny Kiefer is the greatest of all athletic champions, for no competitor (with the possible exception of Joe Louis) outclasses his field as does this blond seventeen-year-old youngster who learned to swim in Lake Michigan—that part of Lake Michigan which directly borders the end of Touhy Avenue on the north side of Chicago.

When Sonny was even more of a kid than he is now, his father and mother used to take the kids swimming in the lake. There were four boys and one girl and they all learned to swim very quickly as kids do. But Sonny was a bit different. When his father dropped him into the water for his first lesson the solemn-eyed five-year-old swung lazily over on his back. He floated there and then found out by tentatively moving his arms that he could not only stay afloat but could actually make some progress through the water.

It was pleasant lying there right on top of Lake Michigan and Sonny saw no reason why he should go splashing frantically about getting his nose full of water as his brothers did who swam in the orthodox free-style fashion. So Sonny just stayed there on his back and whenever his father took the family swimming he kept right on with this habit of lying on top of Lake Michigan. If someone called him he'd paddle over lazily, still lying on his back. And that in a word or two is how Sonny Kiefer began a career which has made him the world's greatest backstroke swimmer, holder of virtually every record, and America's chief hope in the swimming part of the 1936 Olympic Games.

In those days the great Johnny Weissmuller was king of the swimming world and even the swimming experts shook their heads when he retired, and said sagely, "There'll never be another like him. His records will never come off the books." The world's best swimmers began to go after the records that Johnny had hung up. They all copied his style as well as they could. When he swam the backstroke Johnny rode high out of the water and his churning feet left a wake like that which follows a speedboat. As he drew his arm out of the water to hurl it upwards and backwards he bent his elbow; then he reached back as far as he could to stiffen the arm and draw it through the water close to his body. It was the standard style and Johnny had perfected it. Yes, everyone copied that style, except young Sonny Kiefer, who was still lazily floating on top of Lake Michigan.

As Sonny swam about on his back he never knew that he was using an absolutely incorrect, hopelessly unorthodox style, because he had never seen any expert backstroke swimmers and if he had it still wouldn't have mattered. It was easy and natural for him to swim as he did. He held his arms stiffly and swung them right back from his shoulders.

"You look like a windmill," his father would grin, but his father wasn't interested in backstroke swimming so he never bothered to correct the kid's faults.

"It's easier to swim that way," Sonny would laugh back.

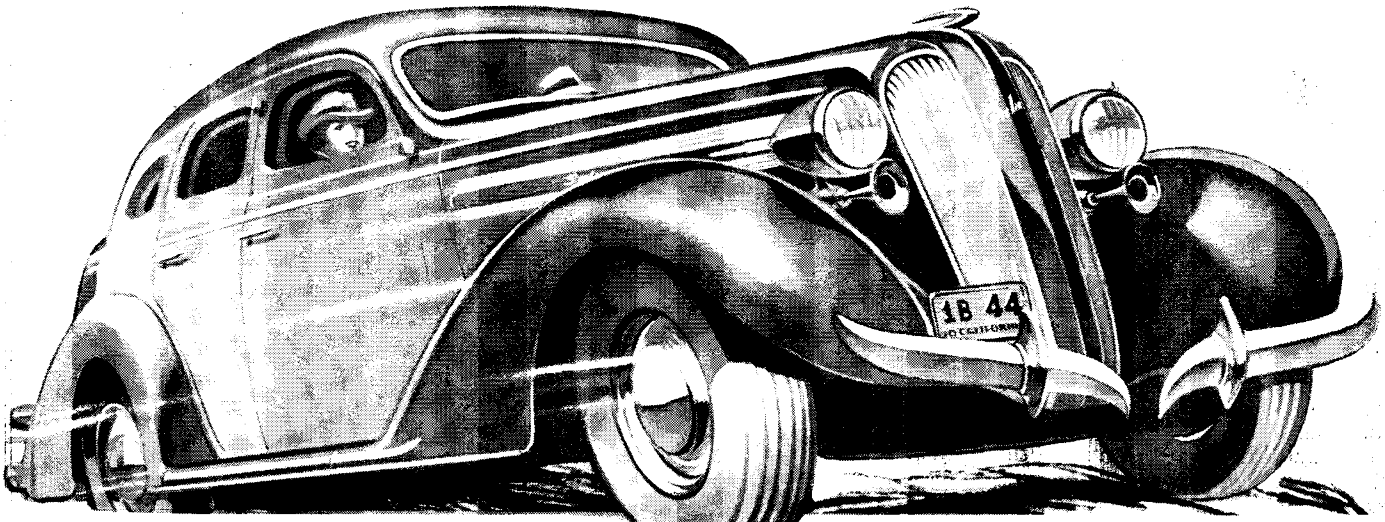
Sonny grew a bit older and now he was a student at the Von Steuben Junior High School. One day they held a swimming carnival and they entered Sonny Kiefer, twelve years old, in the forty-yard backstroke race. He didn't care about it but he was just too lazy to refuse. Anyhow his father wanted him to enter the race. His father was Otto Kiefer, a candy manufacturer and a swimming enthusiast.

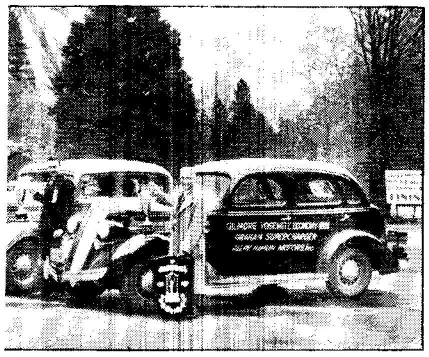
Chicago, the cradle of champion swimmers, is full of swimming enthusiasts.

Anyhow Sonny entered the race and he was beaten quite handily. It was to be one of two races he was to lose in the next few years. But his defeat didn't weigh very heavily on Sonny. Why, he'd rather be down at the foot of Touhy Avenue paddling about the lake.

A year later when Sonny was thirteen his father entered him in a fifty-yard backstroke Y. M. C. A. competition. He tried to get Sonny to practice, for he knew that swimming was a great body builder and maybe he sensed, too, that there was a spark somewhere hidden in Sonny which needed igniting to bring out the most extraordinary swimming talent the world has ever seen. Sonny won this race and his father was so pleased that he gave him a watch. Now, when Sonny saw how pleased and how proud his father was he decided to take swimming a bit more seriously. Not that he cared, but it did make Pop very happy.

(*Continued on page* 36)





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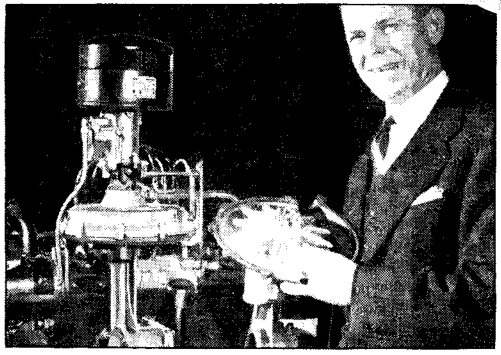
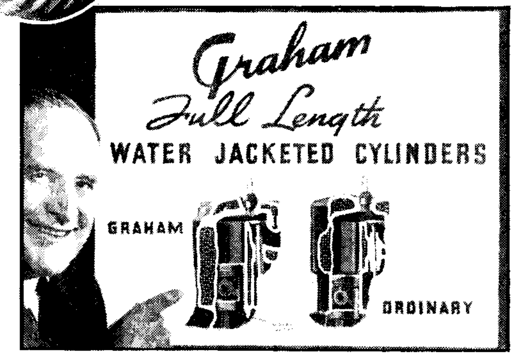
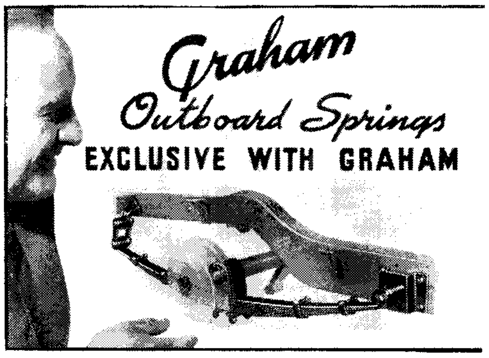


BEAT THEM ALL with the magic of the supercharger now brought to the lower price field for the first time by Graham. The Supercharger couples unmatched economy with the smoothest and most brilliant performance you have ever known. The Graham Supercharger is the most revolutionary engineering development of the last ten years.



BEAT THEM ALL with full-length water-jacketed cylinders. First conceived and originated by Graham. This feature insures uniform expansion of cylinders and controls oil temperature. This means more economical operation—longer engine life—greatly increased efficiency. Another striking example of Graham engineering leadership.



BEAT THEM ALL with greater safety and greater riding comfort through Graham-pioneered outboard springs with wider tread and rubber-cushioned shackles. This exclusive feature eliminates side-sway and "cradles" the frame and body, thus providing a lower center of gravity.

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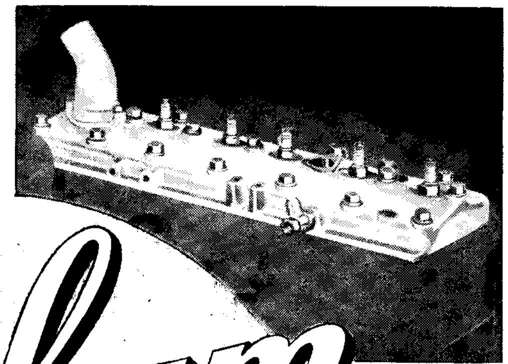

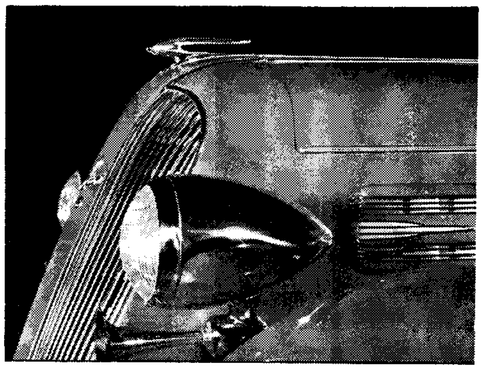

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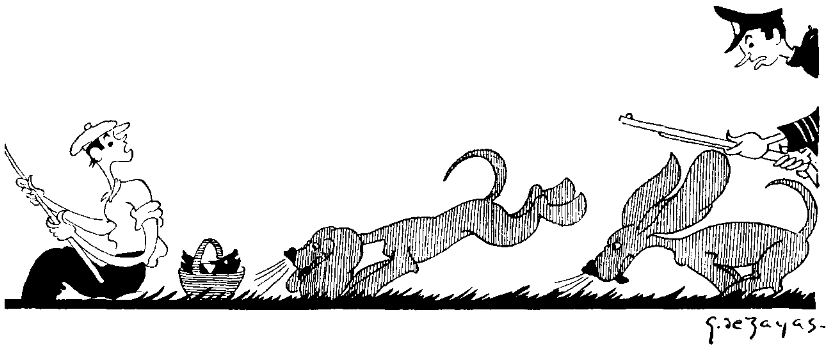
WN THE CAR THAT HAS TODAY . . . . . . WHAT OTHERS WILL HAVE TOMORROW



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Despite the fact that detection through tracking by bloodhounds is admissible as evidence in the courts of numerous states, these dogs have made mistakes. Recently a pack of the hounds, although on the trail of a burglar, led the police to the home of an innocent man.—*By Jay Lucian, Lexington, Kentucky.*

The treatment of disease by medicinal baths has been developed to an amusing, if not an absurd, degree by the spas of Europe. Many of them offer, in addition to baths in hot sulphur water, soluble salt, radioactive mud and aromatic herbs, immersion in such liquids as ammonia, brine, malt and even glue.

In Italy many men still raise their hats to passing ambulances; in Scotland some Highland women still curtsy to the new moon; and in Japan numerous cities and towns still hold a Buddhist religious service for the souls of the fishes which they have consumed during the year.—*By Stewart Schackne, New York City.*

Throughout the British Empire there are numerous small groups of Jacobites who, believing in the 248-year-old claim to the throne by the descendants of the exiled Stuarts, regularly meet and toast "the rightful king." Undoubtedly each group has its own particular pretenders, as a recent list of them contains more than 500 names, including those of a Glasgow grocer and a Hereford policeman.

Persons with otherwise normal hearing sometimes have deaf areas between the highest and the lowest sound frequencies which prevent their perception of certain tones and noises. Hence, they might be able to hear the croaking of a frog and the singing of a bird but not some intermediate note.—*By Raymond Walters, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.*

A simple impression in a rock on Adam's Peak in Ceylon—five feet by two feet and shaped like a human foot—is sacred to a third of the world's population. The 175,000,000 Buddhists claim it was made by Buddha, the 250,000,000 Hindus maintain it was made by their god Siva and the 250,000,000 Mohammedans assert that it was made by Adam when he stood there, on one foot for 200 years, to expiate his crime in the Garden of Eden.

Extreme inconsistency exists in the meanings attached to colors. In Christian countries yellow not only represents love, constancy, faith and wisdom, but also jealousy, treason, incontinence and hatred. Germany today uses a yellow spot on doors, as did several countries during the Middle Ages, to designate the homes and offices of Jews.

No protective organization has been more successful than the International Ice Patrol of three vessels which, supported by fourteen nations, warns ships of the location of icebergs in the North Atlantic. Before its creation in 1914, vessels were constantly damaged or sunk by icebergs. But since that year not one life has been lost through such a collision, although the Patrol has sighted as many as 1,351 icebergs in a single season.

A certain mystery surrounds the white rhinoceros of Africa, the second largest land animal and one of the most interesting known to man. Although thousands roamed the Dark Continent up to a short time ago and there are still herds today in Zululand and the Lado Enclave, no zoo has ever possessed one, as far as is known.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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The Perfect Voter

Continued from page 9

business on Grand Boulevard, they said, never had they heard of a good Greek businessman leaving his shop on the eve of Easter rush.

"I go," said Mr. Kamenides simply.

He did not get to talk to Mr. John Bashaw, candidate for governor.

In the hospital, Mr. Kamenides tried to explain to Helen and Spyros how it happened.

"Ees beeg mistake, you see?" said Mr. Kamenides, through his bandages. "I go to hotel in thees not very beeg town. I ask to speak weeth Meester Bashaw. A man say, 'He ees too beesy now. I am hees manager. What you want see heem, hey?' So I say: 'I am Chris Kamenides, American ceetizen an' voter.' Ees my duty, you understand?"

"Oh, Chris—" sobbed Helen.

"How ees, Aristides?" stammered Spyros.

Mr. Kamenides shook his head.

"Thees manager falla insist I mus' tell what I say to heem, Meester Bashaw. So I say, 'I am to ask Meester Bashaw if it ees true what the newspaper say. Ees true Meester Bashaw steal wheat-crop-loan money from government?' Oh, beeg mistake. Ha, ha, ha."

"Tell us. Why did they beat you up?"

Scornfully, Mr. Kamenides sat up in bed.

"They say I am Communees spy! Me. A ceetizen and a voter!"

"Oh, Chris—" wailed Helen.

Mr. Kamenides patted her shoulder.

"Why you cry, Helan? I tell you thees is great, great country—thees America! For mistake like those fallas make in old country, I not be in nice hospital. They shoot me. They put me in preeson. But no—not in thees America! I am ceetizen an' voter an' I weel soon be hokay!"

RETURNED from the hospital, Mr. Kamenides did not lose his interest in politics. He made efforts to interview three candidates for United States senator. The Hon. Dewey Preston was too busy working on his speeches. The Hon. Mort Howland had to catch a train for the state capital. But Mr. Kamenides did get as far as the outer sanctum of the Hon. Walter Smith's hotel suite.

There, jaunty new straw hat in hand, Mr. Kamenides waited, while a secretary went in to see the Hon. Walter Smith. Through a half-closed door, Mr. Kamenides heard the following conversation:

"Who is it?"

"Some little Greek. Says he's got to talk to you—"

"What about?"

"Your qualifications for the office of United States senator!"

"Get him out . . . quietly."

"Right-o."

Mr. Kamenides sprang to his feet.

"No, no. I am not cuckoo. I am voter. Ees my duty—"

"Judge Smith can't see you now. I'll try to fix it up for you to have a nice, long talk with him some time tomorrow."

"But please—one meenit I talk—"

"Come along, Tony."

HELEN was waiting for him when he got back to the shop. There was final decision in Helen's large black eyes.

"Two days wasted—and your business going to pot!"

"I lose a leetle, Helan. But thees senators, they are ver' important offeeces—"

Helen took off her three-carat engagement ring.

"I can't stand no more of this, Chris," she said. "Alla time you talk about politics. You don't think of nothing but politics. You don't wanta girl friend. You don't wanta wife. Well! You can use all the time now to run the United States. You won't be bothered with me!"

Mr. Kamenides wavered. He loved Helen very much. They had waited a long time together.

"No, no, Helan! I weel give up the politeecs. It weel be like old time, I swear!"

"No more dumb, stupid meetings."

"No."

"No more chasin' about town askin' people if certain political guys is crooks."

"No."

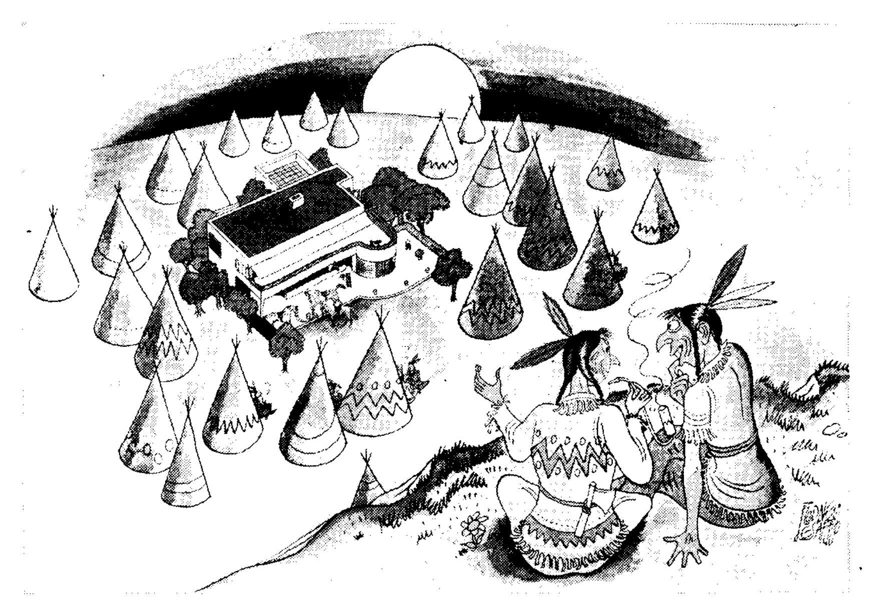
"No more traipsin' down to hotels to get insulted by big shots."

"No, no—I swear eet!"

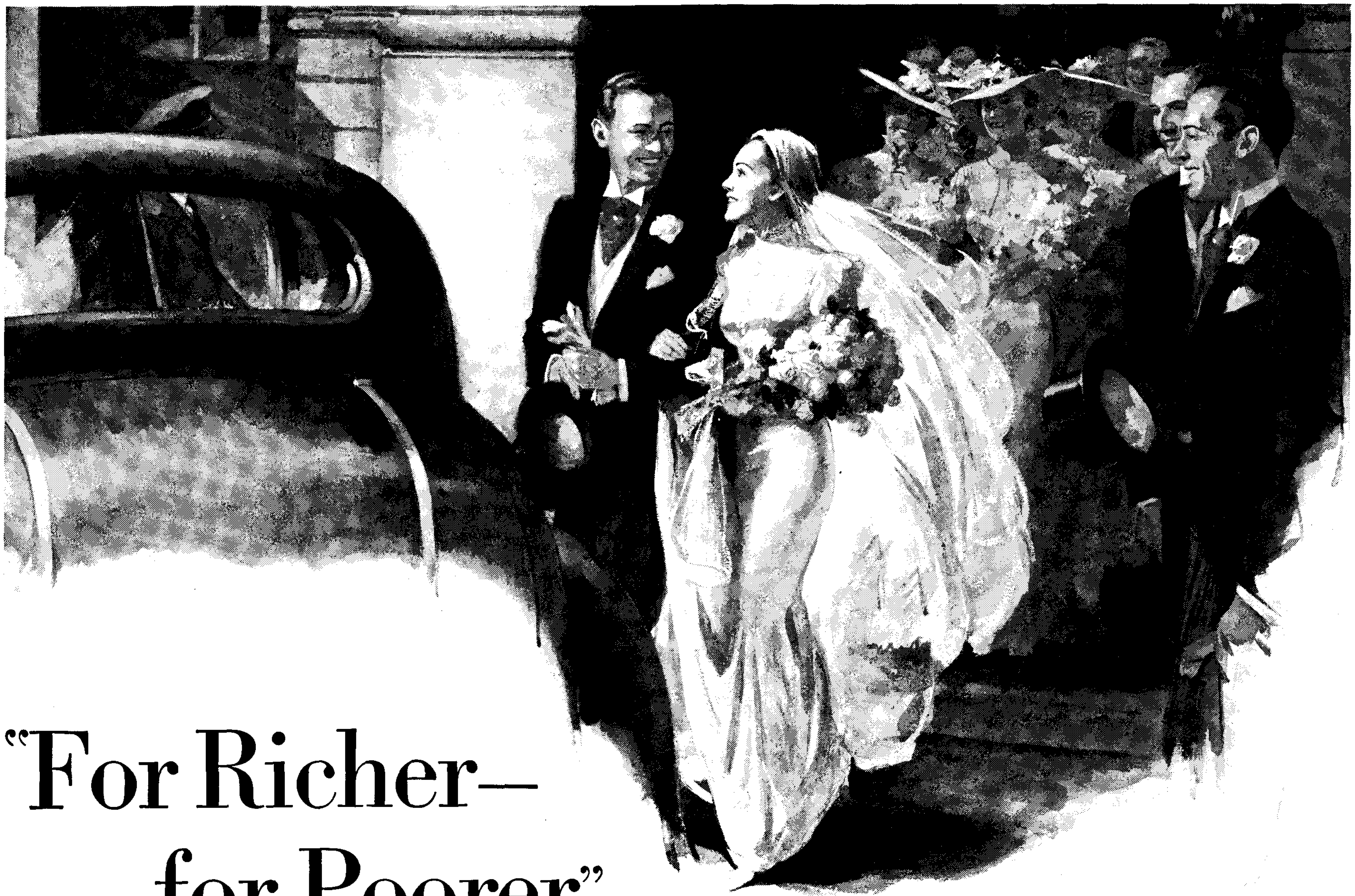
"We-ell . . . all right."

For almost a month Mr. Kamenides kept his promise. He sighed many times, thinking how he had betrayed his duty as a citizen and a voter. But Helen was a buxom lassie and beautiful; and soon they would have enough money saved to marry. Members of the Greek colony stopped kidding Mr. Kamenides about politics. In the shop, regular customers sometimes saddened Mr. Kamenides by some such remark as: "What's hap-

(Continued on page 34*)*



"Chief liked Collier's house!"



"For Richer— for Poorer"

YOU will always remember the words of the wedding service, the flowers, the congratulations. Of course, you hope that in your married life there will be the least possible worry about money matters. You will probably be much happier when you can answer the question you are bound to ask yourself—"What would happen to my wife, if...?"

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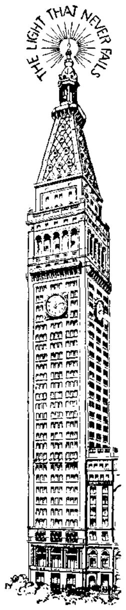
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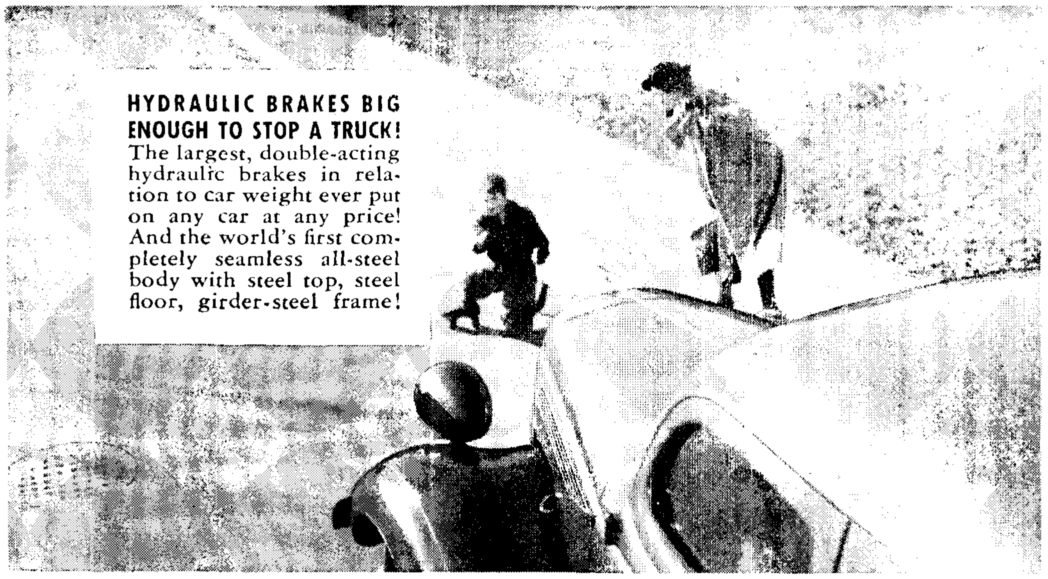

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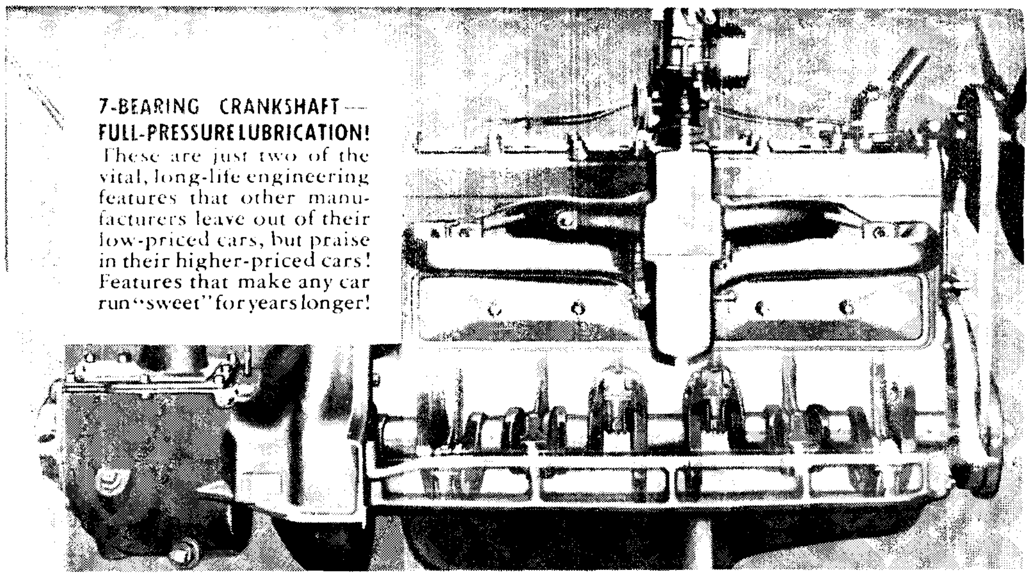
WIDER SEATS THAN IN CARS COSTING OVER $2,000! We put these *four* people in the front seat of a LaFayette just to show you how much *extra* room there is for *three!* There's more headroom, too, and more legroom than you'll find in most high-priced cars!

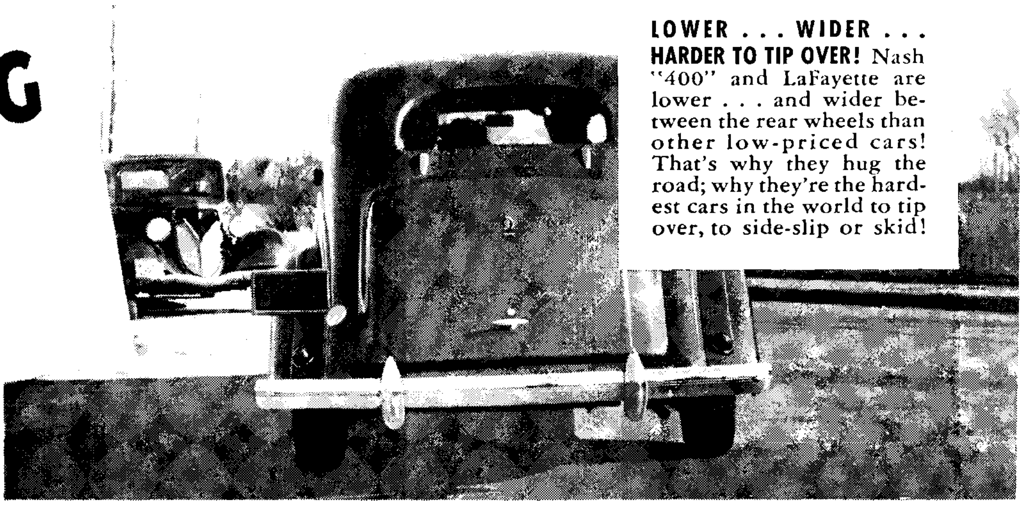
CAR ILLUSTRATED IS LAFAYETTE 4-DOOR SEDAN WITH TRUNK

OUT TO WIN AMERICA ON VALUE ALONE!

TRY TO FIND THESE *Sensational features* IN ANY OTHER CARS COSTING LESS THAN $1,000!



7-BEARING CRANKSHAFT — FULL-PRESSURE LUBRICATION! These are just two of the vital, long-life engineering features that other manufacturers leave out of their low-priced cars, but praise in their higher-priced cars! Features that make any car run "sweet" for years longer!



LOWER . . . WIDER . . . HARDER TO TIP OVER! Nash "400" and LaFayette are lower . . . and wider between the rear wheels than other low-priced cars! That's why they hug the road; why they're the hardest cars in the world to tip over, to side-slip or skid!

LaFayette and Nash "400" give you vital features that other manufacturers leave out of their low-priced cars but point to with pride in their higher-priced cars!

THERE'S just one big reason for the sensational success of Nash "400" and LaFayette during 1936. They give you more for your money! More room . . . greater safety . . . better engineering! And that's what people want.

There's more room in these low-priced cars than in cars costing two and three times as much! Wider seats, more headroom than in cars costing hundreds of dollars more. More legroom, too!

To assure you the greatest safety under all driving conditions, Nash "400" and LaFayette have (1) the world's first completely seamless, one-piece, all-steel body with steel top, steel sides, steel floor, and girder-steel frame (2) the largest double-acting hydraulic brakes in relation to car weight ever put on any car at any price (3) a wider rear tread; that is, they're wider between the rear wheels than other low-priced cars and that makes them the hardest cars in the world to tip over, to side-slip or skid!

In addition, they are the only cars in the low-priced fields with all of the vital, long-life engineering features that other manufacturers reserve for their higher-priced cars! They give you a 7-bearing crankshaft; complete, full-pressure lubrication; aluminum alloy pistons with invar struts and four piston rings; to mention just a few features not found in any other cars in the lowest-priced field!

X-Ray System Reveals the Facts!

At any Nash-LaFayette showroom, the sensational X-Ray System will let you see, with your own eyes; the surprising, hidden differences inside all low-priced cars. It shows you without fear or favor what you get and what you do not get in each car. See the X-Ray System before you buy any car this year. It will show you how much more you can get for your money in a low-priced car! The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

VITAL ENGINEERING FEATURES FOUND ONLY IN NASH, LAFAYETTE, AND HIGHER-PRICED CARS

- 7-bearing crankshaft
- Complete, full-pressure lubrication with rifle-bored connecting rods
- Aluminum Alloy Pistons with Invar Struts and 4 piston rings
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Low-priced Nash-built cars last longer and keep their new-car "feel" for thousands of additional miles!

LAFAYETTE $595

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NASH $665 TO $995

Nash "400", Standard and DeLuxe models, $665 and up. Nash Ambassador—Big, luxurious 125-inch wheelbase sedans with trunks—$835 to $995

CONVENIENT, LOW MONTHLY PAYMENTS THROUGH NEW 6% C.I.T. BUDGET PLAN pened to The Voter?" And Elfred, giggling, would answer: "He got wised up, yas, *suh!*"

But Mr. Kamenides had not been wised up. Plaintively, he would say to Helen as they sat in Mr. Kamenides' new car watching colored lights play on fountains in Forest Park:

"Ees beautiful country, Helan."

"Hunh? Oh . . . yeah . . . sure."

"You have not see old country, Helan. All but seexty, saventy people ver' poor —poor like Armenian. Not auto like thees. Not park so fine as thees. And always the spy to put a falla in preeson."

"It must be plenty tough, hon."

"Ees swell to be ceetizen of United States, Helan—"

"Aw, aw. Don't get started on *that* again!"

"Excuse, please, Helan—"

Then, into Mr. Kamenides' troubled conscience burst a greater turmoil than city or state elections had caused. The presidential campaign began.

Even Cousin Spyros was excited.

"Ees true what they say, Aristides? The Man in Washington—he ees bad man?"

Mr. Kamenides, forgetting his promise to Helen, became once more The Voter.

"I weel find out about heem, Spyros. Thees matter ver' damn' important."

The sinner returned to his vice. He read the newspapers, hunched in a corner behind the hat-cleaning workbench. He listened to the radio, angering Elfred and Arthur, who preferred baseball game reports. He moved close to catch casual remarks of customers. He bought a magazine—a new adventure—and sweated through a lengthy editorial on The Man in Washington. But it was all extremely confusing to Aristides Kamenides.

"Pooey on thees thing, Spyros! It ees driving me cuckoo crazy. Paper say The Man ees beeg crook an' bad man. Radio say he ees good man, *good.* Meester Holloran say The Man ees Communees. Meester Schleppkus say no, no, he ees friend of poor people. What ees?"

"You tend to business, Aristides."

"No, no. Thees ees *my* business."

MR. KAMENIDES went back to the newspapers, the radio, the political discussions around his new cigar counter. The campaign grew noisier, more bitter. Mr. Kamenides was told that The Man meant to tear up the Constitution and destroy all the noble, unselfish rich people who had made America a great nation. He was warned that The Man would ruin business, squander the savings of the people, bring anarchy and chaos. On the other hand, Mr. Kamenides was assured that The Man was the only real friend the common people ever had. He was a great leader; and all who attacked him were liars, madmen and thieves. . . .

Spyros Kamenides dashed into Gus Pappas' candy store, one evening.

"Helen, come queek! Eet's Aristides—"

"Good golly, Spyros. What's happened?"

"Aristides—he has gone cuckoo. Cuckoo! He tear up papers. He put foots on heem. He tear up radio. He smash . . . bang . . . so! He fight weeth customer . . . you hurry—"

Helen and Spyros found Mr. Kamenides, wild-eyed and panting, amid the wreckage of radio and shoe repair department. He stood literally knee-deep in torn newspapers.

"Chris, honey—oh, gee, Chris—"

Mr. Kamenides glared at her. He glared at Traffic Officer Donahey, who had just come through the front door.

"I go to Washington!" said Mr. Kamenides.

The Perfect Voter

Continued from page 30

Ver' wonderful country, thees America, falla! You see eet swell from bus. Beeg farms, beeg towns, beeg ceeties, falla!

Nobody stop you. Nobody say: "Got passport, falla?" You ride on bus. You sleep on bus. You get off, eat swell food, falla. You travel like king. All time you hear tham talk about The Man. He ees thees; he ees that. Your head aches, falla. But you say: "I also am voter, falla!" You ver' proud. You feel good, *good.*

The man leeve in Washington, D. C. Beeg fine town! Beeg beautiful ceety. You own part of heem, falla. You are ceetizen; you own equal part of heem! Ees great. Ees swell.

"—and this is my husband's darkroom!"

FRITZ WILKINSON

The Man leeve in beeg white house, falla. Policeman they show you. They no crack you on head, by damn no. They say: "Straight up the Avenue, Tony!" Beeg brass band, eet plays. All time plays. Star-Spangled Banner, falla. Plenty flags. Part of eet ees mine, mine. I, Aristides Kamenides, ceetizen an' voter! I go now to see The Man. I go to talk weeth heem. . . .

"Hey, *you!*"

"Excuse, please. I wish please to talk weeth *heem!*"

"Stand back. What's your name?"

"Please, Aris—Chris Kamenides. I am American ceetizen. I am voter—"

"Better frisk him, Eddie."

"Please, I do not have gun—I am *voter*—"

"What's your business here?"

"I come long way to talk weeth heem."

"Yeah, yeah . . . what about, Tony?"

"I see eef he ees hones' man, please."

"What state are you from?"

"Missouri, please—"

"You go with Eddie, Tony."

"Wait . . . please . . . we go wrong way—"

"Hold on, there. Who's this guy?"

"Aw, just a little Greek. No gun—says he wants to talk to The Chief."

"Turn him over to the Secret Service."

"Aw, I don't think—"

"That's orders. All foreigners are to be turned over to the Secret Service."

"Please, Meester. I am *not* foreigner—"

"Come along, Tony."

Oh, pooey shame on tham! Please, Meester, I weesh only to talk to The Man. Ees my duty. Ees my right. . . .

"Well, Tony, you sound okay. Go hunt up one of your senators or congressmen, see? Maybe he'll give you a card, see?"

"Please thanks, Meester. I go!"

A NEWSPAPER bureau man, assigned to the House Office Building, found Mr. Kamenides sitting in the corner of a deserted anteroom. Mr. Kamenides held his head between his hands. He wept big tears.

"What's the matter, Tony?"

Mr. Kamenides looked up. The sorrow in his heart overflowed. He began to talk. . . .

"You come with me, Mr. Kamenides," said the newspaperman. "You've got a story!"

"What ees, please?"

"Perfect Voter" Walks Thousand
Miles to See the President

Chris Kamenides, Naturalized
Citizen, Has Interview
At White House

He Queries "The Man" On
State of The Union

Capitol Hill Charmed By
Loyalty and Patriotism
of Poor Bootblack

For nearly five days, Mr. Kamenides was a national hero. Mr. Arthur Brisbane said in his column: "Chris Kamenides multiplied fifty million times could make this nation a true democracy." The New York Times remarked, editorially: "It is Mr. Kamenides' naïve notion that voters should take a personal interest in the affairs of government. How odd." Mr. Eddie Cantor set aside three minutes of a coast-to-coast radio broadcast to discuss Aristides Kamenides, in the course of which he observed: "The poor guy might have us in an awful fix. What if all voters tried to find out the truth about politics?"

Such public figures as Senator Borah, Governor Landon, Mr. Herbert Hoover, Senator Glass and Mr. Alfred E. Smith commented favorably on the incident. Even Mr. Norman Thomas was moved to exclaim: "This almost restores my faith in the democratic principle."

ON THE afternoon of the fifth day, a famous newspaper chain thundered forth the following headlines:

Another Raw Deal Hoax

Kamenides Exposed as Administration Propagandist

G. O. P. Chieftains Denounce
"Unethical" Tactics

"Cheap Political Trickery"
Says Solon

This blast provoked a counterblast from Administration spokesmen. In the typhoon of lie-calling that followed, Mr. Kamenides was forgotten. "The issue," as the Chicago Tribune said, "is whether the channels of public information are to be distorted and blocked by the petty trickery of the political charlatan who dares to put forth a cheap, trivial sob story in lieu of the sober discussion he dare not face!" And the Los Angeles Times demanded that Aristides Kamenides be deported as an undesirable alien.

"CHRIS?"

"Yes, Helan?"

"I'm afraid, Chris. All this talk in the papers. They'll put you in jail—"

Mr. Kamenides drew her into his protecting arms. The May night was calm and sweet in the park. Stars shed their light upon Mr. Kamenides' face; and he smiled. Not once since his return home had he spoken of the great events in Washington. Now, unaccountably, he laughed.

"Why, Chris! Whatcha laughin' about?"

Little Mr. Kamenides sighed, as a great man might sigh when he has learned the bitterness of the world and still is unafraid.

"Put me in jail? Yes . . . that ees what The Man say to me. He say: 'My friend, you are in bad company. You might have to go to jail.' But . . . ho, ho, ho—he laugh like thees—ho, ho, ho. . . . 'I weel pardon you!' Ees fact. Ees ver' swell. Ees mos' wonderful country in whole damn' worl', Helan!"

NEW SEA QUEEN USES WORLD'S FINEST OIL

MIGHTIEST ENGINES AFLOAT PROTECTED BY SOCONY-VACUUM LUBRICATION

AGAIN AMERICA IS HOST to a new Queen of the Seas, Britain's Queen Mary! This week's papers are filled with new and startling facts about her...but nothing has excited so much attention as her power and speed.

As this tremendous ship cuts her way through the Atlantic, her 16 turbines turn up as much as 200,000 horsepower!

In striking contrast, this gigantic thrust is dependent on the efficiency of a film of oil the thickness of an eyelash! Here, nothing but the world's finest oil will do. All the way from boilers to propellers, Socony-Vacuum lubrication stands guard over the costliest machinery afloat.

Thus, this world-famous oil takes part in another thrilling epic of the seas. For 26 years, it has shared in the record-breaking triumphs of every superliner on the North Atlantic route. The famous old Cunarder, the Mauretania...America's Leviathan ...Germany's Bremen and Europa...France's Normandie. All were Socony-Vacuum lubricated!

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AMERICAN MOTORISTS, too, have lubrication problems. Like Cunard White Star engineers, they must deal with the infinitesimal clearances of precision-built machinery. Only the finest kind of oil will protect the clearances of one five-thousandth of an inch, found in modern, high-compression motors.

And it is significant...that the oil for Britain's new superliner was made in the same American refineries that supply you Mobiloil!

Be guided by the choice of lubrication experts for the world's leading transportation systems and industries. Use Mobiloil for your car. See what Socony-Vacuum's famous Clearosol Process does for you in greater oil mileage...finer performance ...fewer repairs.

Fill up today with summer Mobiloil, at the Sign of the Red Gargoyle or the Sign of the Flying Red Horse. Use the grade recommended by the Official 1936 Mobiloil Lubrication Chart.

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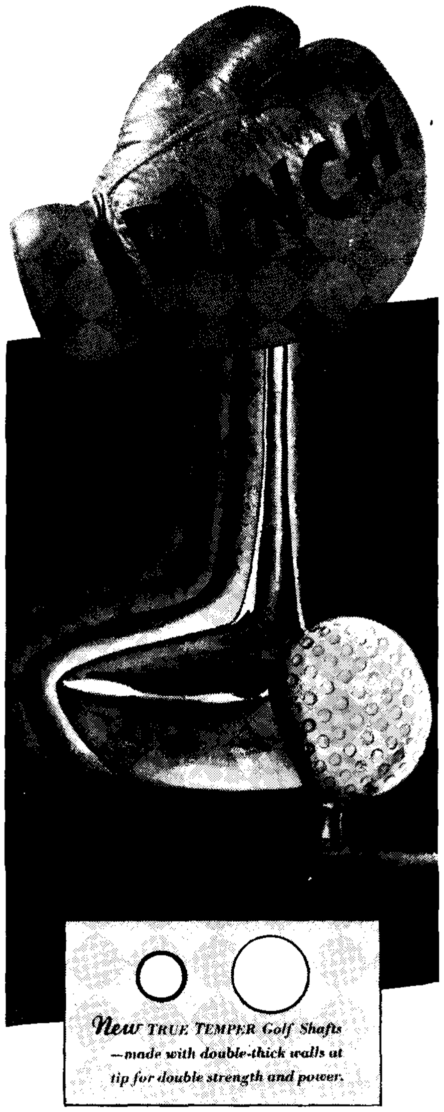
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New TRUE TEMPER Golf Shafts
—made with double-thick walls at tip for double strength and power.

PUNCH—that's what makes a golf ball go! That's what a TRUE TEMPER Golf Shaft gives you.

This shaft is made with extra thick walled tip, from a seamless tube of super-alloy steel. The greatest strength is at the club head, point of greatest strain.

Result: When your club head snaps through, there is no buckling or backing off. The New TRUE TEMPER Shaft transmits every ounce of your power and punch to the ball with a "wrist" action of its own.

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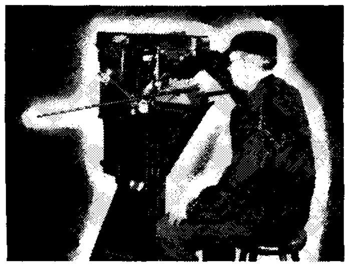


PUNCH

★The power and punch of TRUE TEMPER Golf Shafts are guarded by exacting scientific tests at every step in manufacture. Here is the hardness test made on the costly and scientifically exact Vickers Machine.

TRUE TEMPER
Steel Golf Shafts

Sonny Relaxes

Continued from page 28

"I'll win lots of races for you, Pop," he said. "You seem to like seeing me win."

"Sure, son," Kiefer laughed, "I get a great kick out of seeing you win."

But that race was the only race that Kiefer ever saw his son win. Otto Kiefer died a few months later. Sonny wouldn't want us to say that his father's death prompted him really to practice and he wouldn't want us to say that the memory of his father's happiness when he won that one race was a spur which urged him on now. But we can say that for the first time Sonny really began to take competition seriously. Every day found him swimming in some pool, length after length. Sometimes he swam as much as two miles in an afternoon. And he still used that funny stiff-armed stroke that other swimmers laughed at. You can't really say that his arms were stiff, for that implies tension, and Sonny was always relaxed. Better to say that he swung his arms easily right from the shoulders.

Then he entered his first important competition, the A. A. U. one-hundred-meter event at the World's Fair. When the finals came around there was our Sonny on the starting line with five great backstroke swimmers. Sonny was unheard of and they wouldn't have noticed him if he hadn't won his preliminary heat in one minute eleven and one-tenth seconds, which was closely crowding the world's record.

"Who is this kid?" they began asking, and the answers came, "He's that skinny kid with the windmill stroke."

"Is he going anywhere?" they'd ask.

"No," the wiseacres said, "the kid doesn't even half try."

Well, when Sonny swims he looks as if he weren't half trying. He's nonchalant and he takes things easy and as he streams through the water he gives absolutely no impression of strength or power. Why, he doesn't even splash.

They were partly right. Anyhow Sonny was beaten in the final of the race and was promptly forgotten by everyone except Stanley Brauninger, the athletic director for Chicago's Lake Shore Athletic Club, a great swimming coach who had developed such champions as Harry Glancey, Art Highland and Marion Mansfield. Brauninger realized that he was seeing something extraordinary in this kid who was crowding world's record time and Brauninger took him in hand.

Sonny was more than willing to be taken under the wing of such a famous coach. Until now Sonny hadn't had much coaching or supervision. Brauninger's first order to Sonny was a strange one.

"No more competitions for six months," he snapped.

Swimming without Effort

For six months Sonny practiced under the keen eye of Brauninger. During those six months his frame filled out, he gained several pounds and he perfected his odd stiff-arm stroke. Brauninger was smart enough not to make him change it.

"I just polished his timing a little," Brauninger says now. "I taught him to synchronize his arm and leg movement and I helped build him up physically, but I left his style alone. I wasn't going to tamper with any masterpieces."

At the end of six months Sonny weighed 165 pounds, he was six feet in height, had a barrel chest with a four-inch expansion and had a twelve-inch fist. Brauninger was about ready to send him after a few world's records. No one knew it, though, not even Sonny. Sonny didn't know how good he was.

The most coveted backstroke record is the 150-yard event. It is what the hundred-yard dash is to the track sprinters or the mile to middle-distance runners. Brauninger sent Sonny after that, and one day Chicago awoke to read in its papers that it harbored a new world's champion. It was early in 1935 and Sonny wouldn't be seventeen years old until June. But he was old enough to smash that 150 mark by one and three-tenths seconds. He followed it up by breaking the world's record for 400 and 500 meters. During the next three weeks he smashed eleven world's records.

On March first of this year Kiefer had in his possession twenty-four American or world's records. Last fall he traveled over Europe and he never lost a race. He raced thirty-one times in thirty-nine days during the course of which he established fifteen new records. Just as important was the fact that in fifteen of the races he was pitted against Hans Schwartz, the great German backstroker, and in every case he won easily from the man considered to be America's chief Olympic threat this summer.

"Was I tired after that campaign?" Sonny was puzzled. "No, I don't get tired very much when I swim."

"He can relax even when he's breaking world's records," Coach Brauninger broke in. "That's the secret of his greatness. To begin with, he doesn't worry and a worried athlete always burns up a lot of nervous energy. Then he swims without effort, almost mechanically, and he doesn't fight the water. Instead he makes the water help him."

Now a world's champion in any line of endeavor is worthy of consideration. There aren't many except close followers of swimming who can palpitate with excitement at the thought of a backstroke swimmer. But consider the greatness of Kiefer in comparison with men in other lines of competition.

To begin with, Kiefer can swim as fast on his back as most swimmers can in the usual free-style fashion. Recently he established a new 100-yard record of 56.4 seconds. It was only twenty years ago that the very best free-style swimmers were beginning to get under one minute for the distance. The 1,500-meter free-style record held by Kusso Kitamura is 19:12.4. Kiefer's backstroke record is 21:20.

Were some sprinter to come along and startle the track world with an eight-second hundred-yard record it would compare with Kiefer's present hundred-yard backstroke record. If that four-minute mile should finally come to pass, the sensation would be great but the performance would be no more meritorious than Kiefer's feat of swimming 500 yards in 7:14.

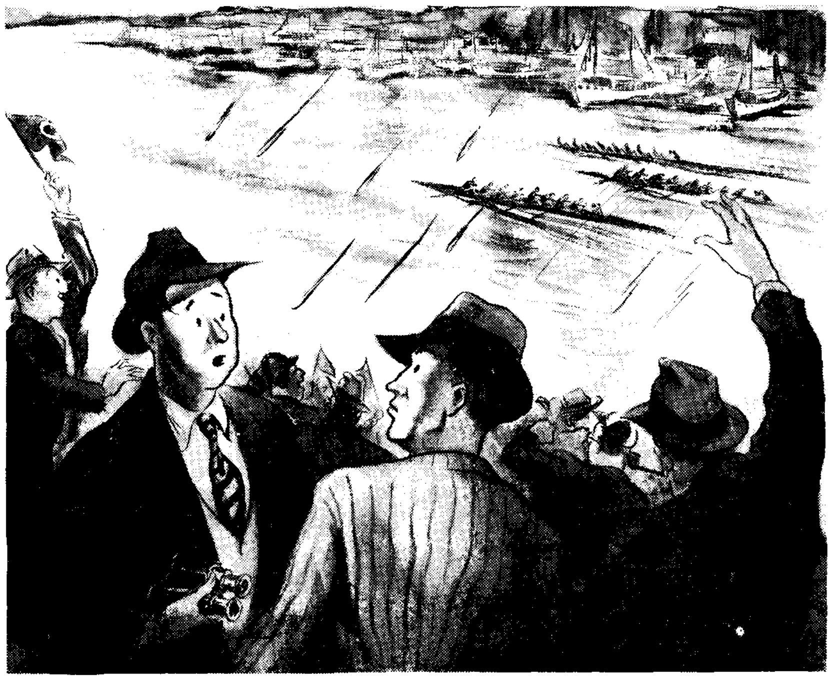
Taking Records in His Stride

How completely Kiefer outclasses all backstroke competition, past and present, can only be seen by comparing a few records. On July 13, 1926, Walter Laufer made a new 200-meter world's record at Magdeburg, Germany, doing the distance in 2:38.8, sensational time. Last summer, in the same pool in Germany and at the same distance, Kiefer clicked off the figures of 2:25, knocking thirteen seconds off the Laufer record. Johnny Weissmuller, always considered unbeatable when in his prime, reeled off a 75-yard outdoor backstroke standard of 46.6. Sonny has lowered that to 43.3.

Right now there is no one in the world who can come close to him. No champion so far outclasses his competitors as does Adolph Sonny Kiefer.

"And he has only started," Coach Brauninger says. "The kid isn't eighteen yet and he hasn't his full growth and he's faster every time he goes into the water. I don't know where he'll end up."

He will undoubtedly end up as the swimming sensation of the 1936 Olympic Games. A safe bet is that he'll smash every Olympic backstroke record. It's a safe bet because, until now, Kiefer has never really gone all out in an effort to break records. He's sort of taken them in his stride. But he'll give everything in Berlin. His father was born in Germany and his father has many relatives still living in Germany. They'll get a big kick out of watching Otto Kiefer's kid smash records. And Sonny will be only too glad to show them what he never had a chance to show his father.



"It's starting to rain! What'll the California crew do?" KIRK STILES

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HALF AND HALF

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Joyce knew when she was fairly caught. "I'm sure that can be arranged any time you like," she said, making the best of it. "Shall we say in my sitting-room in half an hour?"

"Splendid," said Blackadder, and promptly turned affable.

To the amazement of everyone, though he had appeared deaf to such talk as there had been, he took up a discussion where Don Jorge and Arnaldo had left off, enumerated the omissions made by each and arrived at an unanswerable conclusion astonishing to both. Joyce did not wait for the end; leaving the men still arguing she went to her room, sat down at the desk and strove to prepare herself for what she felt sure would prove an ordeal. Blackadder was not long in following. Joyce motioned toward a comfortable armchair and he sat down.

"Joyce, I'm a queer bird," he began in a voice so amiable it startled her. "That little talk we had yesterday—I certainly got off on the wrong foot, and I'm sorry. I ought to have reasoned with you, Joyce, shown you a fact or two you're too young to think out for yourself. For instance, you've got this place, you've actually taken it over, but you can't hold it—not possibly."

"But that's exactly what I'm doing," protested Joyce.

"You think you are, but it can't last," asserted Blackadder with growing confidence. "What's fooling you just now is the well-known phenomenon of the calm between the two winds of a cyclone. Besides, it isn't worth it. The worst trick you could play on any American would be to give him this *rancho* for nothing."

"It isn't a *rancho*," corrected Joyce quietly; "it's a *hacienda*—the difference between a toy balloon and a Zeppelin."

"I know, I know," said Helm, showing a first trace of impatience, but he promptly restrained himself. Her placidity fooled him into thinking he was really getting somewhere; why spoil it? "The thing that gets me, Joyce, is how you could ever bring yourself to come here after what—what happened."

"You mean about my mother?" asked Joyce in the same still voice.

"Yes," he answered.

SHE rose with a peculiarly swift motion and stood with fingers resting on the desk to steady herself.

"I wonder if you can be made to see what I see," she began, her voice low and vibrant, "what I've seen for years, all my life. It worked with Mr. Van Suttart, perhaps it might with you."

"What?" asked Blackadder.

"Things that happen—especially terrible things," continued Joyce, ignoring the question, "can't be measured or weighed or seen away from where they took place. My mother's death has become part of time. To me it's a stone in a long high wall—longer and older than any one life. It's built into La Barranca, and so am I. Come with me and I'll try to show you what I mean—a world, my part in it, where my part began and where you think it ended."

Blackadder rose and fixed his eyes on her rapt face. "Since you offer to read my thoughts, just where do I think it ended?"

"With escape, of course," said Joyce, "Father's and mine. But it's the difference that counts; with him there was no return."

The great idea—the blinding inspiration—did not come to Blackadder until many minutes later at the moment when Joyce, standing aside for him to pull open the little postern door, stepped past him into the velvet blackness of the outer garden, stopped and drew back.

"I'm sorry it's too dark tonight to show you," she said. "It was through here—where I used to play."

"Not too dark for me," said Blackadder quickly. "If you haven't forgotten

Under Pressure

Continued from page 23

the way, I could follow you quite easily."

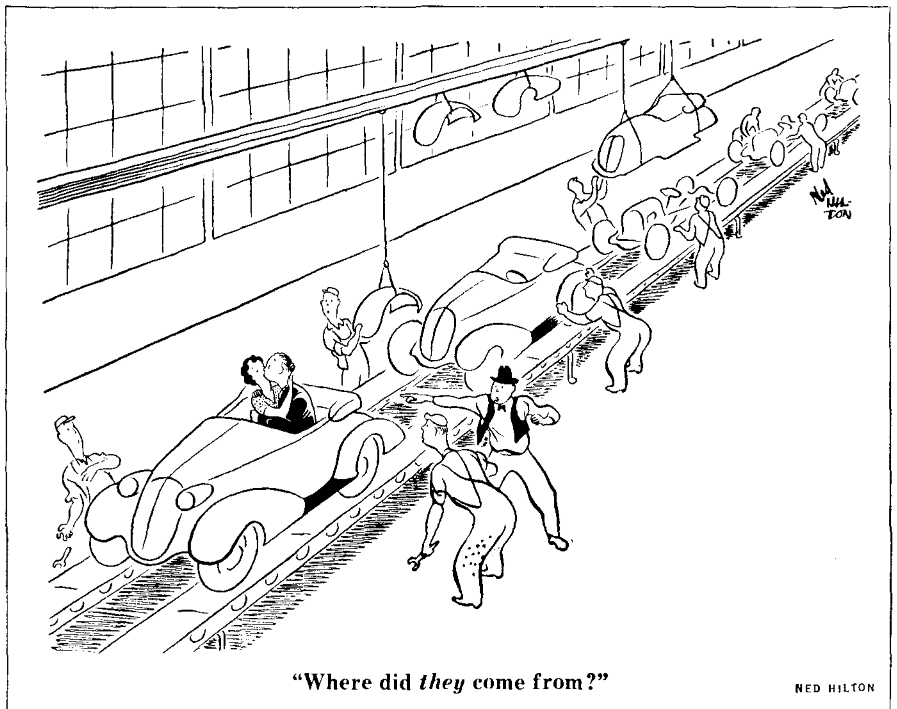
"Could you?" said Joyce doubtfully. Her dilating pupils made out a hitherto unseen tree and then another. "Why, yes; I'm beginning to see quite well now myself. Come on."

A FEW minutes later, standing on the platform of mossy masonry which had once been a pier, they became dimly visible to each other in the cut steel light of the stars. Blackadder had taken off his coat as they walked along and with nervous fingers had rebuttoned it in the dark.

"You've taken off your coat!" exclaimed Joyce.

"Yes," he said; "I realized you must be cold. Here, slip it on—slip it on like a sweater."

Before she could quite understand, before she could raise her arms, the coat was descending over her head. How extraordinary, she thought, and was on the point of crying out it was nonsense to put on a coat like that when its sleeves swirled and tightened; one around her neck and the other across her astonished half-open mouth. Then she struggled frantically, but the sleeves only drew tighter. They were being tied, knotted. She was gagged, trapped, powerless to raise her hands. Already Blackadder's arms were descending past her hips to her knees; they closed, lifted her, hung her like a sack over his shoulder. If only she could get at the buttons! But she was lying on them and all he need do to keep her that way was to tilt her knees upward.



"Where did *they* come from?"

NED HILTON

He did it twice, and that was enough to cure her. He was strong; she had never imagined a man could be so strong. She felt him step off the pier and creep along its side until he reached the edge of the water. Immediately he sank half way to his knees but persevered, making his way toward the right. Once he reached and turned the angle of the *hacienda's* outer wall he knew where he was; now all he had to do was to keep in touch with that wall, follow it so closely no eye from the ramparts above could spy him.

Joyce lost all sense of locality until he slowed almost to a complete halt, released the pressure of his right arm to take a grip on one of the hand ropes and ventured a cautious foot on the bridge. At its first oscillation she realized her chance had come at last; once started down that treacherous incline no longer would he dare practice the trick of raising her knees. She tore at the buttons, freed one hand; quickly she untied the sleeves, threw back her head and screamed for help at the top of her voice.

"Leonardo! Tobalito! Dirk, Dirk, oh, Dirk!"

Blackadder clamped his left arm like a vise and kept on. He was at his last gasp, thoughts racing so madly through his brain he scarcely heard her cry. Hot sweat was pouring down his back, yet an icy crust was forming on his forehead! What a fool he had been to think he could cross this bridge carrying a wildcat in his arms—a wildcat that had seemed a feather at the start and now weighed a ton! But there was something indomitable in him—some bulldog quality that made him the slave of an idea once he had sunk his teeth in it and drove him on to domination whatever the cost. It explained much—why he was here and why he couldn't quit.

The floor of spiles beneath his feet was rising—for an instant it had been level, now it was steep! He was winning—winning through. He looked up and saw a bulky shadow. Two brown hands like talons were reaching out to relieve him of his burden. He had won! But only Dorado's left hand seized on Joyce; his right crashed into Blackadder's face, sending him hurtling backward. He tumbled, rolled. He could feel his nails breaking as they clawed vainly on the corrugated surface of the spiles. His arms thrashed out. One of them struck against a rope and, in a flash he seized it. Fury blinded him; now to climb back, bury his thumbs in Dorado's double-crossing throat and—

AT THAT moment all four anchor ropes at Dorado's end were slashed and Blackadder knew an instant of horror as the bridge fell. Treachery, and now death! But what saved him was the very depth of the gorge. The severed bridge acted as a bumper as it slammed against the opposite cliff, reaching less than half way down. Shaken off, torn by thorns, cut by the shale, bruised against boulders, he rolled to the bottom. Then silence—minutes of silence before he commenced to groan. Presently a frenzied voice called down at him: "What's the matter? Who are you down there? What happened?"

Immediately there were other excited voices. Under Leonardo's direction two of the dangling ropes were hastily knotted into one; another was added, and Tobalito was descending backward, his bare toes seizing like hands on grip after grip. Having tied the end of the rope under the injured man's shoulders, he ascended almost as fast as he had gone down and helped haul Blackadder to the top. Dirk leaned over him.

"Blackadder! You? What happened? Where's Joyce?" He took hold of his shoulder and shook it. "Answer! Where's Joyce?"

JOYCE, seized by an arm, had been dragged forward so violently she would have fallen face down had not the same hand supported her and set her on her feet. She heard a low laugh and looked up into Dorado's unforgettable face. Nightmare—this was nightmare. He was laughing at the trick of the coat. Now he repeated it with modifications. No longer need it cover her head; let her yell all she liked. Also it was secured in place not with the buttons but by the simple expedient of a lariat wrapped around her from shoulder to waist, leaving enough loose end to bind her to the man with whom she must ride. No sooner was the operation completed than the cavalcade set off, Dorado in the lead, she at the extreme rear. Already lights were showing and people coming on the run from the *hacienda*, but if any shots were fired she would get them first.

Dorado, convinced Blackadder's mouth was closed forever, saw no reason to hurry. The half dozen horses ambled along at a running walk, giving Joyce time to think, too much time, time enough to grow afraid. Had she really witnessed Helm Blackadder's murder and the destruction of the bridge, or was it part of this ghastly dream? Oh, if only it could be a dream! An hour passed. Her knees grew chafed, burned and then turned numb with the pain. She swayed and would have fallen had she not been tied to the man before her, but the worst was yet to come. With the descent of the switchback path, owing to the changing of the angle of pressure, agony returned fourfold. She broke down and wept, sobbing whimperingly in her abject misery.

As relief had come to Blackadder on the level stretch from the path to the camp, so it came to her. But it was not complete until she found herself released from her bonds and stretched on the army cot in Dorado's quarters. Then it surged over her. Nothing but divine rest mattered—nothing. Her eyes shut with almost a click and she slept. When she woke a fine fire was burning at the entrance to the drift and by its light she saw Dorado seated on a camp stool near by, watching her out of half-closed eyes. As hers opened wide his did also. He smiled but said nothing. They looked at each other for a long time and the longer the silence lasted the more did Joyce feel her heart grow tight and small in her breast. What magic word could save her? But it was he who spoke first.

"You frightened, hein?"

"Talk in Spanish," said Joyce, surprised she could speak at all. "It will be easier for both of us."

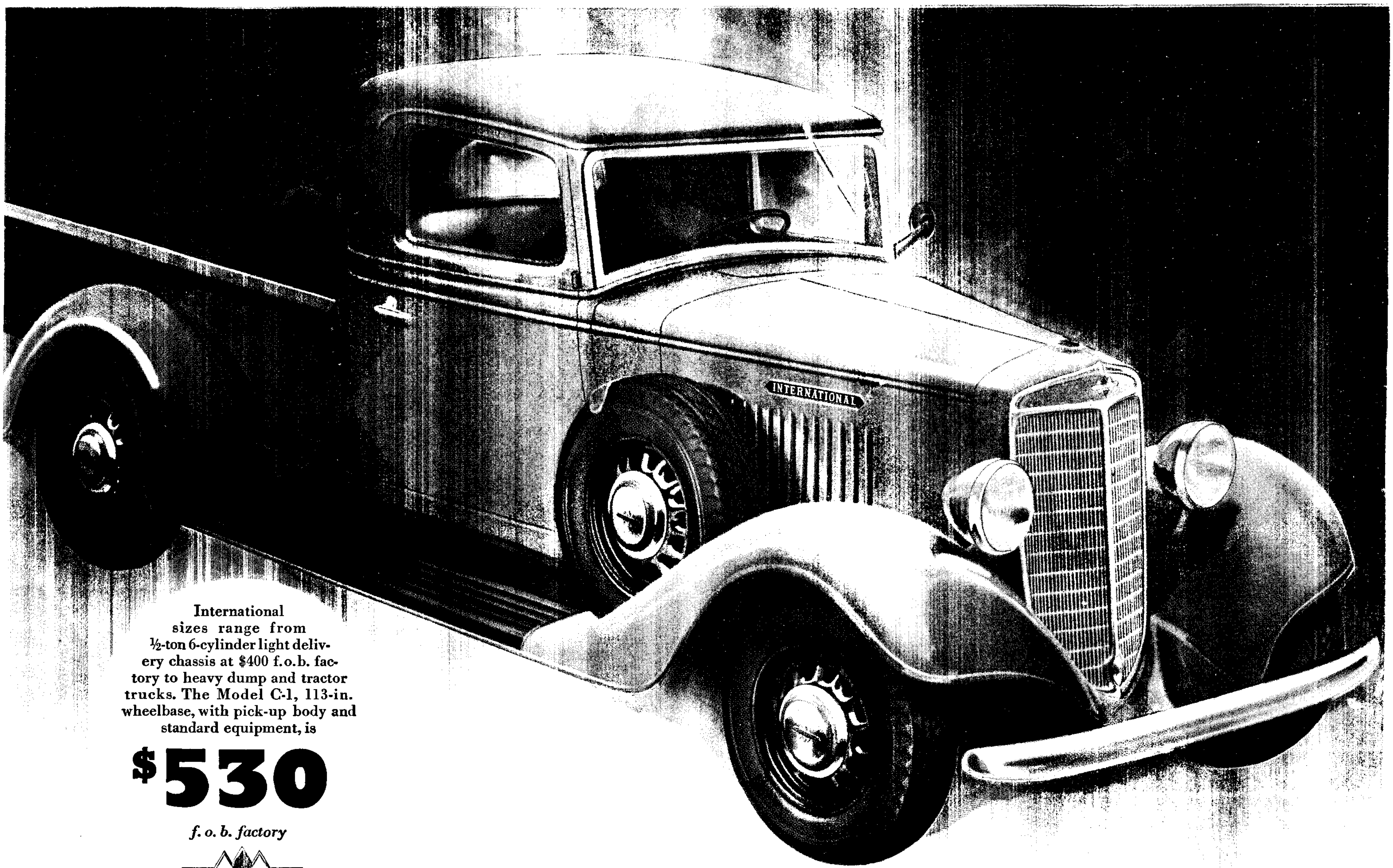
Promptly his heavy face brightened and he became voluble. "Ah, that's better, much better. In *Castellano* I can talk, tell you things, explain how simply and easily everything can be arranged if only you turn out to be as reasonable as you are beautiful."

"I don't feel beautiful," said Joyce shortly, straightening on the cot and bracing herself. "I'm thirsty—terribly thirsty."

"Ah, forgive!" cried Dorado, turned

(Continued on page 43)

HEAVY-DUTY STAMINA IN A HALF-TON TRUCK



International sizes range from ½-ton 6-cylinder light delivery chassis at $400 f.o.b. factory to heavy dump and tractor trucks. The Model C-1, 113-in. wheelbase, with pick-up body and standard equipment, is

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The all-truck construction of this dependable truck provides not only unequaled economy but handling ease and speed-with-safety that any driver will appreciate.

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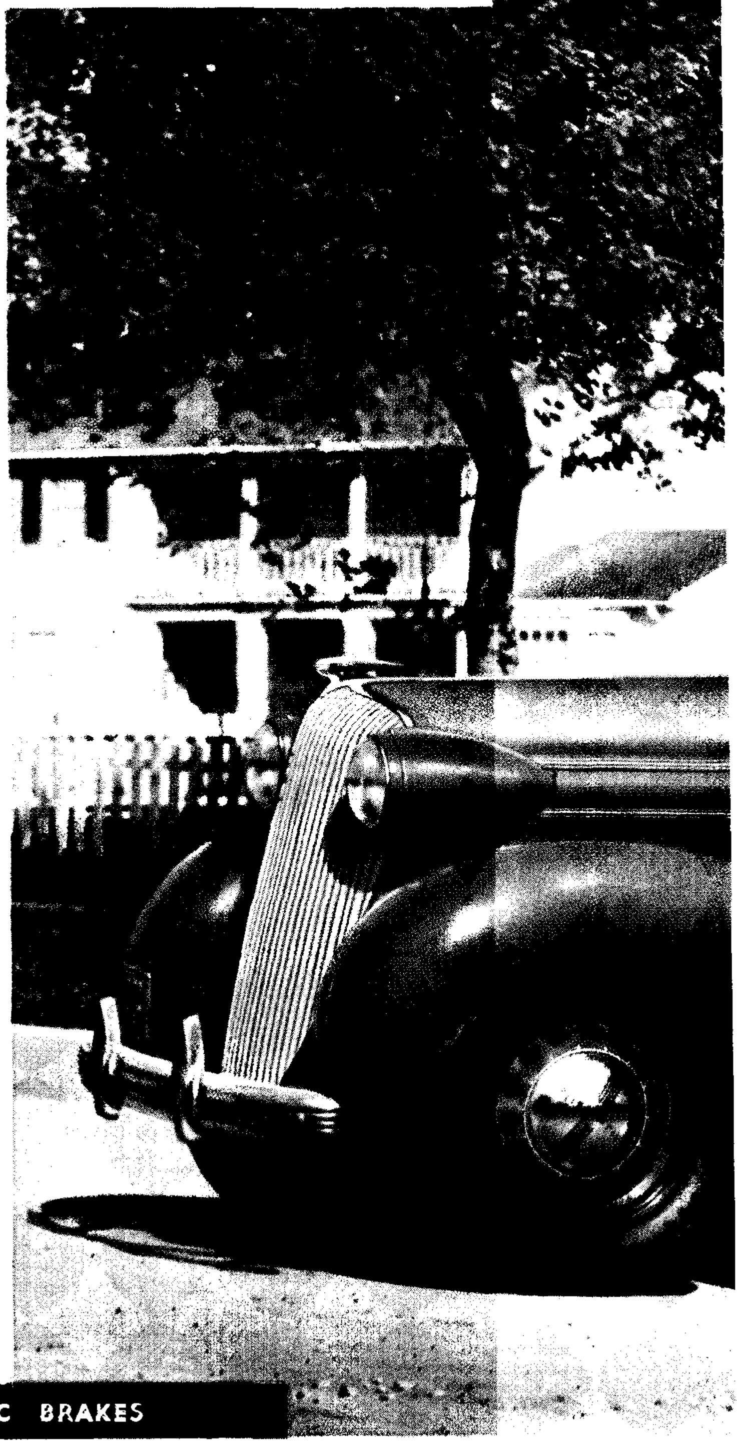

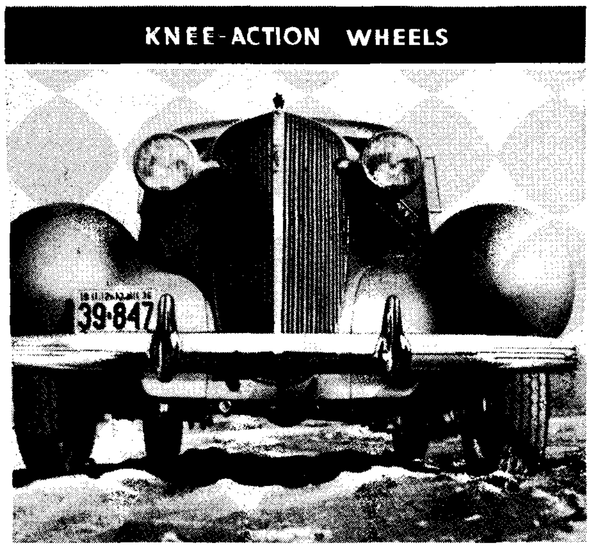

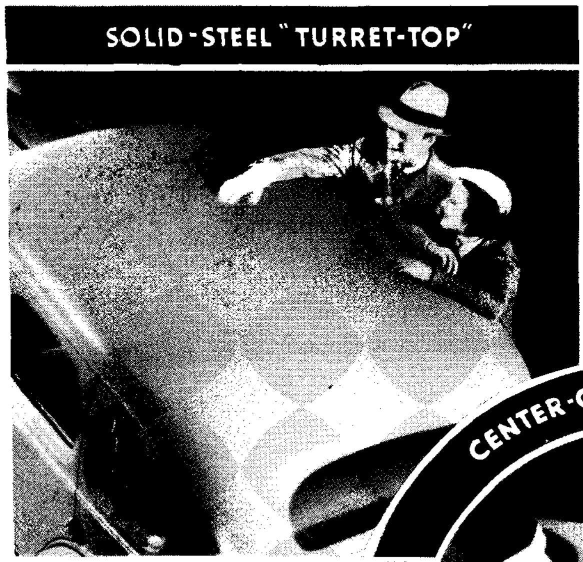

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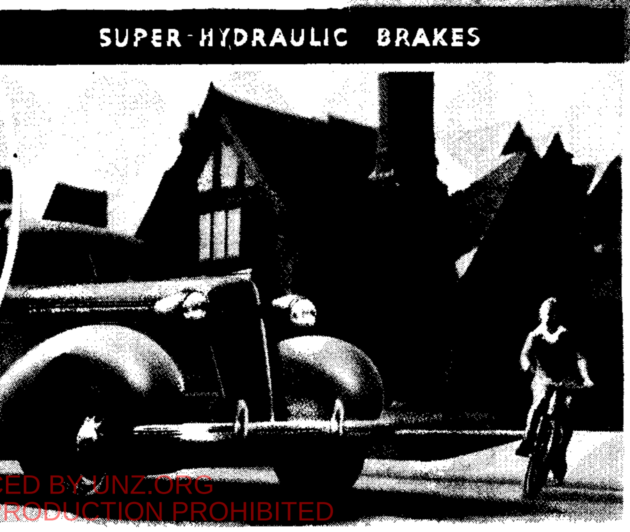

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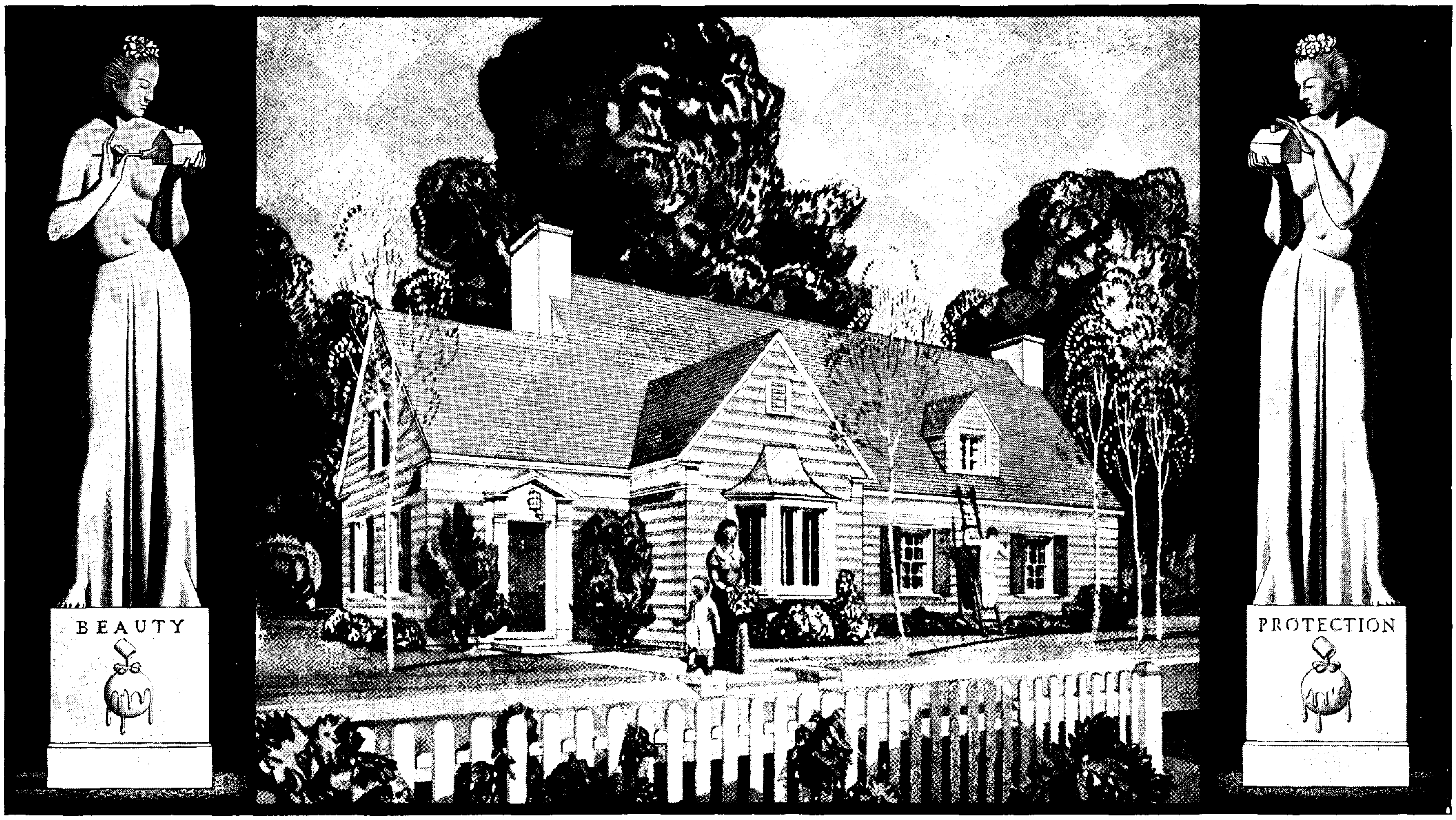

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COVER THE EARTH

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT PAINT

Under Pressure

Continued from page 38

and shouted an order. A man came running with a pannikin of water fresh from the brook and scarcely had she drained it before another retainer appeared carrying a tin plate heaped with food. "It's a *molle de guajalote,*" said Dorado proudly. "Knowing you were to be my guest, I ordered it especially for you."

At first Joyce merely toyed with the most famous of Mexican dishes but presently hunger triumphed over anxiety and she began really to eat. Slowly, then slower, for the longer each mouthful lasted the more time she gained to think. But somehow thinking didn't seem to do much good; perhaps talking—saying anything at all—would be better.

"What do you want?" she asked. "Money? La Barranca? What?"

"You," said Dorado briefly, smiled and waited.

"That's impossible," said Joyce after a pause. "Nobody can take me—not while I'm alive. That probably sounds silly, but I mean it."

"You make a great mistake," said Dorado pleasantly, "two mistakes. It is not so easy to die as you think, also you would be no use to me dead. I wish you only kindness and goodness and a long life as the Señora Pepe Dorado." He paused. "We will enjoy La Barranca together."

SHE stared at him over the half-empty plate, set it aside on the cot but retained the three-tined steel fork. With a single sweeping movement, unbelievably swift, he leaned forward and struck it from her hand so violently it went flying out into the night.

"You want things to be unpleasant, hein?" he cried, his eyes flashing. "Good. From now on you eat with your fingers like the peons. You don't sleep in here where there's plenty of air, no! You sleep inside in the dark—no fire, no air, nothing. Me, I stay here and ten men more."

"All right," said Joyce, a faint light of hope dawning in her eyes. "Can I go now?"

"Yes, now," said Dorado, calming himself by a mighty effort. "Perhaps tomorrow when the priest comes you'll have more sense."

"What good would that do you?" asked Joyce quickly. "You know as well as I no marriage by a priest is legal in Mexico."

"No? You know so much, eh? Then you know that for the world the church is everything." Again he smiled. "After the religious consummation you won't mind so much the civil ceremony." Again he called and the same two men came back to carry cot, mattress and blankets into the innermost room. He followed, waving a brand from the fire into a flaming torch and propelling Joyce before him. He pointed with his chin along the further reaches of the drift. "Perhaps you think you can climb out that way. Try it and I give you for a present to the men who catch you."

Left alone in darkness Joyce crept to the cot but not to lie down. Dragging a blanket over her shivering shoulders she sat on its edge, elbows on knees and her chin cupped in her hands. It was no good thinking—no good at all—but she could listen, keep on listening. How often had she boasted to herself she was afraid of no man alive! She was afraid now and fear seemed to melt her bones and set the teeth in her head to chattering.

Another sound came to her ears, a single snore and soon after a veritable chorus. There was something actually comforting in the harsh dissonance and the longer it continued the more did it soothe her. Presently she fell sideways, stretched out and tumbled into unconsciousness. She awoke to the flare of a wax match. So it was here—she had slept and the terror was upon her! Her throat thickened and closed tight as she discerned Blackadder's eyes, cavernous and glowing. Not the end after all, she thought drowsily, thank God, only another dream. But his whisper took on form, became actual words.

"Joyce, don't make a sound. Listen. Do you see this rope? Wait. I'll light another match. Now look. I'm going to tie the end of it around your waist for safety, but the rest will be up to you." The second match went out but the whisper kept on. "Take the rope in your hands. That's it. Now follow it. Walk as quietly as you can, test out each step before you put down your foot. Just follow wherever it leads." His hand brushed across hers, seized the rope and gave it three sharp pulls. "Goodby, Joyce."

"Goodby."

She had answered automatically but now something in the manner of his final whisper troubled her and she frowned but presently was intent on carrying out his orders to the letter. She had gone quite a distance before she noticed there was no slack. Even her bemused mind knew what that meant; somebody at the other end was taking it in. Suddenly the rope slanted upward so sharply she stumbled and fell to her knees. She was up again in a moment and stood quite still, wondering if the sound of her fall had been heard. Apparently not. She continued, resting more and more weight on the rope as the climb grew steeper. Several yards of the ascent were behind her when a stone that had seemed firm sank away and went rumbling downward.

The next instant the roar of a dozen voices reverberated far down, far behind her, so the very earth seemed to shake. Then three lonely shots. Then an answering deafening volley. Now she knew why Helm Blackadder's goodby had lingered so strangely in her ears.

THE rope was lifting her, dragging her upward faster than she could place her feet. Breath went out of her, stayed out. Her hands still clung to the rope, but with a grip like the grasp after death. Her head drooped between her arms, struck and struck again. So this—not that other—was to be the end.

Dirk kneeled beside her. "Joyce! Joyce! You've got to speak! Oh, Joyce, wake up. Darling, we've got to get away, you've got to ride!"

WELCOM
SENATOR B
j.m.anthony

"No, no, Senator! This time you pass out kisses!"

J. M. ANTHONY

"Let up on it," advised Leonardo sharply. "Can't you see she's passed out? Get on your horse, *señor*, and take her. Hurry!"

Dirk mounted Tronido. "I'm ready; what are you waiting for? What are you doing?"

"You never can tell," said Leonardo, pausing to knot a tie rein to one of the thorn trees. "There's a bare chance the *señor* who went below may crawl out of this hole alive and, if he does, he's going to find a horse. Tobalito?"

"*Presente!*"

"Give me a hand with the *señorita.*"

TOGETHER they lifted Joyce and placed her in Dirk's arms. They started, Tobalito as guide in the lead, Dirk next and Leonardo, armed, bringing up the rear. A whinny from the tethered range pony rang out sharply across the desert air. Startled, Tobalito put spurs to his flea-bitten mount. Dirk found a trot galling, but was at ease the minute Tronido reached out into the cradlelike motion of his swinging canter. He shifted Joyce so her head lay against his shoulder, passed the reins to his right hand and with his left held her knees securely. Though her coma persisted he knew she lived by the faint tremor of her breathing.

But he was troubled about something else. "Leonardo," he called over his shoulder. "Do you really think there's a chance Blackadder's still alive?"

"None, *señor;* he did not wish to live."

"Are you loco?" asked Dirk.

"No, for I've seen it happen before," said Leonardo. "With some men pride takes the place of blood and bone; destroy it and they die. It was so with him. His tongue talked but only to tell us of his shame; I could see his heart and eyes were dead. He knew he could never return to his ancient path, never walk upright except to death. So he died, God and the Virgin rest his soul."

"Then why did you leave the horse?" asked Dirk. "Do you expect a miracle?"

"No," said Leonardo hesitatingly, distressed at being driven into a show of his secret thoughts, "though in my country miracles have often happened. I think I was moved, *señor*, in the manner of my ancestors, to make a living sacrifice to the memory of a brave man."

DIRK imagined a faint stirring within the burden in his arms, something vaguely different from the mere persistence of life. He peered down at Joyce's face, tilted against his right shoulder, and studied it in the light of the stars. It seemed deathly pale, a patch of moonlight—mere reflection of a faraway reflection. Her eyes were closed and her lips, though half open, never stirred. He spoke to her.

"Joyce, you aren't awake, are you? Can you hear me?"

There was no answer by sound or sign, nevertheless so strong a feeling of content pervaded him he could not doubt all would yet be well. Tobalito knew better than to follow the *barranca* too closely; he made a detour through little used paths known to few but himself. The pace slowed from a canter to a walk and Dirk, glad his companions knew no English, began to talk.

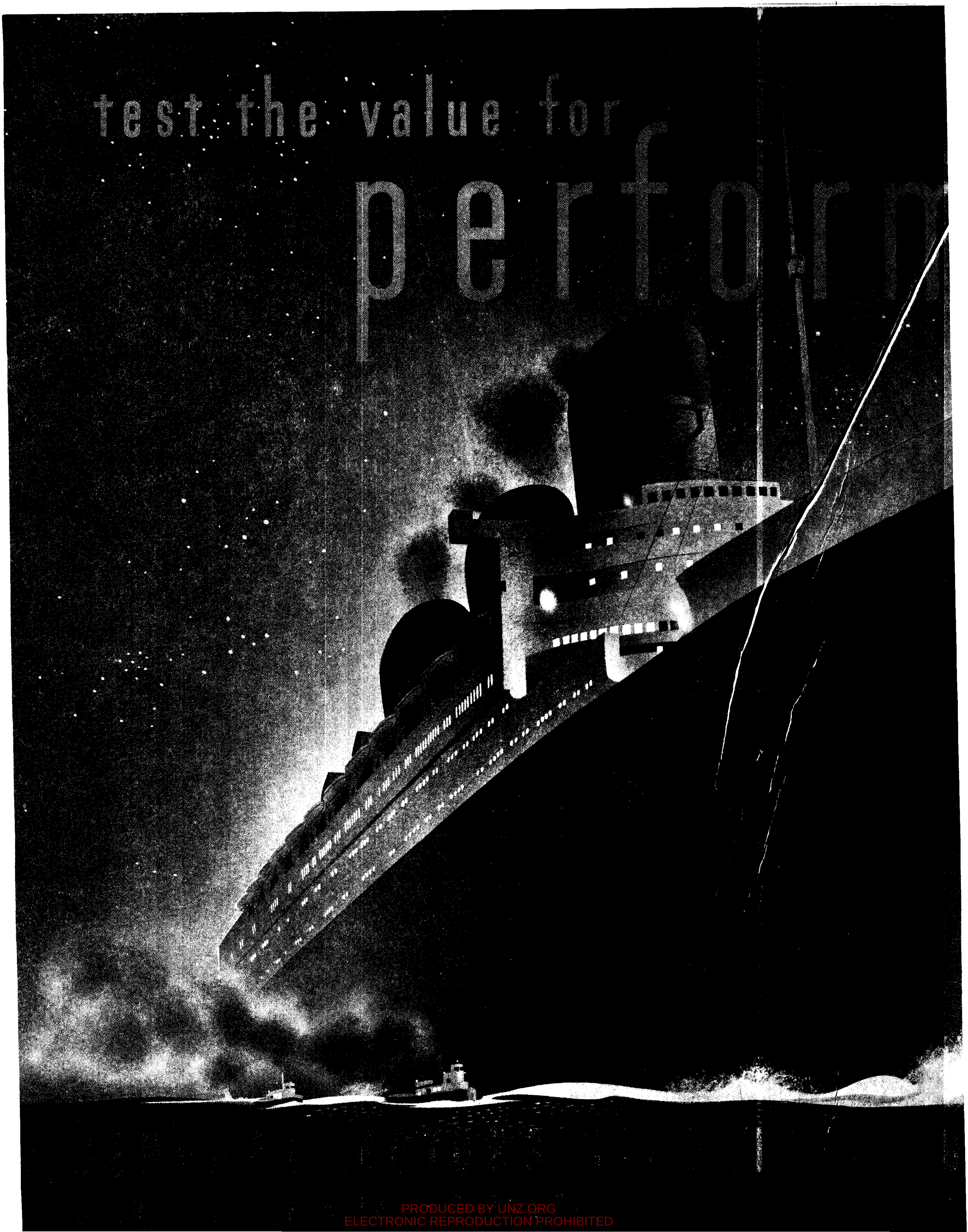
"Joyce, I love you. Whether you can hear me or not doesn't matter in the least since anyway I'll be telling it to you over and over again. I don't know when it began or where it will end, and I don't care. I'm part of you and you of me. I love you. I belong to you the way your hand belongs. You can do anything you like with me except cut me off. If you do that, you'll bleed—bleed to death."

Abruptly his face leaned lower, nearer to hers. "Oh, Joyce, darling, please speak; please tell me. How can you be so near my heart and not answer it? I can feel yours and it's still—so still it's almost as if it weren't beating at all. But you can't be dead since I still live. My blood is your blood. Everything I was, everything I'm going to be, has rushed into this moment with you in my arms. Because I love you. I love you."

Tobalito debouched suddenly from the shadowy recesses of an *arroyo* and came to a halt with Dirk beside him; Leonardo drew level. In plain view, only a few hundred yards away, stood the white mass of La Barranca. No light showed from the *hacienda*, yet they knew eyes were watching from every angle as they advanced toward the eastern gate. It swung open at their approach and they entered. Promptly it slammed shut behind them.

Luz took command of Joyce, still inert, and thrust Dirk back when he attempted to follow. Adán Arnaldo, gloomy because poor horsemanship had prevented

(Continued on page 46)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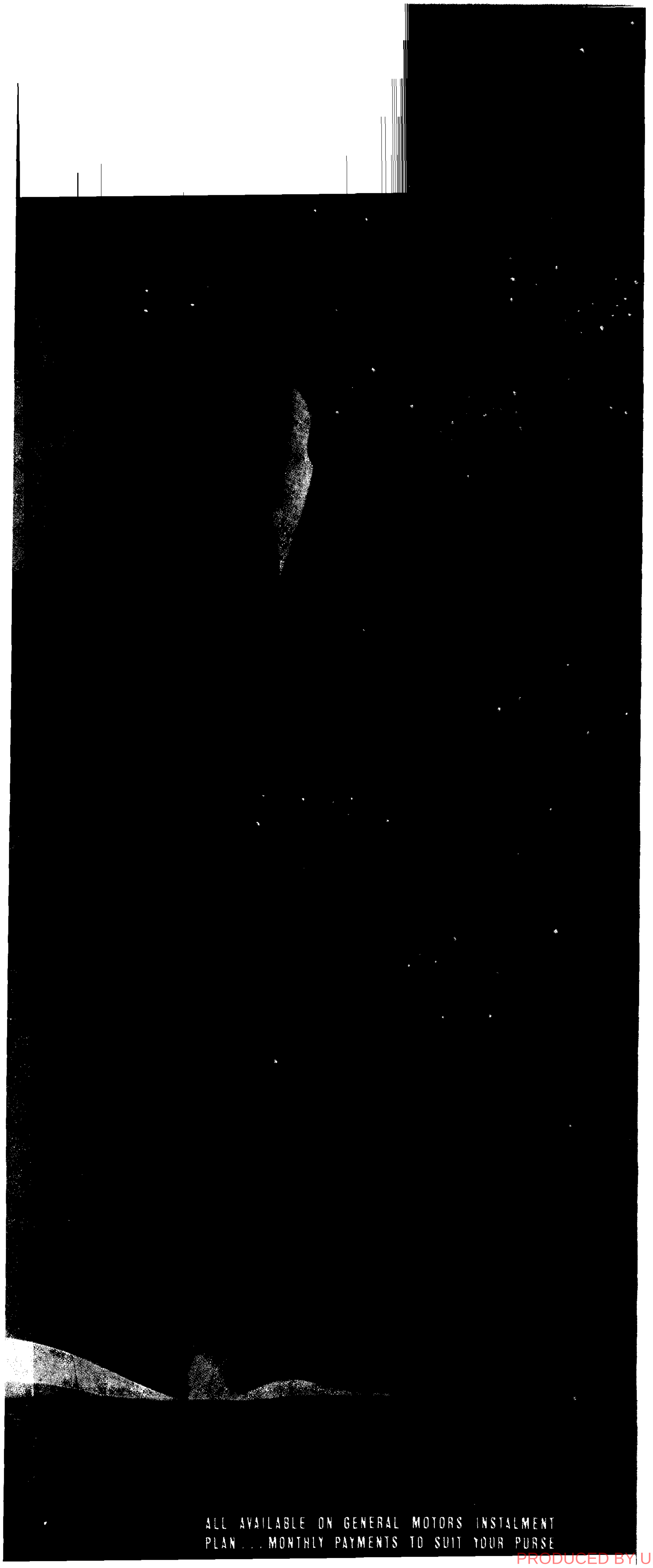

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HEAD SPLITTING,
NERVES SHOT, UNTIL..

STAND BACK, WOMAN—RUN FOR YOUR LIFE! MY HEAD'S A VOLCANO READY TO BLOW UP
I'LL RUN ALL RIGHT—FOR BROMO-SELTZER! FASTEST RELIEF I KNOW FOR A HEADACHE LIKE THAT
SOON AFTERWARD
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EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

BROMO-SELTZER

Makes you feel fit FASTER!

Under Pressure

Continued from page 43

his joining the rescuing expedition, led him to Don Jorge in his office where he was greeted with the news a courier had come through from Mexico City and tossed dispatches for himself and Blackadder across the now impassable *barranca*. Dirk opened the long envelope bearing his name with some trepidation and was relieved to find it a personal missive, written in the ambassador's own hand.

"My dear Van Suttart," he read, "at last word has reached me through General Onelia of your whereabouts. For your diligence in following out to the letter the instructions in a certain cable from the department you are to be commended. For assuming I was to be kept in pitch darkness as to your movements, thereby robbing me of sleep and turning my hair from gray to white, I intend urging your dismissal from the service on the grounds of malfeasance unless you return at once to your regular duties. As you have darkened my days, so will I blacken your name—and I'm not joking—if you don't come back on the run. It may interest you to know my contact with General Onelia arose from his assumption of the Ministry of War, our old friend in that post having been crushed by the final straw of the mysterious disappearance of a battery of howitzers."

"Bad news?" asked Adán, noticing Dirk's thoughtful expression.

"Not particularly," said Dirk, "but I guess I'll have to rush back if it's only to square myself."

JUST then Luz came in search of him with the good news her mistress had awakened and wished to see him. For the first time he entered Joyce's bedroom. It was more cheerful than any other in the house. There was an open fire, burning gayly, and opposite it were two high windows looking out upon a walled garden. Between them stood a bed with scrolled back and no footboard. Its towering tester made it seem a throne, but Joyce, her dark head half buried in pillows, looked too small for a queen. He sank on his knees and seized her listless hand.

"Joyce," he whispered, "didn't you hear? Nothing at all?"

"Hear what?" she asked, her eyes studying his face feature by feature.

"When I was holding you in my arms on Tronido," he explained. "You were close to me, your heart against my heart. My lips were beside your ear. Oh, Joyce, you couldn't have stayed unconscious all that time—you must have heard."

"But what was it you said?" she insisted, looking him full in the eyes.

"I—I told you I loved you," stammered Dirk desperately.

"Was that all?"

"No. I said a lot of things. I think I said some of them over and over again."

"What were they?"

He knelt in silence, looking into her grave eyes. His hand dropped hers, the arm he had thrown across her waist grew lax. His head fell forward.

"I don't know," he whispered. "I've forgotten. I can't remember a word."

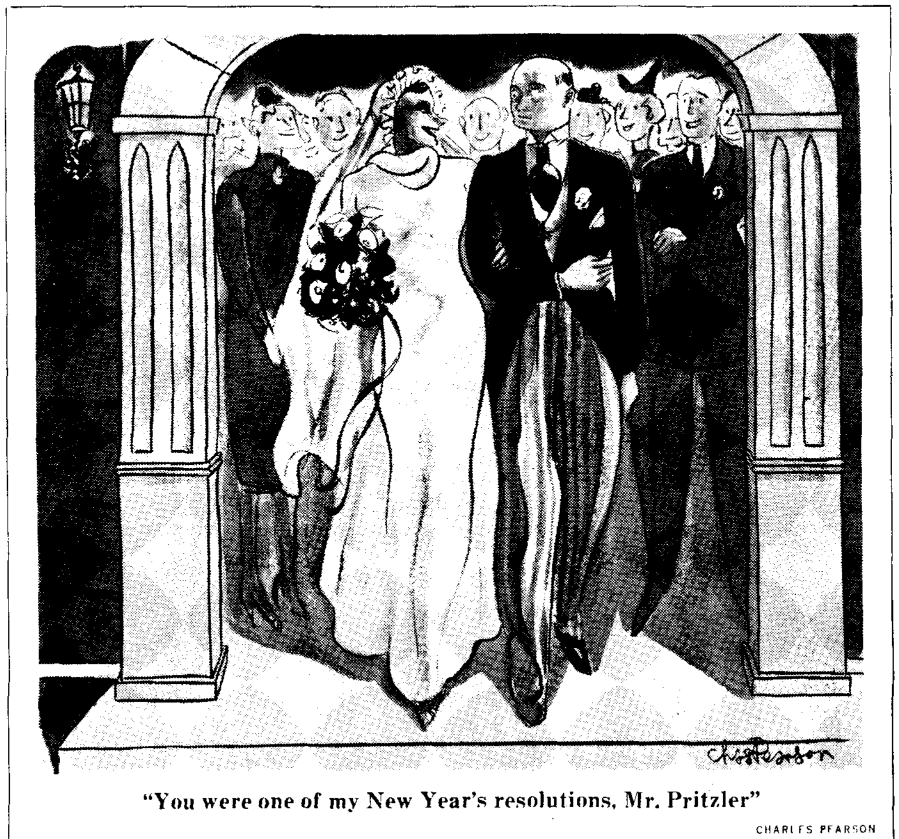
So swiftly he never knew how it happened her arms were around his neck and she had drawn his head down against her breast.

"Oh, Dirk, darling, of course I heard! I heard all you said and a lot more. It wasn't only your arms that were around me, it was your thoughts. I lay in them and dreamed. I felt safe and happy, glad to be sure I'd bleed if ever I cut you off. You kissed me once in your way, now I kiss you in mine."

A dull boom rent the air and trailing it came a weird howl that passed over the house; there followed a rending of branches in the outer garden and then a terrific explosion. Dirk leaped to his feet and stood transfixed. Joyce sank back against the pillows, wide eyes staring at him questioningly. All the *hacienda* stirred into life with the hum of a threatened swarm of bees. Shouts were heard, presently punctuated by the thump of Don Jorge's approaching staff. Joyce half rose, her shoulders gleaming white but strong above the yoke of her filmy nightdress. Abruptly she seemed no longer too small to be a queen.

"That was no earthquake," she stated; "it was a gun—a cannon."

(To be concluded next week)



"You were one of my New Year's resolutions, Mr. Pritzler"

CHARLES PEARSON

The Inconstant Wife

Continued from page 11

"He had been following me since the day before and had asked the doorman."

"He had been following you since the day before and you hadn't seen him?"

"When you're not with me, I always go straight ahead, with my eyes lowered—"

"Well and good."

"I ought to have said I didn't know him or have gone away at once, but I have always been so proud of bearing your name that it was impossible for me to be rude to anyone who called me by it. The man began to talk, to say things it's useless for me to repeat—"

"What were they? I'll put them down."

"That he thought me adorable, that he intended to devote his whole life to me, etc. I was like a woman who sees a burglar breaking into her room and cannot cry out but remains frozen with fear and incapable of resistance. What's more, I soon discovered Marcel Lodime was hot-headed, a violent man capable of going to any lengths. I had already made myself cheap; I didn't want anything to happen to you—"

"Thanks so much. That's really amusing— You don't mean this fellow meant to kill me?"

"HE WAS determined to win me at any price, you understand, at any price. To humor him, I agreed to go to a tea-room in the Avenue de L'Opéra. I had an idea I could cope with the situation better after I had taken something hot; but it was one of those tea-rooms where they only serve cocktails and tiny sandwiches cut like dice, with a layer of ham, of Hungarian salami and of Cheshire cheese. No, don't write all that down. I was just giving you the details so you could see I was telling the truth."

"So he got you drunk in a bar?"

"I only took tomato juice. I pleaded with him to leave me. I proposed a candid and open friendship. Since he knew the Allards through one of his cousins, a man named Berdot, I suggested he arrange to be introduced properly to you and so become our friend. In short, I struggled with him as much as I could; but I kept feeling a strange weakness in my knees and a sort of numbness in my wrists. It was then that he revealed his intention—to take me away from you, but openly, in full daylight, for though he hates you, he respects you too and admires you to a certain extent. He talked to me about his family: his father lives in a château in Touraine where he spends his time refuting Darwin—there's no *g* in that and only one *w*. Where was I? Ah, yes. His father spends his time refuting Darwin in books that he has printed privately in editions of thirty copies and distributes to his intimate friends. When they cease to be his friends he takes back the books. An eccentric character. His mother died seven years ago at Fontainbleau in a hunting accident. Actually she wasn't hunting but walking through the woods, gathering lilies of the valley, when a stag with immense antlers attacked her and inflicted ten dreadful wounds, one of them near the heart—"

"I see: a family of idiots!"

"It was after that time that Hippolyte Lodime, the father, became interested in The Origin of Species to such an extent as to forget all about his son. Marcel Lodime is a flying explorer. At present he is making flights around the city in preparation for an expedition to the Sudan. Alexis, you are strong; you will understand my weakness."

"It's as though I were reading some shocking novel about people who didn't interest me. What happened then?"

"I was completely overcome, swept off my feet—"

"What do you propose to do now?"

"He's waiting for me."

"Where?"

"In a hotel in the Rue Froidevaux."

"Are you going to go there?"

"As though hypnotized. Yes."

"What does he intend to do with you?"

"He's going to marry me."

"All right. I'm through with you. But what are you going to do after you meet him?"

"Marcel will take me to the Orleans station. There is a good train at five o'clock. We are going to my parents. He will explain the situation to them and then leave. At nine o'clock he will go by train to see his father and tell him the news and also because he is afraid that Mr. Lodime is coming under the influence of an elderly laundress whom he has installed as his housekeeper and who is trying to make him change his will—"

"What do I care about these piffling trifles or about this blackguard's ancestors? You're right: you are a bad woman, unfaithful, disloyal and a hussy. Get out! And never darken my door again!"

Madame Gégouette, who seemed to have been waiting for that order, disappeared at once. Her husband heard, as though in a nightmare, the sound of a door being shut softly but with inexorable finality. And so he was left alone. For the first time in his life he was doubtful of himself, of his intelligence, of his ability to command destiny. He was furious at not having found an expressive parting gesture or a cutting word or for not having acted with more subtlety and persuasiveness so that he could have taken his revenge later on.

In his store he redoubled his severity toward his employees. The latter received this treatment with a kind of commiseration.

"You haven't asked me about my wife," he remarked casually to his partner.

"She's come back?"

"You mean to say you knew she had gone?"

"Everybody knows. By the way, have you given any thought to Simonson's bankruptcy?"

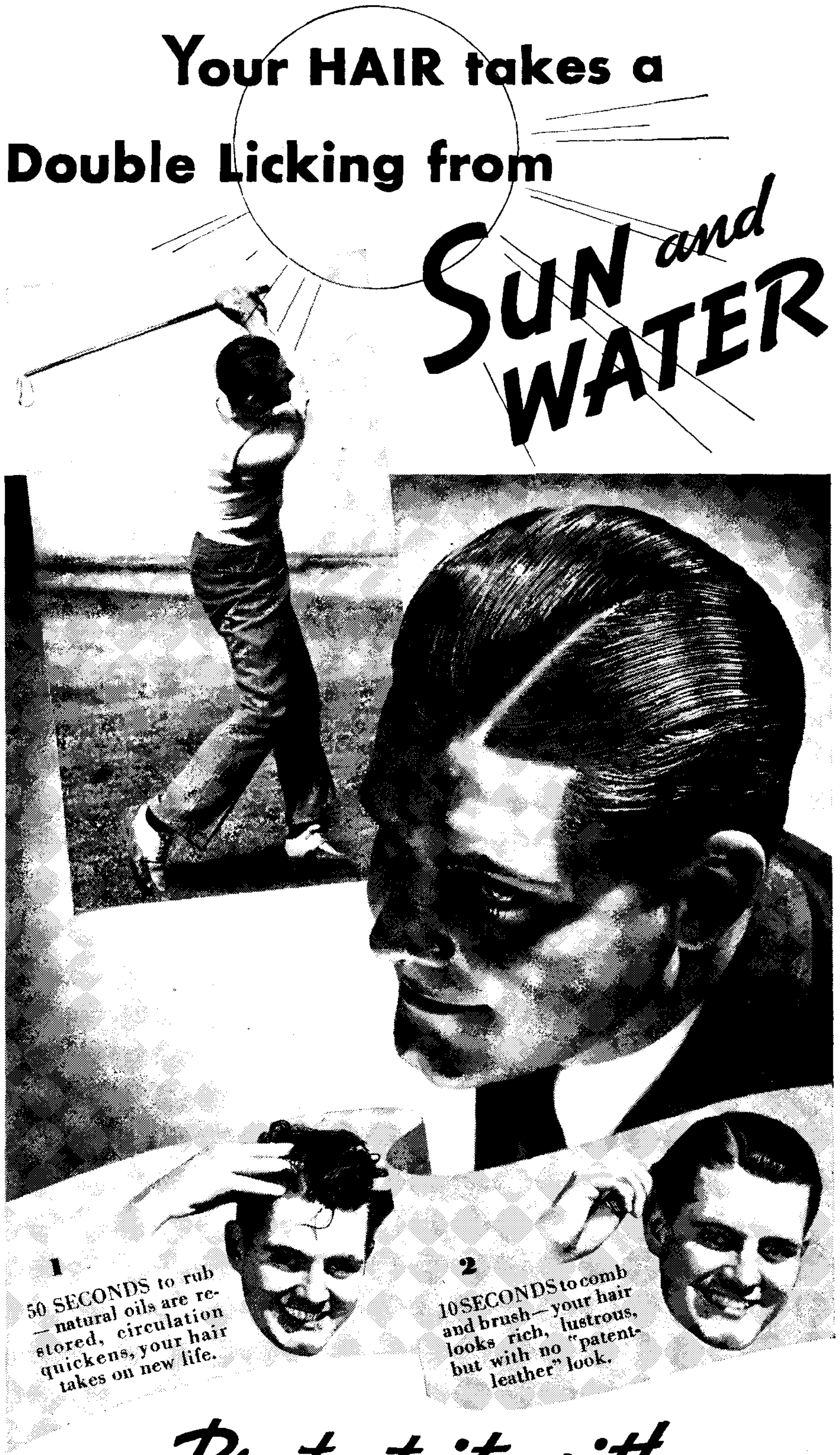
"Give me a chance to get my bearings. Shall we have dinner together?"

"I'm sorry I can't; I have an engagement. Besides, if you're looking for distraction, you'd do better to choose someone you don't see all day here in the store."

STRUCK by the truth of this observation, Gégouette sent his office boy after Fouche, with orders to bring him back at once. Twenty minutes later Fouche arrived.

"Although I seldom go out," Fouche explained, "I have heard of your misfortune. Or is it a misfortune? It all depends on how you look at it—you have such extraordinary good luck . . . I? I'm doing fairly well, thank you. I've finally smoked out a client. To be perfectly honest, he's slightly deranged. Wants to build hundreds of châteaux. His fortune, though large, won't cover extravagances of that sort. I've come to an understanding with his family who wish to humor his harmless mania. I take my client plans that will never be carried out, and I receive a lump sum of three thousand francs a month. That brings the cost of the châteaux down to a hundred and fifty francs each. Unfortunately this windfall won't last forever. I already see the end: my client is be-

(Continued on page 48)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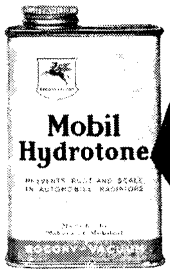
ASK YOUR BARBER— He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. When he says Vitalis—take his advice. He knows best.

VITALIS Keeps your hair healthy and handsome



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(Continued from page 47)

coming irritable; yesterday he threw a chair at me. My job's not altogether a joking matter, either, I can tell you."

"That won't keep us from having dinner together," Gégouette interrupted with assumed cheerfulness. "I commence to believe I was wrong in acting so hastily and so definitely. It's not too late yet. Perhaps at this very instant Lodime is dead. At least after two weeks their honeymoon will be over and probably they're at each other's throat. Let's assume the worst; the novelty is over, Jewel has had a chance to weigh and compare us. She misses me but she is proud; she fears me; she will never take the first step. Nor would I, of course. I want you to act as intermediary. A thousand francs whatever happens. Three thousand if you are successful. Five thousand if you bring her back before the end of the week."

"Stop! That's an insult. You don't pay for a friend's services."

"I apologize, old fellow. You're quite right."

"Just give me four hundred francs for expenses. We'll see about the rest later on."

"Good enough. Jewel gave me a complete report, for the poor little thing always told me, item by item, everything she had done during the day. I had the presence of mind to take notes, which I have copied out. Come home with me and I'll give them to you, with the names. I want you to make a thorough search."

NEXT day Fouche, armed with the advance payment, got to work. After consulting the notes, he went first to see Monsieur Allard. Lodime, Jewel had declared, knew the Allards through one of his cousins, a man named Berdot. This visit was a godsend for Monsieur Allard, an octogenarian with a face like a ferret.

"You come from Monsieur Gégouette? Excellent. I do hope this time he isn't looking for Turkish rugs or Chinese bric-a-brac or an electric vacuum cleaner?"

"Nothing of the sort. He wants some confidential information. You have a cousin named Berdot?"

"I have indeed. A dishonest man, sir: he induced me to buy stock on which I have lost ninety-two per cent."

"Excuse me for bringing up such an unhappy memory. Monsieur Berdot has probably talked to you about a man named Lodime?"

"I know the fellow you mean; it was Lodime who ran off with Madame Gégouette and I'm told he takes her around to public dance halls."

"I really don't know but I think the last fact is an exaggeration."

"Well, my dear sir, sorry though I am to be unable to serve you, Berdot has never talked to me about this Lodime. Never. My memory is very exact. He talked to me about a Monsieur Jerouzine, about a Monsieur Mitzzi, about a Monsieur Pignal, but Lodime—unknown in the regiment."

IT WAS only with great difficulty that Fouche got away from Monsieur Allard. He went to the various flying fields and examined the lists of aviators but none of them carried the name of Lodime. The publishers were of equally little help; none of them had heard of Monsieur Hippolyte Lodime, the father. Researches made at the government bureau where all printed matter has to be registered produced no result. He consulted the papers of seven years back and found no mention of a hunting accident in which Madame Hippolyte Lodime had been injured. At a loss, Fouche decided to go by train to the little town where Jewel had taken refuge with her parents. After a trip of eight hours he rang the bell at the gate of an agreeable country house. An elderly maid appeared.

"Madame Alexis Gégouette, if you please," said Fouche.

"What do you want of her?"

"Tell her Monsieur Fouche is here. She'll see me."

"You have to tell me what you want."

"It's a personal matter. Is Madame Gégouette here?"

"I'm not allowed to say either yes or no."

"I've come from Paris to see her."

"You will have to write and ask for an appointment."

"But—"

At this moment the shutters were opened and Fouche, lifting his head, saw the charming face of Jewel peering out from a frame of green leaves. He waved to her.

"Oh, it's you," she said. "Open the door, Julie, and ask the gentleman into the sitting-room."

Although the sitting-room belonging to Madame Gégouette's parents contained the usual sofa, armchairs and bookcase, it appeared to be devoted principally to the products of the garden. Great bunches of grapes had been hung from the ceiling to dry. The air was sweet with the perfume of the lime blossoms and apples that were arranged on a low table.

"I have to bring her back by day after tomorrow," thought Fouche. "I must use all my eloquence, five thousand francs' worth."

He had thought out a speech but now he dismissed it from his mind, feeling that to speak impromptu would be more touching and effective.

"I'm delighted to find you here, Madame Gégouette. I made this long trip just to have a talk with you."

"Did Alexis send you?"

"I might say no, but if you're willing I should like to stick strictly to the truth."

"I prefer that too."

"Well, then, I have come in behalf of your husband. You would feel sorry for him if you could see him now; the poor man can't get along without you. He is utterly forlorn and tormented by jealousy. In fact, I found him in such a bad way that, despite my many pressing affairs, I determined to help him. I hope that you will make it easy for me. I shan't hide from you that before coming here I undertook, at Gégouette's request, a search, the results of which proved disappointing. On the basis of the notes he took of your statement, I went to see Monsieur Allard in an attempt to find out something about Monsieur Lodime. Don't be angry, my dear. You mustn't interpret that as anything but a touching act of consideration on the part of Alexis. He wanted to know exactly what sort of man you had so rashly intrusted yourself to. But Monsieur Allard assures me that Berdot had never mentioned a Monsieur Lodime. I also went to the flying fields and even to the publishers in the hope of finding a record of the books of Monsieur Hippolyte Lodime—"

"Don't go any further," said Madame Gégouette, smiling.

SHE took off her garden hat and rang for the maid to order two glasses of lemonade. Dressed as she was in a simple pink frock, she appeared very different from the timid and reserved girl who had received Fouche at the time of his first visit. The drink was delicious. When he had sampled it, Jewel smiled again, mysteriously, and said:

"I have been expecting some message from Gégouette. He is not the sort of man to take defeat easily and I have had to do a lot of thinking in order to hurt him as little as possible. I'm going to tell you just what happened. You will find it surprising."

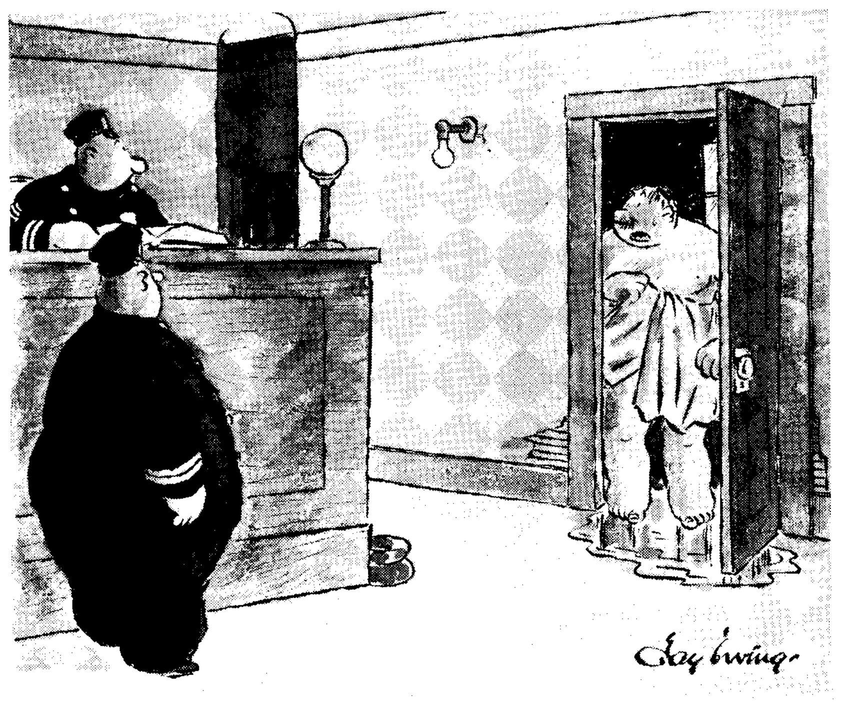
She paused for a moment to collect her thoughts, and then went on:

"You found no trace anywhere of Marcel Lodime or of his father, the author of a refutation of Darwin, for the excellent reason that these persons exist only in my imagination. I'll try to explain. . . .

"I was born here and have lived here all my life. As you see, it is a country house in a small town where life is very simple. I adore my parents. They are like friends of my own age. I love the sunshine: it makes me want to sing when I wake up in the morning. The garden is my kingdom. I know its every corner, all its trees and all its birds; they occupy the same branches by family succession as though in accordance with some law of inheritance. Even my dog Couic is exactly like the Couic that was here when I was born and that anxiously followed my first steps.

"Can you understand how I felt? I was eighteen and so happy that I never gave happiness a thought. Then one day a commercial traveler whom we knew stopped in his car in front of our house. He was accompanied by Alexis Gégouette. I did not sense danger. The

(Continued on page 51)



"Look, Sarge, see have we got a plumber locked up. The shower's busted again"

JAY IRVING

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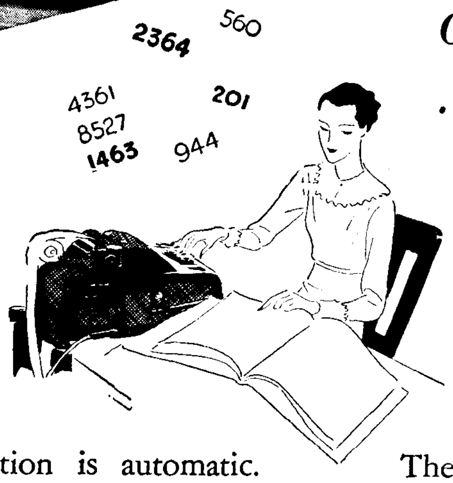

NOTE that figure again...4764 items per hour! And listed, sub-totaled and added on an Underwood Sundstrand Adding-Figuring Machine by an operator who, before she began operating this machine, had no previous experience in machine figuring!

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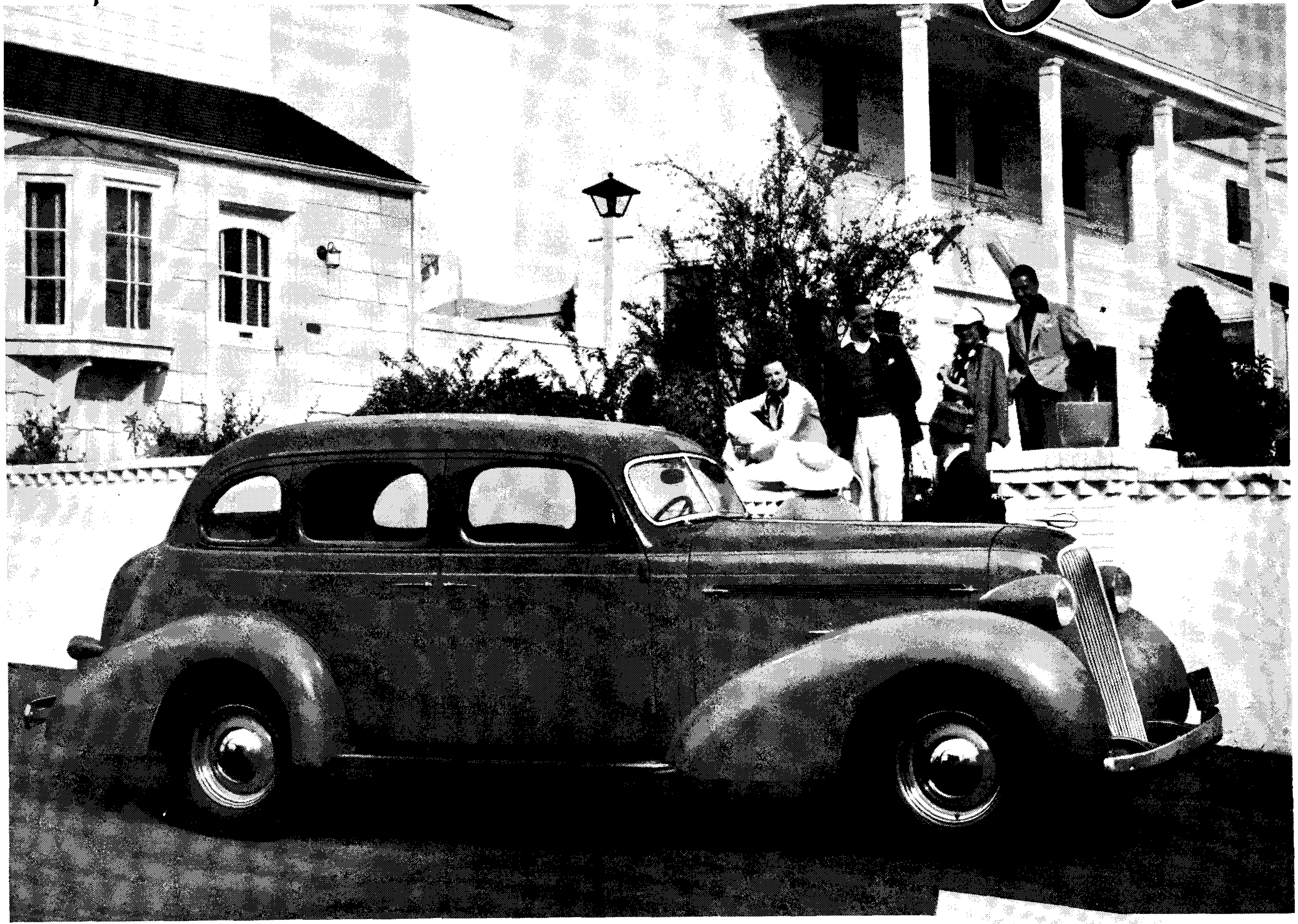

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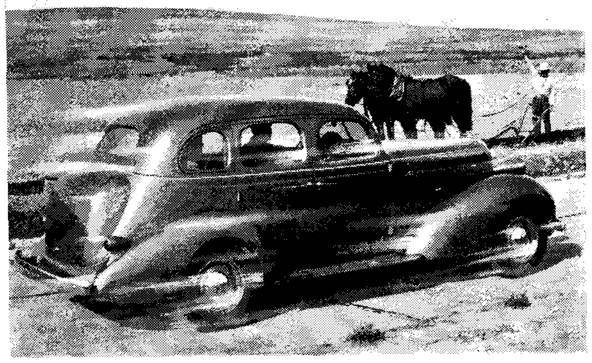

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Studebaker

SMART TO BE SEEN IN..SMARTER TO BUY

The Inconstant Wife

Continued from page 48

idea of marriage was as foreign to me as the idea of death.

"I was not even suspicious when Gégouette, charmed as he said by the beauty of the country, stopped for a week at the inn of The Sign of the Sword and came sometimes to invite us on picnic parties. I burst into tears when my parents told me that he had asked for my hand, that it was time for me to think of making a home of my own and that Alexis, a serious young man and a hard worker, seemed to them a desirable son-in-law. They added that it would be a blow to them to be separated from me, but that Paris need not frighten me, for it was always possible to choose a sunny apartment, there were certain quarters where there were beautiful trees and I would be living in a very stimulating environment. I hardly thought of Gégouette, but the idea of furnishing an apartment delighted me. Without actually saying yes or no I found myself engaged and then married. . . .

"I HAD not thought about love; by love I mean the sort that my husband felt for me which had something tyrannical in it. The sunny apartment turned out to be the one you have seen, where no ray of light ever enters, even in June. The less said about the intellectual environment the better: there were a few old business associates and their wives who called me by my first name as though I were one of them. But that's not all. I despise sham and pretense. The Louis Sixteenth study, the Directoire drawing-room and the modernistic dining-room filled me with disgust. For my own pleasure I cultivated on my bedroom windowsill a few poor plants, brought from home, which didn't actually die but drooped pitifully. The most dreadful thing I had to bear was Saturday afternoon and the whole interminable Sunday. During the week when my husband went out he made me go with him to drive the car and to wait for him. He invented, for our private conversations, a whole vocabulary which he called Aljew talk—a contraction of Alexis and Jewel, the horrible nickname he had given me.

"All I wanted was to be left alone, but he took it into his head to become jealous and I had to pretend great devotion to reassure him. He systematically kept away all the young men who tried to be agreeable and wanted to be our friends.

"I hate all forms of speed and I particularly dislike automobiles. The theater? After dinner I like to go to sleep. I get up at dawn when I can, and the most dreadful memory of my years of marriage is of the lazy and slovenly Sunday mornings: it used to take me three days to get over them. I soon realized that the complete indifference I felt toward Alexis was changing into hatred.

"I confided my troubles to my mother and she advised me to be patient, saying that love was a trying period but that it would pass and that there were a great many things I could hope for: the birth of a child, or some infidelity on the part of Gégouette . . . Alas, the years rolled by without bringing any change. I wanted to regain my liberty before I was thirty. Not having a very lively imagination, I spent months in devising all the details of the adventure which you have heard and in inventing the characters."

"Lodime?"

"Exactly."

"But why Lodime rather than Durand or Fournier?"

"It's an abbreviation of a motto I had secretly made up for myself: 'Love dismays me,' Lo-di-me. The unusualness of this name seemed to me more plausible than one chosen at random from the telephone book. So I invented Lodime and his father Hippolyte, the critic of Darwin, and the accident that happened to his mother in the woods. Up to that point I had only used up a few of my lies. I possessed a rich reserve from which I could have gone on drawing indefinitely. I invented everything: the story of the handbag, my conversations with Marcel and all the rest. I had to make a clean break. You can see what I have done: I returned here and I am living alone with my parents, entirely alone."

"Surely you know," murmured Fouche, "that Gégouette is very rich."

"I don't need money. Everything that money can buy disgusts me. My parents' small income is enough for my needs."

"What shall I say to Alexis?"

"Say anything you like. It seems to me the time has come to tell him the truth. That will soothe his vanity, and he will leave me alone. . . ."

Jewel brought a petit point tapestry she had just begun and showed it to her guest; she exhibited her charming garden and finally introduced him to her father and mother: "A friend of my husband's. He is going to tell him the truth; it's the best thing to do."

And Fouche, bewildered and dismayed, took the train back, calculating in his own mind: "According to our understanding, I won't get a thing out of this except the four hundred francs expense money."

But he prided himself on being something of a psychologist and he decided that, aside from the meager profit, his time had not been entirely lost. He had learned that, contrary to the belief of novelists and playwrights, love doesn't always find a way and that virtue, in the simplest sense of the word, is not an empty phrase. And so he would be able to bring Gégouette news that might perhaps hurt his vanity as a lover but would calm his anger as a husband. An excellent compensation. You can be jealous of an individual, but you can't blame a woman who has remained essentially a child for finding her greatest delight in purity and solitude. Clearly it was an unusual case. . . . Not so very unusual, thought Fouche, for there are many wives who find their greatest pleasure in housekeeping and walks, in embroidery, tennis and bridge, and only resign themselves to conjugal life in the expectation that time will finally bring it to an end. Gégouette was going to be surprised, but he was not the man to brood for long over a problem of this sort. After all, everything was for the best, and when the train stopped Fouche got out cheerfully in the firm belief that he had brought his mission to a successful close.

AS HAD been arranged, Alexis was waiting for him at the station. "What news?" he asked, trembling with eagerness.

"It's an extraordinary story—"

"Go on, fellow, talk!"

"In a word, Lodime doesn't exist. He's an imaginary person invented by your wife who wanted to go home and live with her parents in the country where she could see the flowers and listen to the birds—"

Gégouette broke out laughing so that people turned around to look at him. He said:

"I always knew you were a liar but I never thought you would try to put anything like that over on me! Do you mean to say you want me to believe that that girl without any good reason would give up the marvelous life I had arranged for her? What do you take me for? An idiot? I won't talk to you about the evidences of the affection she has shown me—I'm not a child, I imagine, and there are some things a man could not very well be mistaken about. But all the rest, you fool! The car? All the luxury? The magnificent apartment with all those objets d'art which she loved to such an extent that when a saucer was broken she used to break down and sob aloud. . . . And the theater? And the movies? And all her jewelry? Did you tell her it would always be there where she could get it again? Her brooch, her bracelets, her string of pearls. . . . You have failed in this as you fail in everything. You haven't even succeeded in seeing Jewel and you tell me this piffling nonsense to justify your expenses. . . . Lodime doesn't exist? Then why would she leave me? Answer, you fool, answer me why."

FOUCHE paid no attention to this flood of words which gave him a chance to think. He said:

"I can see now it's impossible to hide the truth from you. I tried to apply a salve to your wounds. Now I give up. I did see Madame Gégouette. She wept a great deal and she talked in a way that would have touched you, of your years of intimacy, of understanding and of love—"

"Ah, that's better. And then what?"

"She has a particular delightful memory of the Saturdays and Sundays when you belonged entirely to her. She considers that fate is to blame. This man Lodime gained ascendency over her by a kind of hypnosis. His only advantage over you was that he arrived at the fatal moment when, rightly or wrongly, your wife believed you were beginning to love her less. In that little provincial town, which seemed so dreary to me, Jewel has plenty of opportunity to regret a great many things, you may be sure of that: you, first of all—for she did not disguise the fact that she could not forget you—and her dear Paris. But she is afraid of Lodime. He controls her by threats of violence. I don't know what advice to give you: whether to go down there with a gun in your hand and bring Jewel back or to wait—"

"We're not in the Wild West," murmured Gégouette. "Patience has always brought me what I wanted. I shall wait."

He took out a handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

"Another time you will know better than to lie to me. Your first story, which was intended to calm me, wouldn't hold water. I may add you should have realized there was something disagreeable about it. To make up a story requires a talent you do not possess. By the way, how was Jewel looking?"

"Very pale."

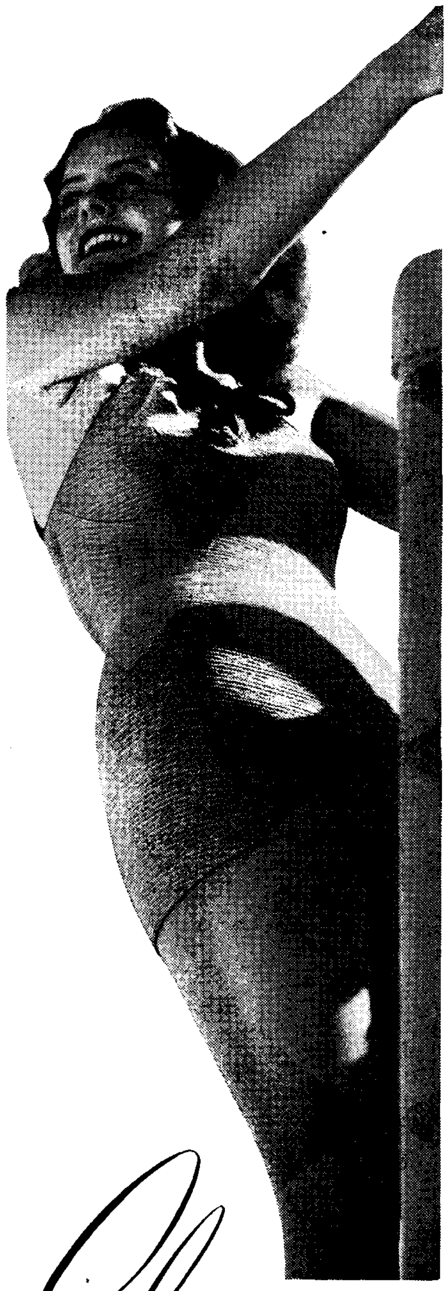
"I knew it."

"Thin and dressed in mourning."

"She has changed? I'm not just making you say it?"

"You have not made me say anything."

"Yes I have—the truth! And I prefer it. Anyway, I thank you. You were to receive five thousand francs in case you were completely successful. I consider that you have done well. The news you bring reassures me: now that Jewel knows I still love her, nothing can keep her from returning. It is only a matter of time until she gives that ruffian the slip and comes back to me. Of course, I cannot give you the full five thousand francs, because you have not actually brought her with you. But I am going to give you four thousand five hundred."



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● Never before have such glamorous swimming suit fabrics been created as the new Jantzen Kava-Knits. Certainly they are quite the loveliest of the year, combining rare and unusual beauty of design and texture with permanent perfect-fitting qualities. These fashionable fabrics have been styled into striking new models that possess an amazing degree of natural line figure-control. They mold the body in lines of grace and beauty.

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Please send style folder in colors, featuring new 1936 models
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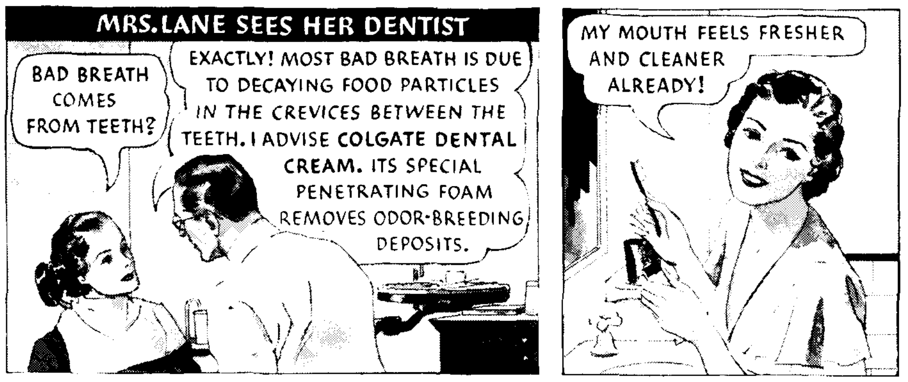
EVERYBODY SAYS HE NEGLECTS HER, BUT...
...PERSONALLY, I THINK IT'S HER FAULT. HER BREATH IS—WELL, SHE OUGHT TO SEE HER DENTIST!
HEAVENS, THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ME! COULD THAT BE WHY JERRY'S STAYING AWAY FROM HOME SO MUCH LATELY...


MRS. LANE SEES HER DENTIST
BAD BREATH COMES FROM TEETH?
EXACTLY! MOST BAD BREATH IS DUE TO DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN THE CREVICES BETWEEN THE TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.
MY MOUTH FEELS FRESHER AND CLEANER ALREADY!

FRIDAY NIGHT—TWO WEEKS LATER
I'M HOME EARLY, DEAR! THOUGHT I'D TAKE MY BEST GIRL STEPPING TONIGHT!
SHE ACCEPTS WITH PLEASURE, DARLING!
HOW GLAD I AM I TOOK THE DENTIST'S ADVICE ABOUT COLGATE'S

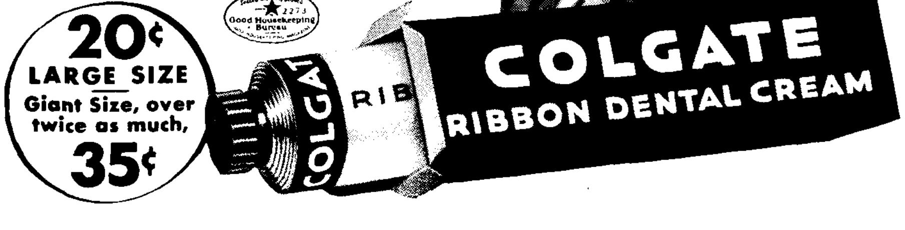
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind her SPARKLING SMILE!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

YOU seldom suspect bad breath—in yourself. Even less, perhaps, do you suspect that by far the most common cause is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Yet authorities say decaying food deposits, in hidden crevices between teeth, are the most common source of this social handicap—and of much tooth decay. They advise Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam thoroughly cleans these hidden crevices. At the same time, a soft, grit-free ingredient safely polishes enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

So brush teeth, gums, tongue with Colgate's at least twice daily. If not entirely satisfied, send empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J., and get double your money back.


20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢
Good Housekeeping Bureau
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Hitler's Velvet Glove

Continued from page 24

reasons for German rearmament. We did not rearm to wage war. We rearmed because others refused to disarm. Premier Baldwin once said (he was alluding to his own country) that a disarmed nation is a danger to peace. This was far more true of Germany, surrounded by heavily-armed neighbors, than of England."

When I asked Baron von Neurath what he thought of the general situation in Germany, he replied:

"Germany is going ahead slowly. Our difficulties are largely economic. There is improvement, but it does not show clearly yet. We need time. For instance, 3,000,000 more Germans are now at work than when the present regime began; there is far more money in circulation; the product of the German income tax was far higher this year than last. But these things are not yet apparent. Take, for example, our building of new roads. Now it is simply a way of relieving unemployment. But later, when it has given us a fine network of new auto roads, they will be a proof of improvement.

"I have said right along that this regime would need a long time—six years. Well, it is now three years since it came to power. So it is halfway toward being in a position to bring to bear its full effectiveness. After its revolutionary character has become stabilized, it will have—how shall I put it?—a better *effect*.

"The situation in Germany before the present regime was not like that in the United States where there are only two political parties, nor like that of England, which practically has only two parties. Here in Germany we have many parties—I forget how many—a dozen or more. The situation was impossible."

Baron von Neurath is a six-footer and broad in proportion. His shoulders, particularly, suggest a prize fighter in their breadth, but there the resemblance ends: the German Foreign Minister is far too polite and smiles far too often to arouse in one who meets him any further suggestion of the prize ring.

No Late Parties

He looks as if he took good care of his health in every way; he certainly does in the matter of late hours. He told a friend recently that he had made eleven o'clock at night his absolute deadline for parties. Punctually at that hour he gets up, makes his farewells, and goes home. Were it not for this rule, he insists, he could not stand the pace at which a Foreign Minister, with formal parties almost every night, is obliged to go.

That his rule is especially valuable in present-day Germany is proved by the fact that not long ago a beer night was held in Berlin, at which Hitler, Goering, Goebbels and other important Nazis were present, which lasted until five in the morning. Along about midnight the foreign diplomats, who had much work on the morrow, grew restless. At one o'clock, after exchanging silent signals among themselves, they rose in a body, said good night to the Teutonic beer drinkers, and retired.

"Was Baron von Neurath there?" I asked.

"No," answered my informant. "He must have had an inkling of the hours that were going to be kept, because he had sent his regrets at not being able to attend."

Von Neurath is against the persecution of Jews now rampant in Nazi Germany. It is a matter of common knowledge that he actually "went to the mat" with Hitler when it grew extreme after the Nuremberg anti-Jewish laws were passed recently. But, as in the case of Dr. Schacht, Germany's Minister of Finance, also well-known for his opposition to the anti-Jew campaign, his efforts were unavailing. Just as Hitler showed that he could continue simultaneous support of Julius Streicher, Jew-baiter Number One, and Hjalmar Schacht, most outspoken among members of the Nazi government in opposition to persecution, so also he has proved that he can listen approvingly to von Neurath's advice on foreign policy, and, at the same time, turn a deaf ear to his objections to Jew-baiting.

In the speech to the Reichstag, announcing the denunciation of the Treaty of Locarno and the remilitarization of the Rhineland zone demilitarized by that treaty, Hitler spoke of the possibility of Germany's return to the League of Nations. In my talk with Baron von Neurath, a few days before, he touched on the League.

Trouble at Geneva

As a member of the German delegation to the Disarmament Conference at Geneva, he helped fight Germany's fight for equality with other nations represented at the conference; and he marched out with the other German delegates in the autumn of 1933 when the outcome of that fight made Hitler decree Germany's withdrawal from the League. So his memories of Geneva are not pleasant. Nevertheless, he did not lose the smile which is second nature to him when he said:

"I believe that everything can be arranged by discussion between nations. Not, however, through the League of Nations as it is at present." His smile clouded, his tone of voice became less amiable, as he added: "We Germans have had unpleasant experiences with the League."

He is optimistic about future dealings between Americans and Germans.

"Relations between the United States and Germany are not very good now," he admitted. "This is especially true as regards trade. We can pay for imports only with goods and Americans do not want goods. But things will get better, I hope.

"Americans do not understand Germany's present regime. It is based on a revolution which struck deep down into the German nation. The country is going ahead slowly. I think that there must be changes in the regime, that its revolutionary character will yield gradually to stabilization."

Throughout his tenure of office as Hitler's Foreign Minister there have been persistent rumors that von Neurath would resign or be relieved of his post. To many it has seemed impossible that a scion of the old German nobility could get along indefinitely with the new regime—or the regime with him. What was a "Freiherr," a baron of old stock, doing in a government so scornful of every tradition of caste that stood in the way of its program of leveling all Germans into one big party, under an autocratic leader who scoffed at the idea that blue blood should bring its possessor any privileges.

Yet von Neurath remained in his office in that old-fashioned Wilhelmstrasse palace; he continued to reside in the pleasant old house, set aside for German Foreign Ministers, in the midst of one of the famous gardens, rich in greensward and huge trees, at the back of that historic thoroughfare.

Again and again it was whispered that his downfall was imminent.

"Rosenberg is going to succeed him," was the story one day. The allusion was to Alfred Rosenberg, one of Nazidom's "wild men," exponent of its extreme racial theories. But Rosenberg did not succeed von Neurath. Instead, he went to London at the time of the World Economic Conference, managed to antagonize Britishers right and left, and returned home with his own position weakened and with that of von Neurath stronger than before. It is said that the baron, for once letting temper overrule suavity, sent a telegram to Hitler to this effect: "Who is running this Foreign Ministry, Rosenberg or I?" Rosenberg's recall was the answer.

At other times the man mentioned as von Neurath's successor was Ribbentrop, Germany's representative in recent vital negotiations. Yet von Neurath remained at his post. Some day, of course, a typical Nazi may oust the suave baron from his post and run Germany's Foreign Ministry along typically Nazi lines. Be that as it may, Konstantin von Neurath will be able to point out that, for more than three years after Hitlerism's capture of the German government by storm, he hung on to his post against every attack and conducted Germany's foreign affairs without himself introducing into them any of the brusqueness so characteristic of many of Hitlerism's moves.

There, doubtless, lies the secret of his retention by Hitler. The latter perceives the value to his regime of a courtly nobleman.

Von Neurath's case is somewhat like that of Dr. Schacht. Through thick and thin, Hitler retains Schacht as Germany's Minister of Finance, though Schacht has served governments that had nothing in common with Hitlerism and holds certain economic and financial beliefs at variance with those of orthodox Nazidom.

But there is a difference. Schacht, deep down, has a "wild" streak. In him there is something violent such as would make a direct appeal to the wildness in Hitler and his Nazi colleagues. But von Neurath has nothing of the sort; he is, through and through, conventional and orthodox, an upholder of old traditions of diplomatic etiquette and ministerial procedure. Yet Hitler and he get along.

Career Man

Konstantin von Neurath was born sixty-three years ago on the estate of his family at Klein Glattbach, in Württemberg, southern Germany. After studying at the universities of Tuebingen and Berlin, he entered the German consular service in 1901. His first post was as German Vice Consul in London, at which time he acquired the affection for England and English ways, which is one of his salient traits. In 1914 he was made German Ambassador to Turkey.

Following the outbreak of the World War, he went to the front as a captain in a Württemberg regiment. After the return of peace he was successively Germany's diplomatic representative in Copenhagen, Rome and London.

In England he earned the esteem of several members of the royal family. He was a welcome guest at Buckingham Palace.

From London he returned to Berlin to take the post of Foreign Minister, in the days when von Papen and von Schleicher successively headed the German government and tried to head off the rising tide of Hitlerism. When Adolf Hitler seized power in January, 1933, he retained von Neurath at the Foreign Ministry. And there he has remained.

The pleasant relations established by him in London became apparent when, early this year, von Neurath represented Germany at the funeral of King George V. On the occasion of a reception to the distinguished foreign guests gathered for the funeral, King Edward VIII, who had known the German diplomat well when he was Prince of Wales and von Neurath German Ambassador to Britain, singled him out on two occasions for talks lasting several minutes, each considerably longer than the time allotted to other noted foreigners—including our own representative, Norman Davis. One who was present remarked that "the high British officials who accompanied the new king, when he made the round of the guests and so pointedly chose the German for special honor, were not at all pleased with the royal action.

"Their faces were a study," he said.

Baron von Neurath's wife is, like himself, a member of the German nobility. She belongs to a distinguished noble family of Württemberg. A further sign of his admiration for England is the fact that one of his daughters, born in London, received the very English name of Winifred.

A Knack with Dictators

One explanation of why Baron von Neurath, despite the differences between himself and Hitler, gets along so well with him may be found in von Neurath's long residence in Italy under the Fascist regime, which has a striking resemblance to Hitlerism. Von Neurath was German Ambassador at Rome when Fascism invaded the Italian capital; he saw its early struggles, its formidable growth, the final triumphant assertion of its power. Incidentally, this pliant nobleman got along very well with Mussolini, just as he hits it off with Hitler.

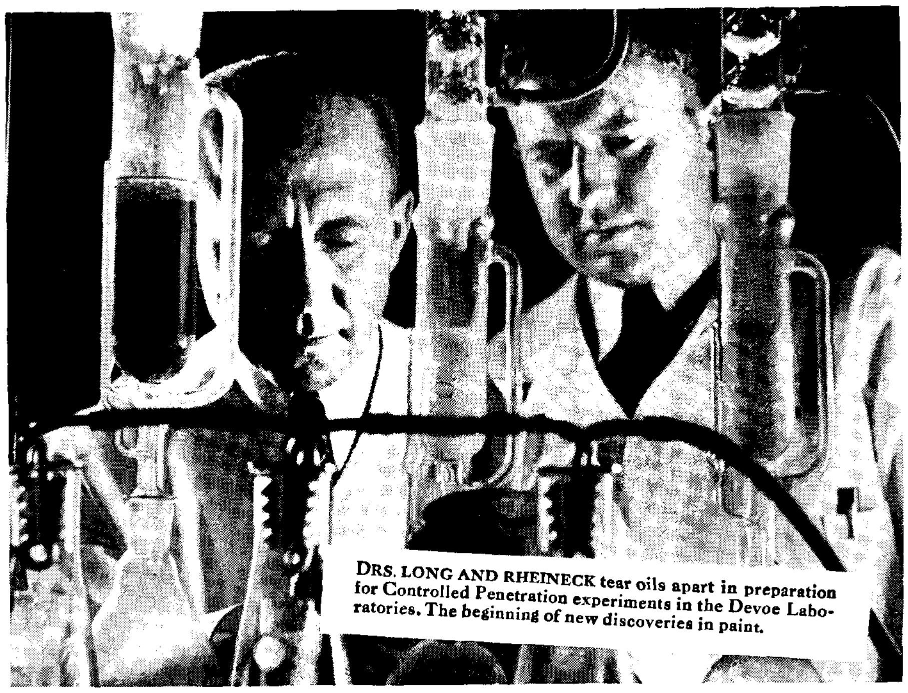
"I find it interesting," he told me, "to compare Germany's present regime with Italian Fascism. I was in Italy eight and one half years, under the Fascist government, and I also had occasion to watch its progress before I went there. Italy and Germany are, of course, very different. Compared with Italians, Germans are not so—what shall I say?—*inflammable*. But there is a similarity, nevertheless, between the Fascist and Hitler regimes. Having watched the general American attitude toward Fascism in Italy during its early stages, I can understand American objections to Germany's present regime. But Americans do not understand Germany."

The talk was over. Baron von Neurath and I shook hands. Again I passed through the old-fashioned anteroom, with its furniture of a couple of hundred years ago, its paintings and busts of German statesmen who had long been in their graves. The old-world flunkey, in white tie and long black swallowtails, helped me to put on my overcoat and bowed politely as I walked out of the door and headed for the stairway leading down to the Wilhelmstrasse.

Outside, the first thing that met my eyes was a sentry—young, tall, sinister—mounting guard in front of the Chancellery next door. On his head was a trench helmet. On the sleeve of his coat was the black swastika, against a background of red and white, official insignia of Hitlerism. Nothing of the old Germany about that sentry! He was the new Germany incarnate.

The sight of him, incarnating violent today, in front of that eighteenth-century palace, typical of courtly yesterday, made it vividly clear to me what brown-shirted Adolf Hitler, destructive yet discerning, sees in blue-blooded Konstantin von Neurath:

An island of suavity in a sea of roughness. A shelter for tradition in a tempest of change. A velvet glove for the Nazi fist.



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Beautiful new 2-coat paint lasts twice as long ... defies checking, cracking, peeling, fading ... laughs at sun and weather

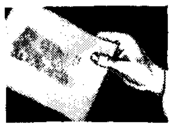
Daring scientists defied all former paint tradition—and cut your house-paint bills in half.

They found a way to make a paint that would outlast ordinary paints 2 to 1—that would be 5 shades whiter, stay much cleaner—defy checking, cracking, peeling, fading.

SIMPLE BLOTTER TEST EXPLAINS AMAZING STORY

This blotter painted with conventional paint.

This blotter painted with the new Devoe House-Paint Undercoat.



Back of blotter shows conventional paint soaks thru.

No paint on back of blotter! Devoe stays on surface.

Wood, or the old paint, is as effectively sealed as this blotter!

See this test at your Devoe Dealer's.

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The top-coat defies sun and weather. Rain merely washes the surface clean. Together, these two coats effectively combat destructive sunrays. They do a better job than three coats ever did before.

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YOU DON'T NEED READY CASH. Under the Devoe Budget Plan the average home can be painted for only $5.75 per month—including labor and materials. The coupon will bring you full information.

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Gentlemen: Please send me without obligation on my part your booklet which (1) tells all about the new Devoe House-Paint System; (2) shows the blotter test; (3) gives full information on the Devoe Budget Plan for Home Painting.

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EMPLOY A REPUTABLE PAINTER . . SPECIFY DEVOE

FREE THIS WEEK

1000 PAIRS

McCALLUM'S
SILK STOCKINGS

Answer the question
WHAT DID
PEE-CHEE WHITE SAY?

"ALAS! ALACK! BUT HERE'S BAD NEWS HOW CAN I 'STEP' IN DIRTY SHOES?"
(SAYS PEE-CHEE WHITE), "NOW DON'T YOU WORRY,"
PEE CHEE

Here's All You Have To Do—

1. Fill in the "last line" telling what Miss Pee-Chee says about PEE-CHEE White Cleaner. Write it on a separate piece of paper and attach this ad. Give your name, address and stocking size.

2. Send your entry, with the TOP of a Pee-Chee box or facsimile thereof, to "Pee-Chee White, Box 6206, Cleveland, Ohio."

It's fun and easy—There are so many things to say about this marvelous White Shoe Cleaner. Safely cleans ALL White Shoes right.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST CLOSES at midnight Wednesday June 10th. Awards will be made for the best "last lines," in the opinion of the judges, whose decisions will be final. Duplicate awards in case of ties. Entries become the property of Pee-Chee Cleaner Mfg. Co. Winners will promptly receive prizes by mail.

PEE-CHEE CLEANER MFG. COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio

PEE-CHEE
CLEANS WHITE SHOES RIGHT

Mr. Woodall's Wife

Continued from page 26

that forlorn quality which eventually got her started. Some casting director had given her a screen test just to see how homely a subject could be without affecting the camera, and Frances Marion, the screen writer, had seen it and felt sorry for Zasu.

"Did you ever see anything to beat that?" demanded the casting director, screwing up his stupid face in preparation for the big howl.

"It's one of the loveliest faces I ever saw in my life," said Miss Marion, stopping the roar in mid-flight.

And she forthwith wrote a very fat part for Zasu in The Little Princess, which was starring Mary Pickford. It was the part of a slavey and Zasu mopped up on it, but the important thing was the Frances Marion connection.

"After that, whenever I got out of work," says Zasu, "Miss Marion would just write me in again."

She underwent tests from D. W. Griffith for a part in Broken Blossoms and there is a Hollywood legend that it was the playing of Miss Pitts in that test that gave Lillian Gish the idea of how it should be played, but Zasu denies it.

"I guess we do look a little bit alike but she's pretty," says Zasu. "I did try out for a part in the picture but Miss Gish had been playing for Mr. Griffith long before that. I don't guess I taught her anything she didn't know."

She worked for practically everybody in Hollywood, with intervals between pictures when producers didn't know whether she was a comedian or a player of serious parts and let her sit on the sidelines until they could make their minds up. It was then that Frances Marion got to the typewriter again and got Zasu back in circulation.

She had two experiences with Chaplin. The first time she was there for six months at fifty dollars a week and never got within yelling distance of a camera. The second time she was paid for four months and appeared in one rehearsed scene and no scenes when the picture was being taken. She has never quite figured out her relations with the Chaplin company but suspects that probably they didn't want her.

In between times she married Tom Gallery and had a baby, a girl. There were complications and operations and she was away from acting for three years. The marriage didn't last but she has no hard feelings about it.

"Yes, sir," she says reminiscently. "Mr. Gallery and I were separated seven, eight years, but nobody knew it. You don't want people knowing all about you, do you now? We just didn't say anything."

She always refers to him as Mr. Gallery and is equally reserved about her new husband, John E. Woodall.

"I guess I'm funny about names," says Zasu. "I called him Mr. Woodall for nearly six months after we were married and then he protested. He said to call him Eddie and furthermore, the name wasn't Wood-Hall but Woodall."

Her Finest Part

She is very much in love with Mr. Woodall and spends all her time fixing up the house out at Brentwood Heights. She has two children, a boy and a girl, ages fourteen and fourteen and a half. This sounds mysterious enough until it is explained. The boy was the son of Barbara LaMarr and was adopted by Zasu after the death of Miss LaMarr.

Zasu Pitt's kindness is famed in Hollywood and the LaMarr case is only one in which she has helped. She was equally courageous when Thelma Todd died, coming forward to testify in the case because she admired Thelma Todd and resented insinuations about the girl's life which she didn't feel were borne out by the facts. When she heard about Barbara LaMarr's illness she set out to find her. It wasn't easy because Miss LaMarr was being sheltered from the usual vultures who hover about the dying. In some way she learned she was living in Altadena and went up there and inquired at all the florists until she found one who had been delivering flowers to Miss LaMarr. From then on Zasu visited her every day, took the boy into her own home and later adopted him. She thinks he's about the finest boy who ever lived.

Her finest part was in Greed, and Eric von Stroheim had to fight everybody in the studio to get her in the cast. At first they were testing out the pretty girls for the role and it was rumored that it was to go to Pauline Stark. Zasu was playing on the set next to Greed and von Stroheim saw her in a comedy part. He sent for her to take a test.

"I almost tore the set down getting over there," says Zasu.

But the big shots in the organization didn't like her.

"This story of yours is horrible enough without throwing Zasu in there to frighten the audience," they told von Stroheim.

But at that time nobody had ever been found who could sway von Stroheim when he got an idea in his head. He wanted Zasu and she was finally in the cast, turning in a performance which belongs among the high moments of screen drama, just as Greed is one of the greatest of all pictures. The sheer intensity of the film overcame any preconceived ideas of Miss Pitts as a comedy actress and established her as an important dramatic star.

But only for a short time. Greed was a commercial failure and was seen by only a few people. Zasu went back to comedy roles for a time and then was tried again in a serious part. It worked into one of the most tragic moments of her life. When the picture was shown at the preview, the audience, which knew her solely as a comedy figure, broke into laughter at the serious passages and they had to remake the film with another actress in her role.

She is still hoping that she will get a serious part again but that experience was years ago and she is still in comedy roles. She is reconciled to it but not entirely satisfied. "I'm always the hired help," she says. "Good waiting-on-table parts."

During the filming of Thirteen Hours by Air she had hopes. "I'm playing a governess now," she said, "coming up."

With the exception of one motor trip to Portland and Seattle last year and an air flight to Texas to appear at the opening of a new theater, she had never been out of California until she came to New York last winter.

An Easy Life

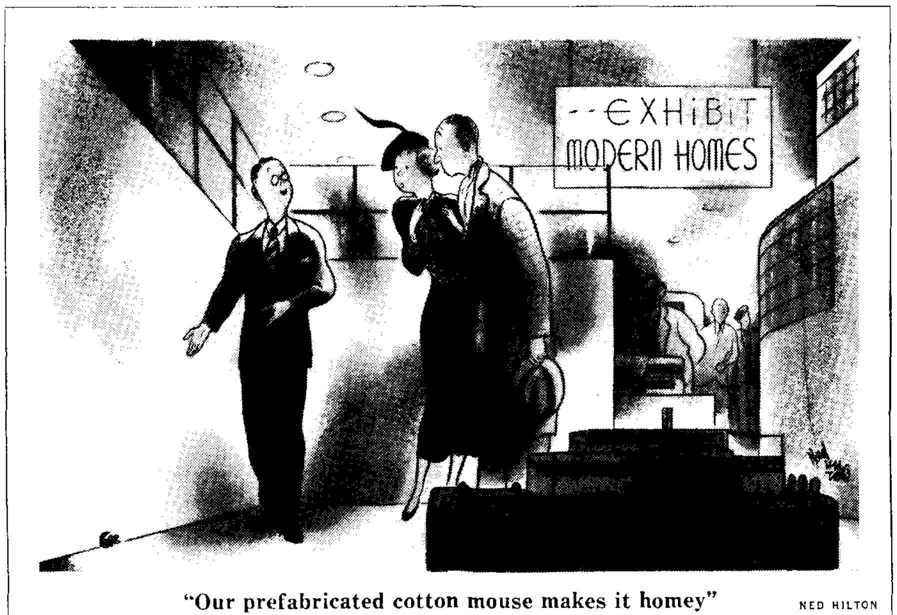
She has learned not to take pictures too seriously and is not annoyed by sitting around all day waiting for the cameras to grind. On the set she sticks pretty close to her knitting, wielding a competent needle in that contest which now involves all Hollywood actresses. The rest of the time she spends in conversation with her stand-in, Miss Bush, and with plans for the children's schooling at home.

About Miss Bush she is quite resigned.

"Stand-in for me?" she says sadly. "Don't be silly. I'm a stand-in for her. Just try finding that girl when you want her. On a good busy day she gets the gout or something. Yesterday they had me out there on that set for eighteen hours. Everybody was sick of me."

If she dislikes anything at all, it's reporters who talk about her fluttering hands and piping voice. She insists that her hands don't flutter and her voice definitely is on the drawling side. She speaks rather slowly and tentatively, as if she would be very glad to shut up if anybody suggested it. She has a bad memory for the old times in movies or else the romance of it has never touched her, because she never recalls anything interesting that ever happened to her. It's been an easy life in which she either had work or Frances Marion created some for her. If pressed sufficiently, she will admit that she has ambitions to become a serious actress. She was wishing rather hesitantly that somebody would speak to somebody about giving her the part in Good Earth but it was hardly likely that she would have the nerve to carry the idea far. She likes Miss Pickford and thinks Miss Hepburn a very nice girl and is also fond of the acting of Lionel Barrymore, but in her own case she has no intention of complaining about her fate. After all, she has her home and the children and Mr. Woodall.

"Be sure and make it Woodall," she says. "Mr. Woodall is very sensitive about that."



"Our prefabricated cotton mouse makes it homey"

NED HILTON

TOMMY ARMOUR MAKES A LONG ONE at the 19th HOLE

1936 JUNE 1936

"THE DRINK OF THE MONTH"

"The Birdie" . . . G&W's June Cooler

1 jigger G&W Distilled London Dry Gin
1 jigger Claret *1 teaspoon Powdered Sugar*
Juice of 1 Lime (or ½ Lemon)

Put gin, juice and sugar in tall glass, add cube of ice and carbonated water and stir well. Then float the jigger of Claret—and treat yourself to a summer thirst-quencher that's par on any course!

ORIGINAL
G&W
DISTILLED
London Dry
GIN
4/5 QUART

G&W CRYSTAL PALACE DISTILLED DRY GIN. Another G&W "controlled flavor" gin. A great value for party-givers. Distilled from grain. 85 proof.

Crystal Palace
DISTILLED DRY GIN

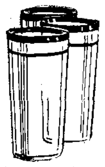
G&W BEATS GIN BOGEY! Tommy Armour may be champion on the fairway, but any duffer can match his 19th hole triumphs! For G&W has banished the bogey of "up-and-down" gin flavor. No longer need you juggle the proportions specified in your recipe to balance variations in your gin!

G&W London Dry Gin is distilled from grain, according to a famous old English formula. But a modern scientific secret enables G&W to control its delicate flavor through every step of the distilling process. Imported juniper berries, sweet orange peel, coriander seed and other essential ingredients are perfectly blended to produce the soft, smooth taste that's just right *all* of the time, instead of only once in a while.

Try Tommy Armour's recipe for "The Birdie" . . . and steer clear of the rough by making *all* your gin drinks with G&W Distilled London Dry!

"JUDGE YOUR GIN BY ITS ORIGIN"

HIGHBALL GLASSES FREE!



G & W offers "hospitality sets" of 6 highball glasses *free* for the best gin or whiskey recipes sent in this month! Winners will be notified by July 15th. Mail your favorite recipe to Gooderham & Worts, Ltd., Dept. J, P.O. Box 887, Detroit, Mich.

G&W DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN

DISTILLED FROM GRAIN . . . NINETY PROOF

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Air circulation • Air cleansing
Positive controlled heat for every room
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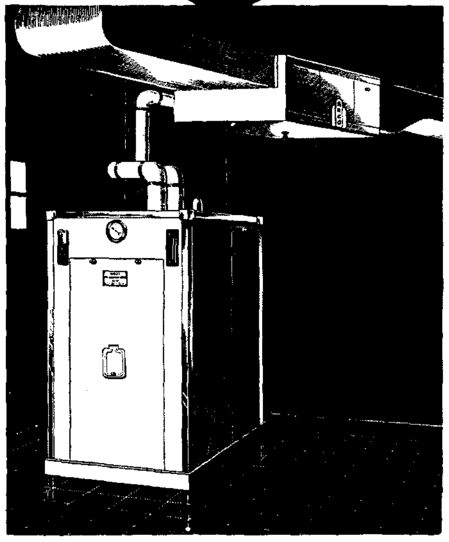

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Because fresh air is constantly circulated throughout your home — and more than that, this air is scientifically cleaned of dirt and dust and properly humidified.

Because new controls and valves make possible the even distribution of sun-like radiant heat in every room of the house.

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THOSE important reasons have caused new American Radiator Conditioning Systems to be the most talked-of improvement among the thousands of recent inventions now being installed in new houses. Ahead of their time in efficiency, the new American Radiator Conditioning Systems are now providing home comfort you never dreamed possible! They use coal, oil, coke or gas for fuel, and can be controlled automatically. If you are one of the many people who are now buying or building new houses — or if you are planning to modernize your present house — see that first you get all the facts about this new home conditioning. Mail the coupon below.

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Come to the Aid of the Party

Continued from page 13

Naturally you are interested. Who wouldn't be? Therefore you ask how your slant-mouth informer knows all this, it being pretty evident that his presence in headquarters has not created any noticeable recognition. But never mind how he knows. He knows—knows. See? Listen, he hasn't been hanging around headquarters all these weeks for nothing. And headquarters doesn't know everything. Old Wisdom has been out around the country, talking to the boys. So listen.

The Young Turks—the dissenters from the tactics of Mr. Fletcher and his staff—want action. See? This Fletcher-Hoover-Snell method is purely defensive. And who ever won a fight with a really tough guy by merely laying back blocking left hooks and straight rights? Pretty soon one of those lefts is going to slip over. And then it's *all* over. Listen. What is the Old Guard doing? Nothing except sitting around waiting for President Roosevelt to say something. And when he does, what do they do? Nothing except holler, " 'Tain't so." And between the presidential speeches what do they do? Nothing except issue neat pamphlets telling you how high taxes are (as if you didn't know) and how wicked Communism is (as if you hadn't heard that before). And who gets these pamphlets? Why, only the upper crust—mostly Republicans. Listen, friend, the womenfolks, the kids and the reliefers never see these pamphlets. And if they did they wouldn't read them, nicely written as they are. Counterpunch fighting. See?

The Pipe Line to Fletcher's Desk

So the Republican National Committee is split down the middle like a smelt. The Young Turks—the Republicrats—want Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Hoover, Mr. Knox and the rest of the bow-and-arrow grenadiers to fight the White House, make it a personal brawl, and leave the New Deal alone. And know why? Listen: There are too many boons, gratuities, benefactions, and acts of grace in the New Deal to make it unpopular with the masses. You can't fight five or six billion dollars with scarecrows and polished logic written by fur-lined economists from statistics furnished by industrial barons who get a hundred thousand dollars a year even when the plant is closed. See? So concentrate fire on Roosevelt, Morgenthau and the Frankfurter boys and the hell with old principles saved over from the nineties—nineties that were gay only for a minority, nine-tenths Republican. See? Never mind how I know, mister. Just take it from me. I've been around. I've got my pipe lines running clear up to Fletcher's desk. Understand? When you've been in the political game as long as me—

While this is being poured into your ear, you notice that the brief-case brigade has moved out to the edge of their chairs. And instead of the one fellow who was startled into resentful action by the pulpit voice who wanted poor churches rescued from their creditors, five or six of them have their hands cupped behind their ears. They would join us if it weren't that they'd lose their seats and don't know how long they'll have to wait before being heard. Nevertheless, quite a nice little group has gathered to drink in the words of mysterious wisdom which are still being slanted at us. And we're rather surprised that our volunteer intelligence service doesn't resent the eavesdroppers. But the truth is that he rather likes it. Nothing so flattering as an audience—provided it's a quiet one. Listen.

You'd think, wouldn't you, that the Republicrats—the bolshies who are sore at GHQ—would quit crabbing and go over to the Borah faction? Yeah? Well, *you* would. That just shows you that you don't know this political racket. These turkeys with an itch to make a barroom fight of it are as conservative as old Simeon Fess, Reed Smoot, Bert Snell, Senator Hastings or Herbert Hoover himself. Just about as radical as the Liberty League. See? But they want to win. And they don't think you can win this year merely by laying back and sticking out the tongue at the New Deal. Get it?

It's No Time to Go Intelligent

Take last night. Last night the President came out with a Tommy-gun attack on the old dollar-a-day industrial barons, a blast at the child-labor employers and slapped the mine operators silly. Attacked. See? Attacked. And what is the Old Guard going to do? Why, issue a statement saying, " 'Tain't so." And maybe it ain't. But what of it? There were votes in that speech. Votes. That's what the young bucks are yearning for—votes. Maybe GHQ's literature and manifestoes are salvos of truth—maybe. And what if they are aimed at the intelligence of the voters? Intelligence. Listen. If you try to match the intelligent vote—"the vote of thinking Americans"—against the belly vote, where are you? Few wheezes give your professional politician as loud a laugh as an appeal to "the vote of thinking Americans." So this, my dear, dear sir, is no time to go intelligent. Don't think so much; work, fight, attack. When you add to the belly vote the votes of the share-our-wealthers, the Coughlinites, the Wall Street haters and the hell-with-the-boss boys you had better show the folks something more maddening than a tattered Constitution, a sweated dollar, pictures of Moscow and laments for future generations. See?

This goes on indefinitely. The only thing that gives it pause is the reappearance of the big shots who, you have been given to understand, have been in Mr. Fletcher's office craftily deliberating upon what should be said in reply to the President. It is somewhat disappointing to learn later that nothing like this has been going on at all. There had been no brawling, no dissension—and virtually no cerebration. It has been a dourly colorless confabulation, merely a conference such as the famous Honorable Bull Andrews of Pennsylvania used to describe.

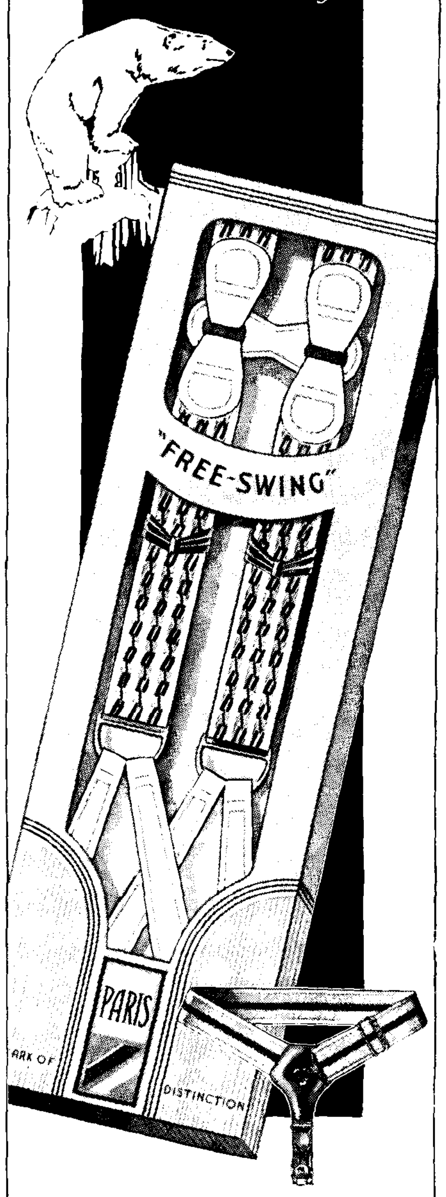
"A red-hot political conference," said Mr. Andrews one morning after an all-night session called in the heat of the campaign by his master, the Honorable Boies Penrose, "is composed of a bunch of leaders sitting around drinking Bourbon and wondering what the hell to do next."

They Must Have Drama

But the outside-office strategists at any political headquarters are not to be persuaded that it's as simple as that. They will insist upon drama, mystery, Machiavellian cunning, mine-laying and heavy thimble-rigging. One of such volcanic imaginations accosted the Honorable Tom Taggart the elder, of Indiana, one evening after that polished boss of Indiana emerged from a protracted conference which was supposed to do something or other about a most unsatisfactory situation.

"Ah, Mr. Taggart," whispered the

"POLAR BEAR"
The Newest Color Style



PARIS
Garters and Suspenders

"FEEL AS COOL AS THEY LOOK"

It would be an exaggeration to say that these new, cool "Polar Bear" Summer Garters and "Free-Swing" Suspenders by Paris are as refreshing as a splashing plunge or a shivery shower. But we do say that they'll help you "beat the heat" . . . in smart style and perfect comfort. Get a few pairs on our "say-so" . . . but be sure you say "Paris" when you do so.

"Free-Swing" Suspenders $1—$1.50
"Can't Skid Off Your Shoulders"

Paris Garters 50c—$1
"No Metal Can Touch You"

AUTHENTIC PARIS STYLING
The Mark of Distinction

A. Stein & Company • Chicago • New York

knowing one, "I understand that you've decided to—" And then he revealed a truly staggering program.

"Is that so?" cried Mr. Taggart, regarding his interviewer with admiring astonishment. "Is that so? Well, by God, I was wondering what we were doing. Thanks."

After all, we are not too much concerned with what happened in Mr. Fletcher's office. The chances are that no matter what all those great men decided upon, it will be valueless tomorrow. Only rarely do politicians set traps for their opponents; it is much less wearing to sit around hoping their adversaries will set them—and get caught in them themselves. And nothing is as dead as a campaign yesterday.

Enter, the Brief-Case Brigade

But we were impressed to see how headquarters was depopulated when the conferees came out and departed. All the corridor and reception-office sages went with them, tagging on behind, still gabbling slant-mouth amongst themselves, shaking their heads sagaciously and reminding each other that they had said so all along. We didn't follow. Now that the offices were cleared of the great minds, the brief-case brigade would have its hour.

First to be heard was Mr. Hudgins. He began smiling the moment he was waved in. His charts were slipping like the sections of a loose telescope. But there was nothing he could do about them because his hands were busy with his hat and overstuffed brief case, compelling him to waddle gingerly.

It was necessary to him that he explain that it was owing to the fertility of his brain that Mr. Coolidge won so easily. He was reminded that it would have been all but impossible for Mr. Coolidge to lose; but Mr. Hudgins was not to be put off like that. Mr. Harding, too, had enjoyed the benefits of the Hudgins cunning. Only the premature death of Mr. Harding had prevented that gentleman from writing an acknowledgment of Mr. Hudgins' uncanny insight and strategic wizardry. Now as to these charts. Chart Number One demonstrated clearly, sir, that Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, California and Indiana were—

But no matter. Mr. Hudgins yearned merely to be the Republican National Committee's Emil Hurja. For Messrs. Roosevelt and Farley, Mr. Hurja compiles vote statistics. By the simplest of arithmetic, such as all of us should have mastered but probably didn't, at a tender age, Mr. Hurja adds, subtracts, multiplies and divides and with astonishing consistency fetches his side out on top. In Republican headquarters they will tell you that the chief difference between Mr. Hurja and Republican statisticians is that Mr. Hurja can do more things with two and two.

The Charts Are Free

For being the Republican Hurja, Mr. Hudgins asked a permanent post with the Republican National Committee. Nothing more. Of course it would have to be a well-paid post but he was quite willing to throw in his charts and patented calculator. Were he not a Republican of generations he might have wanted royalties for the use of his charts and methods. But this assuredly was the time for all good men and true to come to the aid of the party. And it might just as well be known that if Mr. Hudgins were not employed by the Republican National Committee he would be compelled, as much as it distressed him, to offer his services to the Democrats. And when he and Mr. Hurja got through figuring things out it is not unlikely that Mr. Fletcher himself would be counted for Mr. Roosevelt. Therefore—

But Mr. Hudgins' services were not retained. On his way out he paused only long enough to borrow a couple of rubber bands to correct the sliding of his chart roll and say to the other briefcasers in general: "Hell, these mugs here don't want to win."

The next man had a book to sell. He was a soft, round fellow who smoked a dead cigar stump in a browned meerschaum holder. A most agreeable chap, too, slapping the young page's shoulder and asking how old he was. Eighteen? Well, well, well.

This book of his, as yet in manuscript, was in two parts. The first part was the ghastly story of relief in Illinois. The second set forth a brand-new budgetary system for the United States—utterly experiment-proof and self-balancing. Based on "sound household principles," it simply couldn't go wrong. Any schoolboy—yes, even a transplanted college professor, could balance the national budget with this to go by. The author was willing to take almost any job the Republicans had to offer in exchange for which the book was theirs. There was just one thing, however. Any one of five New York publishers were eager to publish the book, requiring only that the author guarantee them a first printing sale of three thousand copies. And this was all that the Republican National Committee would have to do: buy three thousand copies. Having done that they could use them for campaign literature—publish the book serially in newspapers and broadcast it by radio. The author hated to mention it but the truth is that the Democratic National Committee was so anxious that the book remain a manuscript that it was willing to pay handsomely for possession. But this would never, never be done. An author, sir, would fight to the death to protect his creation.

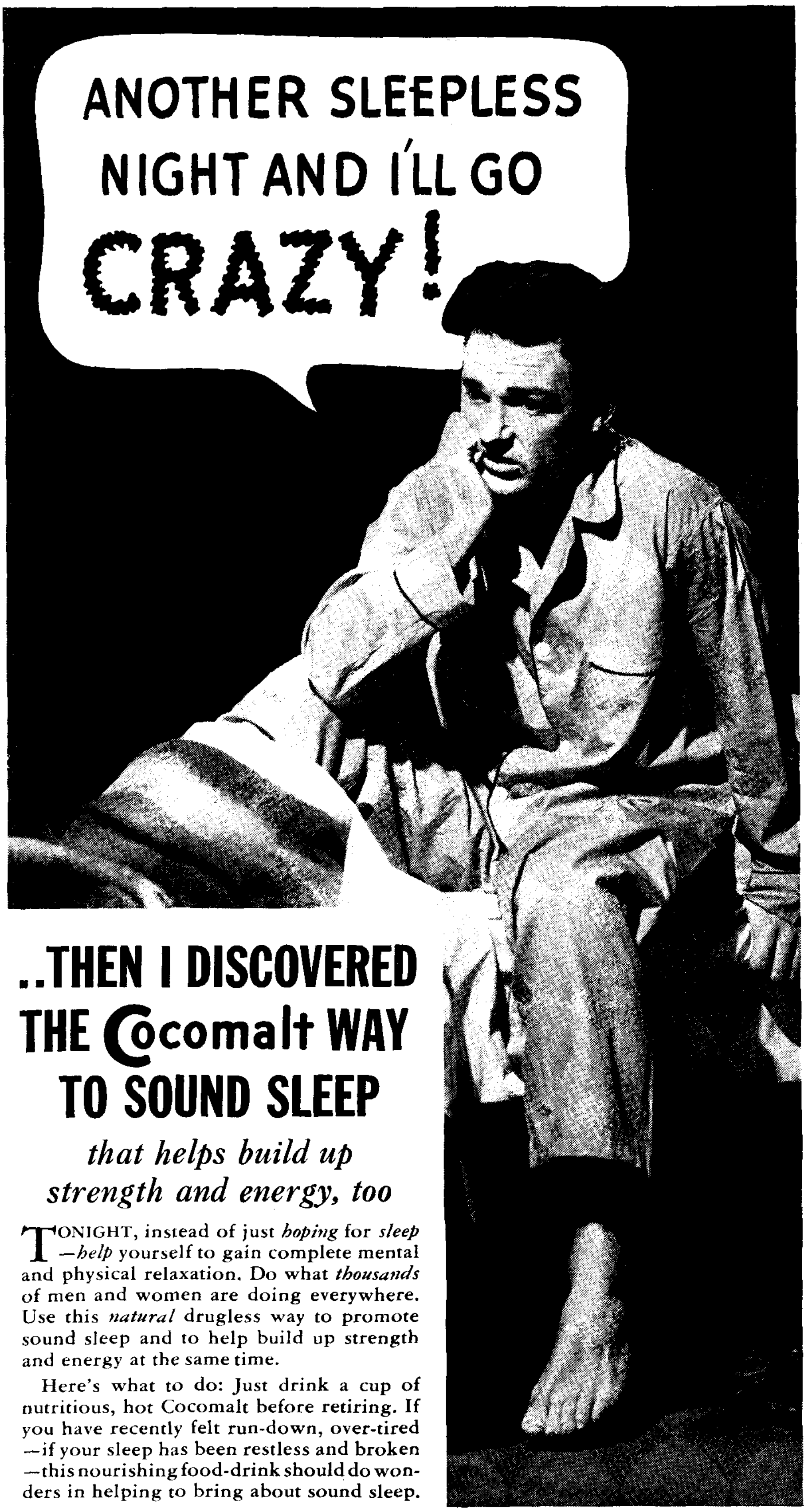
But Times Have Changed

When he came out, still in possession of his devastating work, he said that times had changed; that he remembered the days when the Republican party was on its toes—alert, aware, cognizant. Yet he was better off than when he had gone in: He left with five or six pamphlets telling him how little Americans might expect of America were we to have four more years of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The next chap must have gone bad from too much sitting. He lost no time in ruining himself. Without preamble of self-introduction he accused the Republican National Committee of wasting its money in hiring what he considered a peculiarly futile propaganda bureau populated by ladies and gentlemen who obviously must spend their time thinking about something else. As for himself—well, he mentioned no names but you gathered that had it not been for him America would never have heard of General Motors, Westinghouse, General Electric, Henry Ford, the Pennsylvania Railroad, Hollywood, International Harvester or the Methodist Episcopal Church. The man was frankly colossal and had no intentions of denying it. With him publicizing the Republican campaign, failure would be as unlikely as anemones in the Mojave Desert in August. All he asked was a nice appropriation and to be left to his own devices.

So they decided to leave him to his own devices. The fellow was too big—even for the Republican National Committee, as much as they longed for something big. So he was succeeded in audience by a bald misanthrope who was ready to prove that if re-elected, Mr. Roosevelt proposed to engage the services of six ruddy Muscovites, high-

(Continued on page 58)


ANOTHER SLEEPLESS NIGHT AND I'LL GO CRAZY!

..THEN I DISCOVERED THE Cocomalt WAY TO SOUND SLEEP

that helps build up strength and energy, too

TONIGHT, instead of just *hoping* for *sleep* —*help* yourself to gain complete mental and physical relaxation. Do what *thousands* of men and women are doing everywhere. Use this *natural* drugless way to promote sound sleep and to help build up strength and energy at the same time.

Here's what to do: Just drink a cup of nutritious, hot Cocomalt before retiring. If you have recently felt run-down, over-tired —if your sleep has been restless and broken —this nourishing food-drink should do wonders in helping to bring about sound sleep.

Contains 6 vital food essentials

Cocomalt supplies Iron for red blood and strength. It contains carbohydrates which furnish quick food energy needed for the strenuous activities of our modern high-pressure living. It contains Calcium, Phosphorus and Vitamin D so necessary for strong bones and sound teeth. And it furnishes proteins for building sound flesh and muscle. Cocomalt is easily digested.

Naturally, it is impossible to say that hot Cocomalt will help everybody sleep soundly. But it has been an aid to so many men and women suffering from sleeplessness, that you owe it to yourself to see what Cocomalt can do to help *you* enjoy sound sleep.

Cocomalt comes in powder form only; designed always to be mixed with milk, hot or cold. Always ready to serve. Sold by grocery, drug and department stores in ½-lb., 1-lb. and 5-lb. air-tight cans.

Don't confuse Cocomalt with mere milk flavorings, malted or cocoa drinks. Cocomalt is a delicious food tonic that supplies six vital food essentials. Cocomalt is the registered trade-mark of R. B. Davis Co., Hoboken, N. J.

DOCTOR ADVISED COCOMALT

"I used to lie awake half the night, trying to sleep. On my doctor's advice, I began drinking hot Cocomalt at bedtime. I found I was able to drop off to sleep at once—sound, natural sleep from which I woke feeling rested and refreshed."—*Lillian Eggers, New York City.*

SLEEPS SOUNDLY ALL NIGHT THROUGH

"I used to have difficulty falling asleep. I read in a medical magazine how Cocomalt helps to promote sound, restful sleep. I began drinking it hot, just before retiring. It helped me to fall asleep quickly."—*William J. Humphries, 346 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

BEFORE GOING TO BED—
DULL, LOGY BILIOUS
AFTER WAKING UP—
FRESH AND CLEAR-HEADED
FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT
THE 3 MINUTE WAY

I DID IT THIS WAY

I discovered something really good when I switched from harsh "swallow-it-quick" cathartics to delicious FEEN-A-MINT. The two methods are as different as day and night. If you're the least bit bothered with constipation, chew FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes* before you go to bed. 10 to 1 you'll feel like a million dollars next day. The *chewing*, they tell me, is what helps make the amazing difference.

FEEN-A-MINT is great for the kids too. They love its cool, minty, chewing-gum flavor. And, of course, FEEN-A-MINT is not habit-forming. You can get a big family-sized supply of FEEN-A-MINT at any drug store for 15 cents or a quarter. (Slightly higher in Canada.) Why not adopt this modern idea today?

*Longer if you wish

THREE MINUTES OF CHEWING MAKE THE *difference!*

(Continued from page 57)

powered deviltry stirrers from Mr. Joe Stalin's Comintern. These gory overthrowers were to guide Mr. Roosevelt in his design for sovietizing the United States. Had the gentleman affidavits? Affidavits? Of course not. Did the Republican party know that, had he the affidavits, he would never have reached these headquarters alive? Perhaps the Republican party did not know it, but Mr. Stalin's agents, the seams of their coats ripped beneath the weight of their deadly armaments, had been following him since the ninth of March. But this wasn't all. He could get all the affidavits they wanted, provided they would pay to his wife $100,000 if he were assassinated while gathering them, or $50,000 to him if he survived. He had something else to offer.

A Chance for GOP G-Men

What you Republicans need is action. What you need is to do something to attract the attention, the favorable attention, of the world. All right, then, listen. In his brief case were the names of twenty-seven hundred public enemies. He had damning dossiers on every one of them—not there in that brief case, of course, but he had them all the same. Furthermore, he knew where each of these humanity menaces would be at any moment. Now listen.

Let the Republican National Committee select, from the ranks of Republican clubs all over the nation, squads of bold, trustworthy men—all of them Republicans; preferably, of course, courageous ones. But above all they would have to be New-Deal-hating Republicans. Arm them. Harden them with three weeks of intensive athletic training, getting Pop Warner, Gene Tunney or any of several good American wrestlers to supervise the toughening. Naturally the trainer would have to be selected with some care lest he have Democratic tendencies. Mr. Tunney would be most desirable, his Republicanism being of the very best traditions. Then arm these Republicans.

Under the direction of the father of this idea, these squads, shouting their Republicanism, would advance simultaneously upon the lairs of our twenty-seven hundred public enemies (most of whom would be found to be Democrats anyway) and either shoot them down or carry them off to sturdy Republican-managed prisons. Would that be a blow to Mr. Roosevelt's Democratic G-men? Would that tell the world who stood for law and order? Would an emancipated people run rejoicing to the polls in November and elect a Republican? Virtually none except the families of the twenty-seven hundred public enemies would vote for Mr. Roosevelt, and even then you couldn't be sure what their womenfolk might do. . . .

When this idea breeder came out, he, too, had a handful of Republican campaign literature so that his visit was not wholly profitless. But he didn't look happy. His hat had a dent in it, too.

Why Not Sing the New Deal Out?

We have a feeling that too much of this sort of thing would bore you—and we are not paid to do that. Yet we're supposed to be fair; therefore, we approach a reluctant halt with a brief résumé of what another of the lads had to sell. We set it down with conscious humility, too, because we have learned to salute more fertile minds when we meet them, and to make proper spiritual oblation. Let us have no further dodging of the facts: this guy was a honey.

He had planned a kitchen-door attack upon Rooseveltism. Given his will, he would have all the young mothers and fathers of America, and all the prospective and latent mothers and fathers as well, singing the New Deal out of our lives. He had written a dozen lyrics for which music should be composed by popular song writers. Mr. Berlin, for example. We regret much more than we can tell you that we haven't the verses he had made. Even if we had them we would be lacking the permission to set them down here. But one of them, the real wowful theme song of his campaign layout was called Give My Boy a Chance.

This song, like the others, lamented the plight which will be the lot of our rising generations. What will you say to your boy, dear young mother, when he has grown to man's estate and is struggling valiantly but without an atom of success to establish himself in the business world because of the debt-fetters forged for him by Franklin D. Roosevelt? How is your boy to comfort you in your old age if he himself is impoverished by confiscatory taxes? It is your boy who will have to pay and pay, dear young mother. Please accept, with the kindest regards of the Republican National Committee, these songs. Play them on your piano. Sing them as you prepare the evening meal for your loved ones. Accept, please, these phonograph records. Play them at your bridge parties, during quiet evenings at home.

These songs would be broadcast by radio, sung in clubs, at Rotary, Kiwanis and other business luncheons. The music would be written in various measures and rhythms. Some would be danceable, others would be suitable for church services and hymn sings. The country would be awash with anti-New Deal melody and as the holy-throated Ira Sankey and the tromboning Homer Rodeheaver sang Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight, The Ninety and Nine and Sweet Beulah Land into America's heart to stouten it against sin, so would new evangels sing us back to the faith of The Founders.

Let's Look at the Democrats

There was no song on the lips nor in the soul of this gentleman when at last he emerged from within, a neat bundle of Republican pamphlets in his hand. And he followed in the wake of his predecessors to the elevator. No sale. And as we have told you, we shall not linger longer in Republican headquarters. You have heard enough.

So let us transfer to the offices of the Democratic National Committee and, we report with considerable chagrin, rather bitter disappointment. Very little if any of the same color is visible. Scarcely anybody enters to give or sell advice, the popular acceptance being that the Democrats don't need brains. You don't throw life preservers to men who are on the ship, you see. Now and then ladies and gentlemen come in to complain, even to threaten; but scarcely anybody invades the place with proffers of unsolicited assistance.

Besides, most of the work is being done by the Honorable Jim Farley and his human adding machine, Mr. Hurja. And that is largely mechanical. Aside from the daily routine of the professional politician's day—a tentative yes here and a stingless no yonder, things like that—there is relatively little for the Democrats to do but ride on the tide and hope that nothing happens to impede the current.

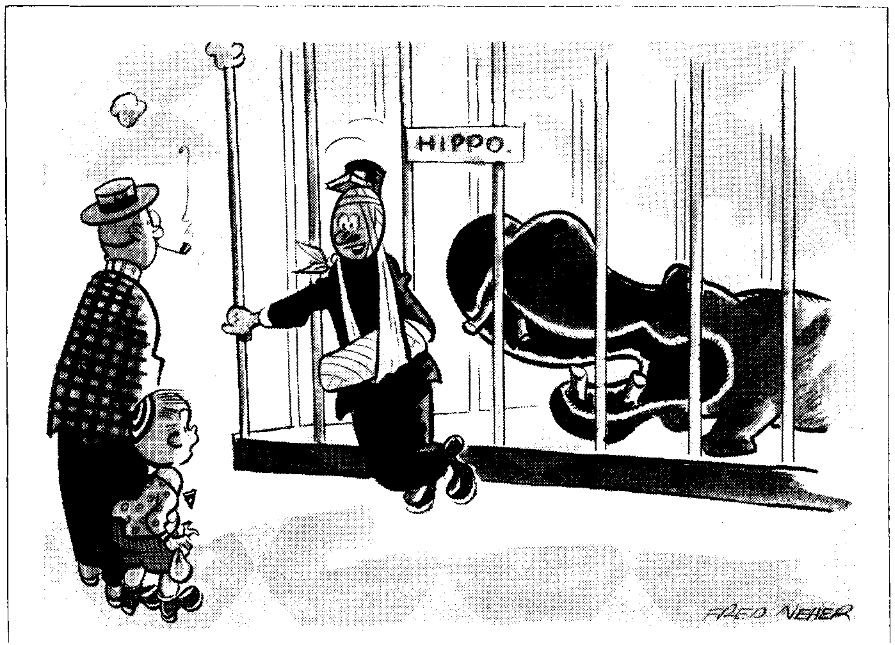
Really a pretty dull life. And certainly no place for our brief-case comrades who are by nature revivalists, rescuers, restorers. They thrive on the other fellow's lucklessness; and the Democrats are just now gorged with luck.

Not, mind you, that the pleasant hum of industry is absent from Democratic headquarters. Rows of bright people are compiling records and data, heaping up ammunition, collating political dossiers against the day when this or that Republican shall present himself for shooting at. As a presidential nominee, for example. We heard all manner of prophecy. We are not privileged to mention names, but we are assured that if so-and-so is the nominee he will be smeared with this brush. If the Republicans nominate yonder gentleman, brush Number Two will be wielded. And as for the Honorable Dan Dunk—well, if they nominate him, the kindest thing would be to notify the police.

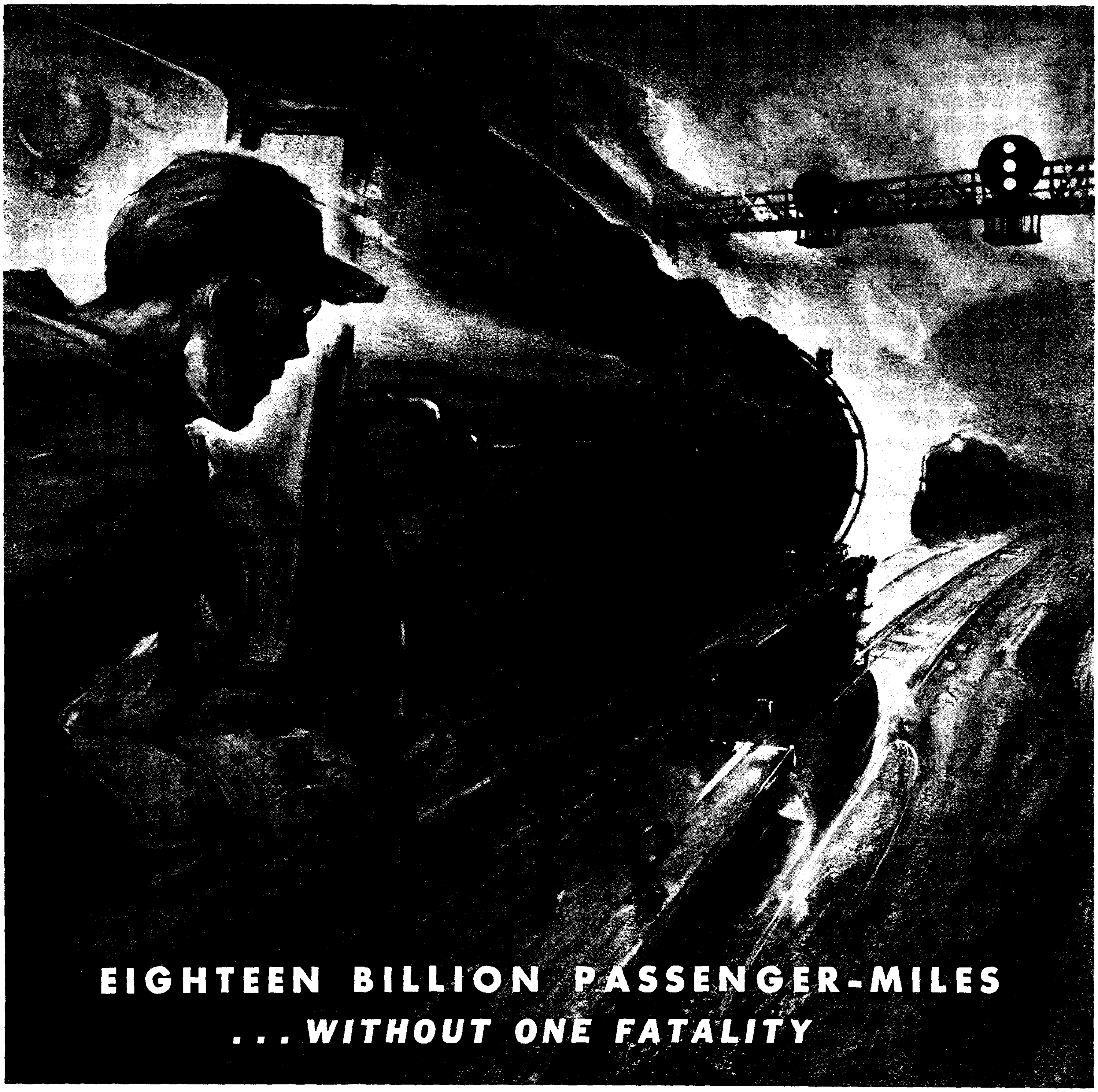
So our suggestion is that you keep yourselves well under control until the callithump and moose-calling at Cleveland and Philadelphia are over. At both conventions the brief-case brigade will be out with smiles for all and plot and plan by the ton. There, you will be able to see them for yourself, charging hither and yon selling themselves and their infallible potions to all and sundry seekers after office. Or trying hard.

But if you long to see them all—all of them with extra heavy cases and special extra diagrams—rally round the Republican nominee.

"Listen," says the fellow who failed to sell the Republicans his life work—The Five Zones of Success. "Give me a chance and I'll elect Gaston Means or Al Capone. That's how sure I am. But no fooling. With my plan Governor Landon would be a forty-to-one shot to win. Borah would be a twenty-to-one bet. Knox couldn't lose. McNary would be a cinch. Vandenberg would walk in. Hell, I could elect Lester Dickinson."



"He sneezed yesterday and caught me off balance" FRED NEHER



A magnificent record . . . during 1935, men, women and children traveled a total of more than eighteen billion miles by rail without a single passenger fatality as the result of a train accident!

With trains running on faster schedules than ever before, this is a tribute alike to railroad men and to the dependability of all railroad equipment. It is proof, if any could be needed, that the railroads take no chances with the equipment upon which the safety of passengers depends. And it is significant that for operating the signals that make today's higher train speeds safe, as well as for car lighting, air conditioning and other vital services, many of the country's leading railroads depend on Exide Batteries.

With the experience of the railroads to guide you, there is no need to take chances when you require a new battery for your car. You *know* that Exides have proved their dependability for nearly half a century in many vital services. Is there any other battery that so thoroughly merits your confidence? Exides are priced for every car-owner. Look for the sign of the nearest Exide dealer—symbol of honest service.

WHEN IT'S AN Exide YOU START

•

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY
Philadelphia . . . *The World's Largest Manufacturers of Storage Batteries for Every Purpose*
Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto

Beneath that cool summer Gabardine his smart checked shirt and his Guards tie the Gentleman is wearing

B.V.D. Sheer Comfort SHIRTS and SHORTS!

NEXT to himself he likes B. V. D. best—in this case the styled smartness, the comfort and the polar coolness of B. V. D.'s "Sheer Comfort" short and 2-ounce shirt. B. V. D. shorts all feature B.V.D.'s exclusive "All-Ways Stretch" patent—the comfort feature that gives free play to every move of limb and muscle. A wide range of cool summer fabrics at 50c and up. The B. V. D. Co., Inc., New York. The B. V. D. Co., Ltd., Montreal.

LOOK FOR THIS FAMOUS GUARANTEE

MADE FOR THE B.V.D. BEST RETAIL TRADE. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

of style and comfort in union suits, shirts and shorts, swim suits. Ruggers, knit underwear, pajamas and robes by B. V. D.

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Chasing Rainbows

Continued from page 20

fishermen discover them and scoop them out again.

You can see these hatchery trucks, some of them elaborate modern affairs with refrigerated tanks and motorized blowers that keep the water aerated during the hazardous journey from rearing pool to river, plying the highways day and night during fishing season; and behind them, if you look sharp, you can see the inevitable pursuing squadron of anglers trailing the trucks in limousines and model T's, sniffing out their tortuous routes along the back roads, working up the scent, roaring in hot pursuit like a pack of assorted dogs after a coquettish but elusive female.

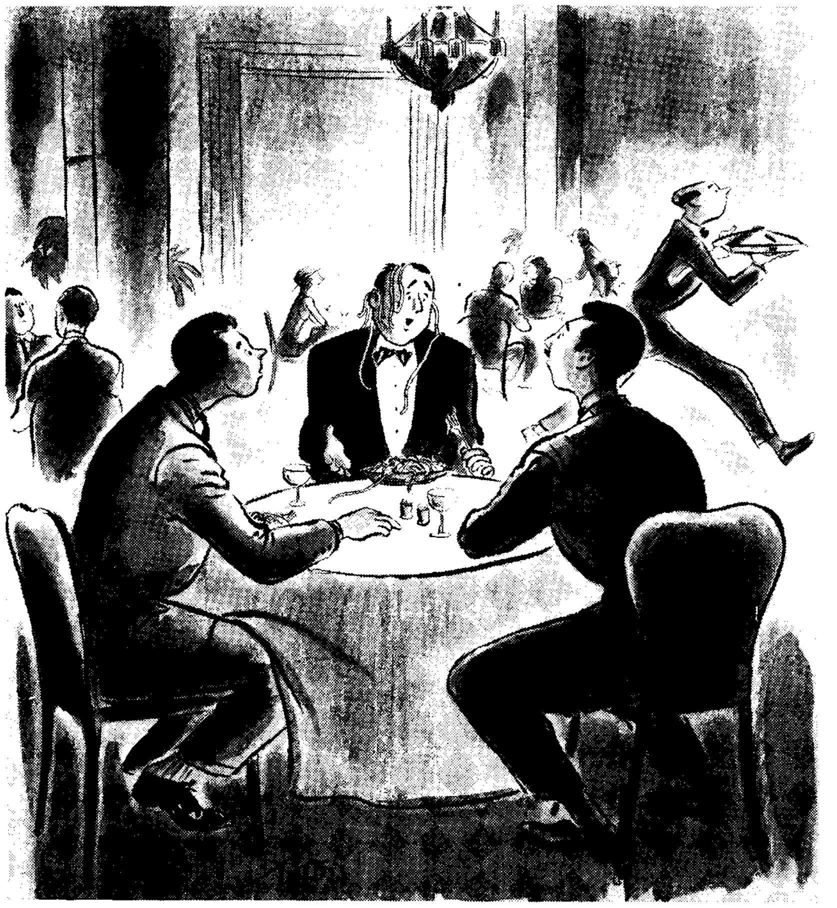
Let us join the pack, and follow one of these hatchery trucks as it makes its way to a typical Eastern stream. Already a dozen cars are halted fender to fender along the road when we arrive, and the impatient anglers are forming in line, like a crowd in front of a pay telephone, waiting their chance to get down to the freshly stocked pool. Along the trampled bank they are jammed elbow to elbow, bait fishermen and spinner fishermen and fly fishermen (wet and dry), natives in gum boots, de luxe anglers in imported waders, a few nondescript fishermen in vests and derby hats. They are hammering the water with expensive split-bamboo rods, with steel poles, with willow saplings; they are pelting the pool with a murderous assortment of lures; they are offering the bored and surfeited trout everything from a delicate bivisible Pink Lady to a dripping gob of worms. . . .

Rig up your own rod, and elbow your way through the crowd to the water's edge. Tie on this dark Montreal—that ought to look enough like a hunk of liver—poke your rod sideways over your shoulder like a fencing foil, and jab it toward the water. (Better button your ears, because your neighbor three feet away doesn't care much what happens to his own backcast.) Now, let's see if you can reach your fly out to that trout in the center of the pool before the fisherman on the opposite bank—good, you hooked him. No, you hooked the fisherman. Well, try again; these hatchery trout don't scare easily. That's better. Now horse him in quickly before he has a chance to tangle with all those other lines downstream. Scoop him up in your net, lift him by the gills, hold him proudly aloft—all six inches of him—while the other anglers crowd around you enviously and someone runs to the car for the camera.

An Ever-Increasing Army

Turn him slowly in your hand. He is a rainbow trout (*salmo irideus*, one-tenth natural size, if we know our eastern streams). Notice the clear green back and silvery belly, the dark freckles, the faint roseate flush along each side that gives him his name. Notice, too, the heavy shoulders, the fighting jaw, the strong spadelike tail, the powerful streamlined body that can leap six feet out of water, battling all the way to the net with a savage endurance that has made this species by all odds the most spectacular fresh-water game fish in the world.

That little trout in your hand, for all his scant six inches, represents one of the biggest investments in the United States today. He is a vital part of an annual turnover in this country that approximates one billion dollars, if we count the money expended by sportsmen each year for tackle, for licenses, for automobiles, for clothes and food and guides and lodging. Your fish, moreover, if he had gone over two pounds, would have cost the state between three and five dollars to raise (cod, by the way, is selling today in the market for fifteen cents a pound, in case you happen to run across one of those stubborn citi-



"I get kind of nervous when people watch me eat spaghetti"

DO YOU JOHN AND MARY LOU, TAKE ALKA-SELTZER, TRIED AND TRUE, TO KEEP YOU WELL?
I DO!
I DO!
NO-BOD-DEE KNOWS HOW GOOD WE FEEL WE AL-KAL-IZED AF-TER THAT MEAL
SOUR STOMACH
ONE NEVER GETS A HEADACHE, SON, FROM BEING OVER WISE.
BUT IF I DO, I'M WISE ENOUGH TO ALKA-SELTZER-IZE
HEADACHE
Alka-Seltzer
Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer AT ALL DRUGGISTS 30¢ 60¢ SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

TUNE IN THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT NBC NETWORK

Be Wise—Alkalize

Alka-Seltzer Makes a sparkling alkalizing solution containing an analgesic (*acetyl salicylate*). You drink it and it gives prompt, pleasant relief for Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, Colds and other minor Aches and Pains.

Fairway 50¢

The golf ball with a million friends.

United States Rubber Products, Inc.

Yes THERE IS ONE OUTBOARD MOTOR THAT COMBINES QUALITY and LOW PRICE

MODEL 100 $59.50 F. O. B. FACTORY

It's the Sea-Horse Model 100—lowest priced Johnson in Johnson history. Ideal for fishermen, campers, cottagers, tourists. Weighs 24¾ lbs. 15 quality features, many not in any other outboard! Highest *certified* h.p. rating in its class.

WRITE for details on this and 6 other 1936 Sea-Horse Models. Most Johnson dealer names are in Classified Phone Directory under "Outboard Motors."

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY
250 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Ill.
Canadian Johnson Motor Co., Ltd., Peterboro, Canada

JOHNSON Sea-horse OUTBOARD MOTORS

zens who still claim a man should have a right to catch all the trout he wants to eat). He supplies the favorite recreation each spring for something like one out of every ten citizens in America—there were almost fourteen million licenses sold in this country last year, and this year's total is expected to be considerably greater—and even the allegedly popular American sports of golf or baseball would have to hump themselves considerably to claim a bigger following than that.

That little trout you have just caught, in other words, is the reason why our various states are spending hundreds of thousands of dollars each year, why our Conservation Departments sit up nights and grow gray figuring ways and means of increasing the annual output, why our senators and congressmen are beleaguered by outraged constituents who want something done about their own local fishing or else. He is the reason why our hatcheries are working overtime, their concrete sheds crammed with trays full of eyed eggs and rack upon rack of tiny fry, their outdoor rearing pools already jammed to capacity with fingerlings and mature fish ready for planting. He is the reason why the states are buying or leasing mile after mile of additional public waters and stocking them three or four times during the height of the season—Connecticut set out close to a million trout last year, New Jersey estimates roughly one hundred and fifty pounds of hatchery-reared fish to each mile of stocked stream, New York State alone raised and released 10,091,485 trout in a single year—in a vain effort to meet the demands of an ever-increasing army of clamoring fishermen.

For unfortunately not even our government, which is in the miracle business these days, can work a miracle here. The regrettable truth of the matter is that trout can no longer propagate naturally in the majority of our Eastern streams. Most of the big rivers in the thickly populated states are largely ruined, dried up as a result of uncontrolled timbering, polluted by refuse from factories and mills, ripped to pieces by recurring spring floods such as the recent New England disaster—deforestation at work again—or dammed by power companies into warm and stagnant pools that cannot support trout. The best that our Eastern states can hope to do today is to raise legal-sized trout in their hatcheries, and liberate them over and over during the season as fast as they are caught.

With a Kick of His Tail

"Put 'em out, and put 'em out again, and make the sportsmen think it's the real thing," your eastern state commissioner admits bluntly. "Everything else in America comes in cans these days, from corned beef to beer. Now it looks as though we're going to have canned fishing as well."

"We planted three million fingerlings in Jersey one fall," says Superintendent Hayford of the big plant at Hackettstown, "but we couldn't make them stick. It's no use. The good old days of natural trout reproduction in the streams of the heavily populated East have gone forever."

To be sure, the old-timers along the stream snort indignantly at the prospect of angling for these incubator babies. The ones who can afford it take down their rods in disgust and head for Canada, or Alaska, or the protected waters of a private preserve. Even the last of the veteran trout, sulking behind a boulder as the state warden empties another milkcanful of natty young hatchery trout into the pool beside him, shrugs a battered fin and turns up his hooked nose in supreme contempt.

"I don't know what this younger generation is coming to," he sighs, watching a credulous little rainbow eying a clumsy imitation of a May fly drifting over his nose. "In my day we wasn't born in trays, and pampered on liver and pieces of bread. No, sir, a trout had to be smart to feed himself when I was a fry. Why, I can remember swimming downstream ten miles every morning to school—" He winces as the newcomer grabs the hook and is yanked headfirst to the surface. "These liver-fed youngsters are lowering the tone of the whole stream."

A number fourteen spent-wing Cahill floats downstream to him, and he rises to it with a leisurely kick of his tail, takes it delicately between his lips, rides with it once or twice around the pool, and snubs it off at last on a root.

"Always look forward to a little brush with Jones each year," he smiles, settling back behind his boulder and picking a frayed bit of gut from his teeth. "He's a nice old codger, even if he did eat Grandma. Ain't many of us old-timers left. . . ."

A Dry-Fly Purist

We had packed in seventeen miles to the Tonquin Valley, over a horse-killing trail, in our pursuit of the elusive rainbow; and we might have been the first ever to wet a fly in these wilderness waters. Caribou wandered down from the hills to stare at us, ptarmigan blinked unafraid from the bushes, and several puzzled deer approached almost within arm's reach as we fished. Even the wranglers from our own outfit, their horses unsaddled and turned loose to graze, hobbled down over the rocks in their high-heeled boots and squatted on their hunkers beside the stream, watching us in undisguised curiosity.

"What I don't understand," one cowboy muttered at last, shoving a floppy Stetson back dubiously from his forehead, "is why you fellers are so much trouble to yourselves. You could snake out all the fish you want on a worm."

Another wrangler beside him opened our aluminum fly box, pinched a delicate Quill Gordon between stubby fingers, dropped it back, and shook his head.

" 'Tain't sportin'," he declared flatly. " 'Tain't fair to the fish. The least you fellers could do before you knock 'em off," he scowled, "would be to give 'em a square meal instead of just a bunch of feathers. . . ."

The dry fly still may be comparatively unknown, at last reports, in the great open spaces of the West where fish are fish; but the cult is spreading fast along the overcrowded streams back home. More and more anglers, faced with the increasing scarcity of big trout, have chosen to refine their tackle and impose certain sporting limitations upon themselves, like handicaps in golf, in order to derive the maximum pleasure from what few fish they take. Canned fishing has had one benefit, at least: the brethren of the angle are turning slowly but surely to the split bamboo and the floating lure. They have progressed in easy stages from the worm dunker with a green-heart pole to the bait caster with a stubby steel rod; from the bait caster in turn to the wet-fly angler, working several flat-winged lures toward him under water; from the wet-fly fisherman at last to the purist with a single cocky dry that flicks here and there over the pool like a natural insect depositing its eggs, riding the crest of the riffles on its hackle, turning in a back eddy, drifting temptingly toward the smooth, dark run by the farther bank where the hungry rainbows lie. . . .

For Elmer Q. Sportsman is a dry-fly purist now. He has a nine-foot four-ounce rod of split bamboo with an ac

(Continued on page 62)

What's behind your smile?
Outside, teeth white! But you can't fool nature. Failure to clean behind your front teeth means trouble!

Clean both sides of your teeth

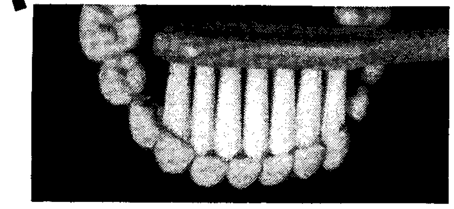
Tek TOOTH BRUSH

Tartar forms INSIDE where old-style brushes miss

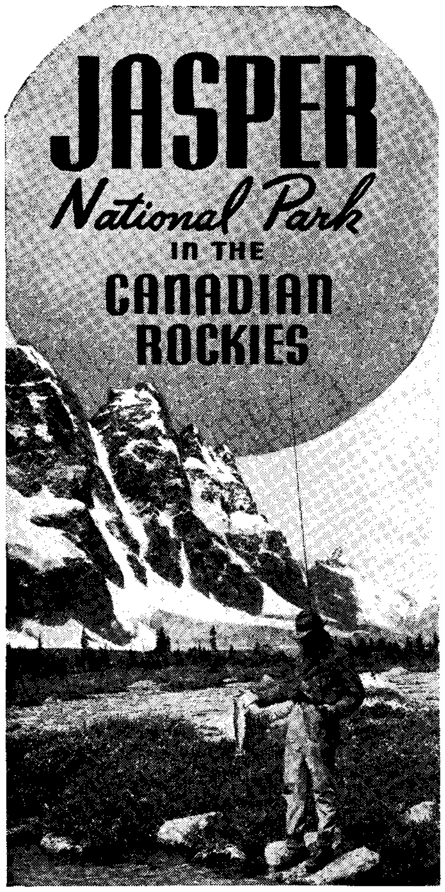
• You can't afford to trust to luck and hit-or-miss brushing. Tartar, if allowed to collect, loosens gums. Loose gums lose teeth.

Tek is shaped to fit the narrow INSIDE curve where ordinary brushes are too bulky to reach. It cleans inside as easily and surely as on outside surfaces. No extra cost for this extra protection of your health and good looks.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.



VACATION SPECIAL—Your druggist is featuring Tek Tooth Brush today. Get two—dentists advise—one for morning, one for night. Remember, Tek Jr. for the children.



A Glorious Vacation
awaits *you* at Jasper

Golf on a championship course in an alpine setting of surpassing beauty—motoring—riding trail—hiking—swimming in a warmed outdoor pool—and fishing for speckled and rainbow trout in sparkling lakes and tumbling streams.

Canadian National's Jasper Park Lodge, rendezvous of discriminating travellers, affords a delightful social life with music, dancing and every comfort. Accomodation for 650 guests. Rates with meals: $7.00 per day and up. Open June 13th to September 15th.

Jasper National Park—America's largest mountain playground—is easy to reach by Canadian National's famous "Continental Limited". Through sleeping cars from Montreal, Toronto and St. Paul to Jasper and Vancouver. Low summer fares.

For booklets, low rail fares, etc., call or write

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420 Main St.

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CINCINNATI
206 Dixie Terminal Bldg.

DETROIT
1523 Washington Blvd.

DULUTH
428 W. Superior St.

KANSAS CITY
333 Rail Exchange Bldg.

LOS ANGELES
607 So. Grand Ave.

MINNEAPOLIS
634 Marquette Ave.

NEW YORK
673 Fifth Ave.

MONTREAL
360 McGill St.

PHILADELPHIA
1500 Chestnut St.

PITTSBURGH
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PORTLAND, Me.
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Prices in plain figures
30-day guarantee on certified cars
5-day driving trial on all cars

Buy with confidence under pledge protection.

STUDEBAKER DEALERS FOR BIG USED CAR VALUES

(Continued from page 61)

tion that he would not trade for Sally Rand, an imported English reel whose lightly adjusted click purrs with a sweeter music than the organ at his mother-in-law's funeral. a triple-tapered line of enameled silk, a 4-X tapered gut leader that spins out to the thinness of a hair. He is wearing lightweight rubber waders with stocking feet, and over them a pair of enormous felt-soled wading-brogues, a canvas fishing jacket that is a labyrinth of pockets, a broad-mouthed landing net of solid ash—he will have none of these trick collapsible affairs now—buttoned to his left breast-pocket, a red bandanna about his neck, and a flat rubberized canvas creel slung over his shoulder. His pockets are crammed with a heterogeneous assortment of angler's knives, fly-oil bottle, line greaser, nippers, magnifying glass, tweezers, stream thermometer, leader case, and several flat aluminum boxes whose tiny compartments are crammed with flies—with spent wings and fan wings and bivisibles, with Coachmen and March Browns and Cahills and Duns. with homemade patterns of no special name tied with feathers from the guest-room pillow, the neighbor's parrot, or his wife's favorite hat.

Bit by bit, it seems, Elmer Q. Sportsman is learning to fish for sport instead of for fish. He has found that a trout on the rod is worth two in the creel. When he spots a rising fish these days, he no longer rushes out eagerly into the center of the pool to snap him—not the new Elmer, that is. He parks himself instead on a log, with his fly box open on his knee and a natural insect that he has just captured still fluttering in his fingers; and he selects the best imitation from his box only after considerable scholarly thought. He dips it carefully in waterproofing oil, blots its hackles, and knots it firmly onto his leader so that it will ride upright and cocked on the water. Now he wades out gingerly into the tail of the pool and works his way upstream step by step, his eyes fixed on the spot where the last rise had been.

With a swift estimating glance behind him he makes his first cast, lifting the tip of the rod exactly as the line straightens in front of him and sending it backward again, timing his backcast so that the loop will reverse behind him, shooting it forward once more with another slight flick of his wrist, checking it at the exact instant that the fly is over the nose of the trout. It drops as naturally as an insect lighting on the water. A strike, a slow, sure tension that sets the hook, a flash and sudden leap and the frantic aerial battle of a rainbow that has just tasted steel. He leads it into the net at last. Carefully he wets his hand, grasps the panting captive and disgorges the barbless hook, and lowers the trout gently into the water again, holding its nose upstream until its fins begin to move in and out regularly. He relaxes his hand as it comes to life with a sudden vicious slap of its tail and skitters off to freedom; and Elmer returns home that night to feast instead on corned beef hash and solid satisfaction. . . .

End of the Rainbow

If Elmer Q. Sportsman were to meet Izaak Walton on the street today, he could doff his hat with the orthodox array of flies hooked into the frayed band, and inquire with a fraternal smile: "How's fishing, Ike?"

Elmer is all dressed up, and now he is ready to go. He is no longer contented with the artificial stream fishing back home. He wants to follow the rainbow to its fabulous source. He wants to know where to fish. . . .

Well, Elmer can follow our own rainbow-hued itinerary if he likes. He can leave the streams of the East and the Middle West, as we did last summer, and head for the fast waters of the Rockies and the Pacific Coast. He can fish the rivers of Colorado, and the Encampment in southern Wyoming, the Green and the Wind to the north, even Yellowstone Park if he likes his fish already cooked, in the warm geyser waters, and served to him with everything but parsley and a slice of lemon. He can fish the Gallatin in Montana, and the broad Madison; but even here in the Wild West he should watch his backcast a little, because the PWA and the CCC have been pretty busy lately building some excellent new roads from the cities right to the banks of the most inaccessible streams, and a car from Helena or Butte is apt as not to empty a whole gang of afternoon anglers with salmon eggs unexpectedly into Elmer's favorite pool.

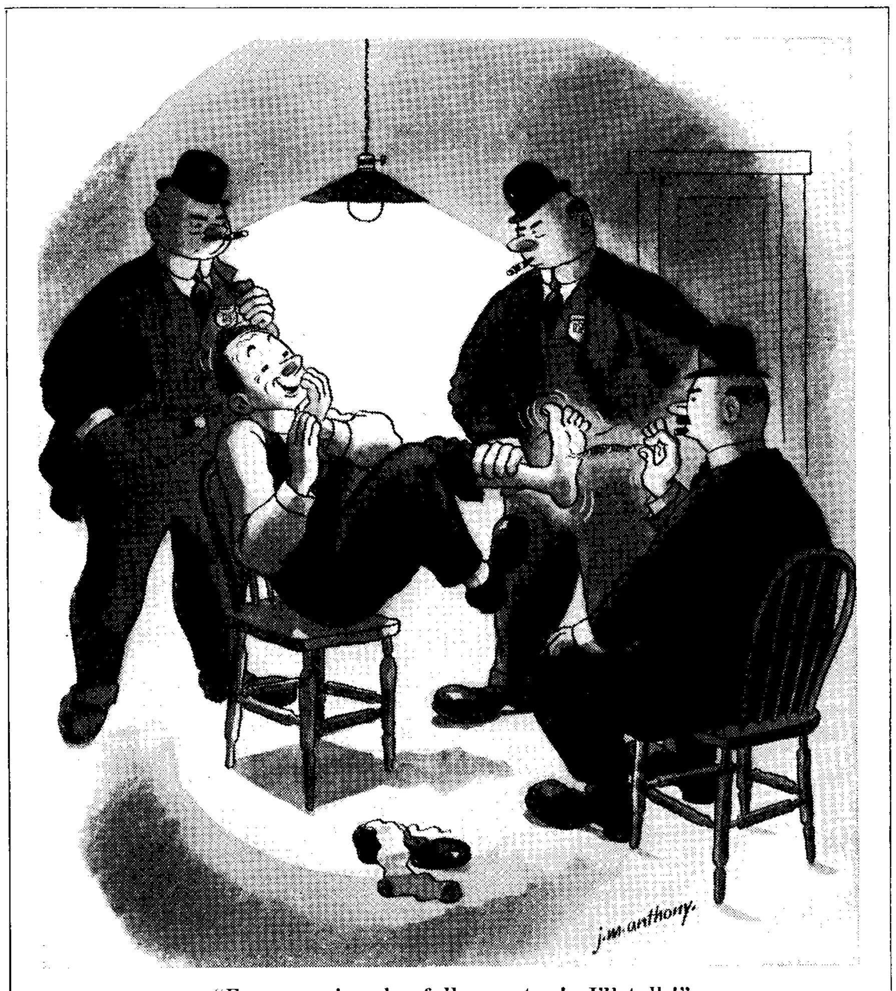
Or else Elmer can go to Alaska, the last unspoiled fisherman's haven in America, the end of the rainbow. And even here poor Elmer is going to find a fly in the ointment with a large and murderous hook embedded in its tail. Alaska is spending thousands and thousands of dollars on its sport fish, to be sure. It is spending them freely, out of FERA funds. It is not spending them, however, for restocking and stream-conditioning and hatcheries—that conservation work has all been abandoned in Alaska during the last few years. It is not spending them to enforce its laws. No; Alaska is spending its money today, under the supervision of the Commissioner of the United States Bureau of Fisheries in Washington, in payment of a bounty on its trout of $.02½ per tail.

Of course, the Commissioner will hasten to assure you that the bounty is paid on Dolly Varden trout, and that the Dolly Varden trout (like our native speckled brookie, by the way) is not really a trout at all but a char. He will tell you, moreover, that Dolly Varden eat salmon eggs—an indisputable phenomenon which has been going on for a good many centuries now—and that the bounty is solely to protect the commercial salmon fishing. He will not tell you, however, that this wealthy salmon industry is far better organized down in Washington than the ardent but scattered and politically impotent sportsmen of the Territory. He will neglect to mention that uncontrolled bounty-payment has invariably proved disastrous in our wild-life history as a method of regulating the so-called balance of nature. He will doubtless not go so far as to admit that all dried trout tails look pretty much alike, and that a string of alleged Dolly Varden is very apt to contain a considerable proportion of grayling and cutthroat and rainbow and even young salmon. He will not concede the irrefutable evidence, as reported by responsible Alaskan residents, that magnificent eighteen-pound rainbows have been seined out, their tails lopped off, and their carcasses left to rot on the stream banks, solely for the two-and-a-half cent reward that our somewhat irresponsible government is ready to pay.

Increasing and Protecting

Get up to Alaska fast, Elmer. As long as sport fishing there is in the hands of politics rather than in the hands of the competent Alaska Game Commission where it logically belongs, there is every reason to suppose that the end of the rainbow will all too soon become a fact, even if the government has to spend the whole pot of gold to bring it about.

And in the meantime, Elmer, we shall be right up here in the Tonquin Valley in Canada, where the government has realized the value of sport fishing and is endeavoring to increase and protect it. We shall be putting our flies over that same stretch of water at the outlet of Amethyst Lake, fast into another four-pounder that has just taken the bit in its teeth, trying in vain to turn it before it bolts once more toward white water and disappears down over the falls. . . .



"For mercy's sake, fellows, stop! I'll talk!"

J. M. ANTHONY

Current Cost
FREEZING ZONE
SAFETY ZONE
DANGER ZONE
FOOD SAFETY INDICATOR

America's buying on Proof!

FRIGIDAIRE WITH THE "METER-MISER" SLASHES COST OF KEEPING FOOD SAFER

. . . AND PROVES IT!

In only four months, hundreds of thousands of families have chosen the New Frigidaire—on *PROOF!*

● PROOF has won them! Women everywhere welcome this new way to buy—a safe, sure way that ends confusion . . . that reveals the vital things you must have in your permanent home refrigerator.

Your Frigidaire Dealer's PROOF-DEMONSTRATION shows you what to look for. He *proves before your eyes* that Frigidaire with the Meter-Miser meets not merely one or two, but ALL FIVE Standards for Refrigerator Buying!

Only Frigidaire has the Meter-Miser

Hundreds of thousands have already bought this new Frigidaire, because it's the top value of all time in home refrigeration. You, too, will choose this beautiful, durable Frigidaire—wider, roomier, with Automatic Ice-Tray Release, Full-Width Sliding Shelves, Automatic Reset Defroster, and many other exclusive conveniences . . . . Best of all, only Frigidaire has the Meter-Miser, the miracle cold-making unit that cuts current cost, yet freezes more ice in shorter time, keeps food safer even in hottest weather! It's the miracle mechanism of refrigeration—the simplest ever built.

Buy on PROOF

See the remarkable FRIGIDAIRE PROOF-DEMONSTRATION today. BUY ON PROOF. Any Authorized Frigidaire Dealer will show you what "1936 value" really means. Ask him for the PROOF—*now!*

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On Guard For You! Frigidaire builds this FOOD-SAFETY INDICATOR into a shelf, right where your food is kept—*visible proof* that Safety-Zone Temperature, between 32 and 50 degrees, is maintained even in the hottest weather.

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MADE ONLY BY GENERAL MOTORS

Look for this Name-Plate

MEET THE

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The Simplest Refrigerating Mechanism Ever Built.

CUTS CURRENT COST TO THE BONE

The Meter-Miser is hidden away where it cannot mar beauty. You need never look at it. You don't have to bother with it. Yet, year after year, this powerful little giant will serve you faithfully . . . keep food safer . . . freeze more ice, faster . . . produce much more cold for much less current cost. Because it's the simplest refrigerating mechanism ever built. Has only three moving parts, permanently oiled, completely sealed against moisture and dirt! *Quiet . . . Unseen . . . Trouble-free.*

FRIGIDAIRE MEETS ALL FIVE STANDARDS FOR REFRIGERATOR BUYING—with PROOF!

1. **PROOF of Lower Operating Cost**
2. **PROOF of Safer Food Protection**
3. **PROOF of Faster Freezing—More Ice**
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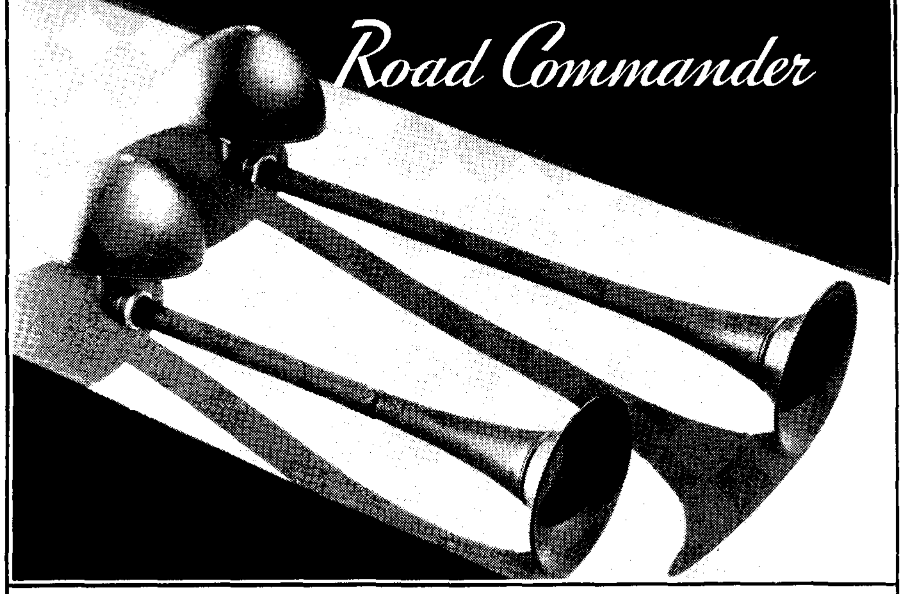
5. **PROOF of Five-Year Protection Plan**

Ask your Frigidaire dealer for Proof!

KLAXON
Road Commander



The New Note In Horns

A new note—yes . . . but the name Klaxon is as old as the automotive industry itself. In fact, to millions, Klaxon *means* horn. So when you tune up your car this spring, give it the ultimate touch with a matched pair of Klaxon Road Commanders. They are surprisingly low in price . . . as well as strikingly modern in tone. Ask your service station to tell you about Klaxon. Delco-Remy Corporation, Anderson, Indiana.

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Delco-Remy products and genuine parts available at United Motors Service Stations everywhere

ASK FOR GENUINE DELCO-REMY PARTS UNITED MOTORS SERVICE IN THE ORANGE-COLORED CONTAINERS

YOU TOO WILL ENJOY—

-15 Minutes a Day

What is your home like? Does it contain worth-while books that give you and your family stimulating contact with great minds, or does the sum total of your resources for reading consist of current novels or the daily newspaper—interesting today but of no value as mental stimulation or information tomorrow?

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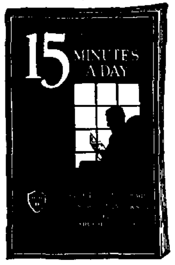
Dr. Eliot's
Five-Foot Shelf
of Books
(The Harvard Classics)



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The Prodigal Nurse

Continued from page 17

no woman can say that or, at least, can make it sound like sense to a man who loves her. And, besides, did she love him? Like him, yes. But, love him?

She watched him now in the light of the street lamps. She pictured him as she had known him in the hospital, saw how he went through the wards, apparently unconscious of the endless discussion he caused among the nurses, of the feuds that raged among them for his attention. They were, practically unanimously, ready to be crazy about him and he treated them all alike with his smiling courtesy. The patients swore by him; no other doctor had his power over them. His blue eyes said to each, "You're a great person and you're darned sick but you've nerve and you'll lick this bunch of germs." And something did cure them; his percentage of recoveries was higher, much higher than the average. It seemed too bad, she thought now, that a man so gifted with healing should give up clinical medicine for research.

"But he'll do things in it," she thought. She could see him winning honors, even the Nobel prize. . . . It made her proud of him, proud. . . . But she had to have her own *life.* Somehow she thought of life as a great bird in flight, its fine, sure head rising in the sun; she had to ride on those great, surging wings, not walk a hard road, not even with him.

"BE OF good cheer," he told her as he left her on the steps of the registry. "I'll call up one or two lads I know and tell them to throw you a bone. Warn them, maybe, about these vamping proclivities of yours and perhaps they'll find you something in an old ladies' home."

She watched him swing up the street, handsome in his own dark, absorbed way, with his air of breeding and of serenity which was equal to any crisis. His walk gave her courage to face Miss Klapham.

"I'm off the Daklin case," she told the registrar abruptly, entering her office.

Miss Klapham sat back in her swivel chair. She stared at Celia. "So!" she said, and tapped the desk with her pencil. It was repulsive the way she tapped, and it was insulting the way she said, "So!" You might think no nurse had ever lost two cases, that no such thing had ever happened to anyone. It had, of course, but the thing was Miss Klapham had been sure it would happen to this one. The girl was too pretty for her job. If there was anything to be deplored in a nurse, it was beauty. Beauty.

"What did you do?" she asked.

"Oh, Lord," thought Celia, "if I have to explain this to the whole world!" But she went through with it, with Miss Klapham tapping, tapping. "I'm sorry," she finished, as she had with Dr. Kallock.

"Sorry! I should think you might be," said Miss Klapham and her anger seemed to fly about the room, batting itself against the furniture, batting Celia. And then the registrar said her say, her face white.

"I really don't think you should be allowed to stay here," Miss Klapham finished, her voice sibilant, low, destructive. "Wasn't it enough that you should have dragged the name of Nursing in the dust with Mr. Jepler without scandalizing it with the Daklins and Dr. Kallock? Wasn't it—"

"I haven't done that!" Celia cried passionately; "I—"

But it was no use.

After a time Celia asked, "Miss Klapham, can't you try to be fair?"

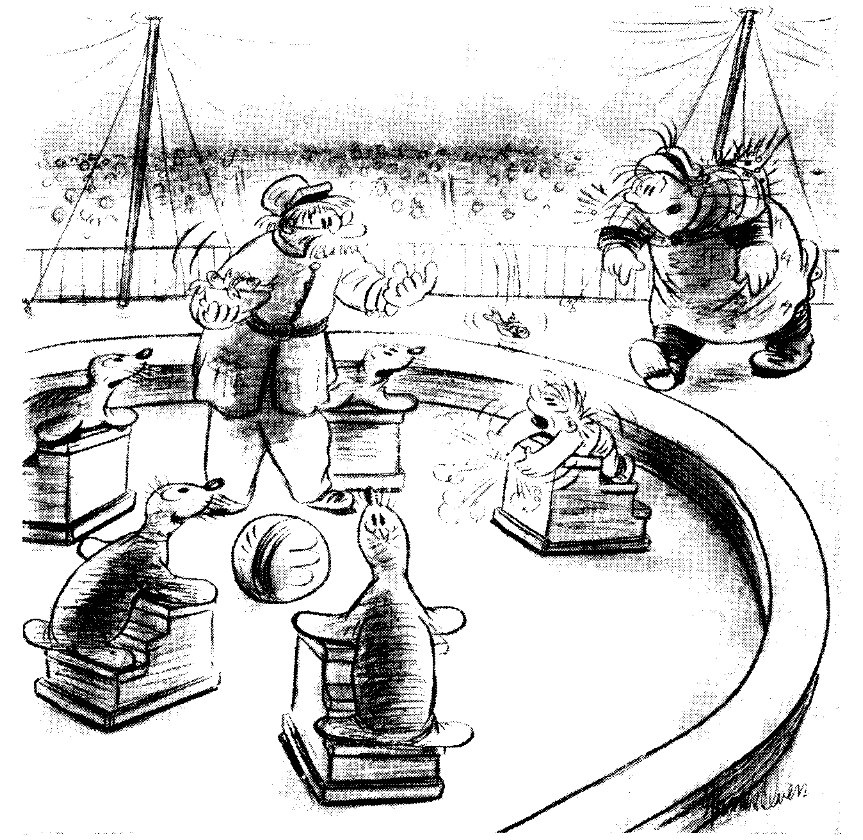
"Fair!"

Celia pushed back her hair and her face was still. "I see," she said. "Of course. Fair is just a word."

She went back to her room and sat down on her bed, staring at her diploma, which hung on the wall. She had been

Philbert By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"Don't waste any more fish on him, mister. It's Philbert! He sneaked into the act!"

proud of that diploma and what it stood for, but now it was as if Kallock and Miss Klapham had betrayed it and had laid all she felt for it in the dust. She made a mocking little salute towards that piece of parchment. She knew there were not many doctors like Kallock in the world, that most of them were fine men working with little reward in hard ways, and that Miss Klapham was not typical either. But somehow that was hard to remember in the bitterness of being rejected.

She lay a long time in bed before she could get to sleep. What had she expected of life anyway? And what could she now expect? She had thought of life as an adventure, and instead she had stood in telephone booths and in offices listening to the abuse of a time-serving surgeon and of a vicious old maid.

SHE dressed next morning, went out and had breakfast and then went back to her room. When the telephone rang she eyed it doubtfully. It would not be Tony, for he had retired into the laboratory, to remain, probably, for days at a time. Could it be that he had, as he had promised, called one or two of his doctor friends and was one of them already on the telephone? That seemed hardly probable. After all, this was 1936 and cases were not growing on every bush. She went slowly to the telephone, composing a delectable fairy-tale; that this was a remorseful Dr. Kallock sending her around the world in charge of a convalescent heiress.

She picked up the telephone from its cradle and heard a voice which she had never heard on the telephone before, but which was as familiar as if she had listened to it since childhood.

"This is Carleton Daklin," it said. "Maybe you don't remember me?"

"Oh, yes."

"Rather rough, the way you ran out on us, but I won't upbraid you. I suppose that is your privilege. Sorry you don't like us, though. We miss you."

"So sorry to leave. A sudden emergency—"

"I see. And, that being attended to, can you have lunch?"

Celia looked around the bleak room. She wanted so much to have lunch that there was a little pause. But she had decided that the Daklins were out of her life. Not that Janet Daklin would care if she, Celia, saw Carleton Daklin. Hadn't Mrs. Daklin been urging her to eat with him? But it wasn't, it really wasn't the thing to do.

"Thanks," she said. "I can't."

"But it is important." She could almost see his indolent and stored-up energy pouring through the wires. "I have business to talk with you."

Business! That was highly likely!

"How about Armand's on Fifty-sixth?" said Daklin persuasively. "You aren't tied up, are you? I want very much to see you. I have something to suggest. The Colony would be all right, but I want a place where we can be alone and talk."

Oh, so Mr. Daklin wanted to talk! It was extraordinary how people always had to have an excuse for asking one to lunch. Men! To talk, indeed! And what was there to talk about? Business, he had said. Somehow such a transparent pretext for asking her to lunch made everything seem all right and rendered her quite capable of dealing with the adroit Mr. Daklin.

"Well, if it is business—" she said, laughing.

"Quite." He accepted that. "I'll pick you up at one? That all right?"

She went down to meet him at three minutes to one. He was examining the golden-oak interior of the reception room with a look of profound distaste.

"Hello," he said. "How lovely you look! Quick, let's get out of this horrible place. Good Lord, don't tell me you actually live here." She told him that if he thought this bad, he should see the reception room at the Nurses' Home. "Come along!" he begged. He almost dragged her out of the dark hall and into the springlike March sunlight, and there they were, talking the three blocks up Madison Avenue from the registry as simply and easily as if he were her friend she had known for years.

"Darned nice of you to come," he said when they were in the quietness and the warmth of Armand's before a small table. "Sorry I was rude about the registry, but you don't belong there."

"I do, though."

"That is what I want to talk to you about. But first let me apologize for what happened yesterday. About Braddock. I hope you don't mind birds like that too much. You are likely to meet many of them in your travels. They don't amount to anything. Pretty boys. Women go nuts about them for a few years, then grow tired of them."

"I'm not nuts about him."

"Naturally. That is why I apologize for him, since he bothered you in my house."

"It wasn't your fault." She looked away. "Don't let's talk about it."

He regarded her. "Has Kallock been nasty? I see that he has. All right, forget it. I'll explain to him. But what I'm hoping is that you won't need Kallock for some time."

Celia looked up at him over the shrimps creole. Now what was this? Her brows drew together a little in a stare of disfavor, but if he saw this, he disregarded it, and though he was looking at her, his eyes had a bright, concentrated look as if he were seeing through her and beyond her very intensely.

"You remember I wanted to talk business with you," he said, "so here it is and you must not refuse. Have you ever heard of Vaski, the photographer? Know his work?"

Celia remembered the exquisite full pages in the fashion magazines. "Of course."

"I want you to pose for him this afternoon. Not just for a likeness. As a paid model."

"You what?" Celia's fork, lifted in the air, fell to her plate in astonishment. "I don't understand—"

Daklin, suddenly businesslike, crisp and efficient, told her about that, carving away superfluous rubbish, making the issue clear. A group of advertisers under the name of National Hygiene Council was about to launch a health campaign. "Manufacturers of drugs, insurance people, soap makers," he said. "We want a poster of a nurse to start with and then a series to run in various magazines. We don't want a professional model but a real nurse. In other words, you."

THEY wanted *her!* Why, that was the craziest thing she had ever heard. And, besides, what did he mean by "we?" She asked him that. "Are you one of the National Hygiene Council?"

No, it appeared that he was not. He was the head of the agency which was handling the account. The East-West Agency. "He works," thought Celia, and felt that one would never know anything, really, about this man. There were so many Daklins. There was the one who talked songs at the piano like Dwight Fiske. There was the indolent, mocking one who made love to you without seeming to make love at all. There was the one who stared straight ahead and seemed to be off in some world of his own. There was this astounding one, this crisp, efficient one with the somewhat gray hair, who was head of an advertising agency. Suddenly by some intuition she knew that he was a very important man indeed in that advertising world of which

(Continued on page 66)

Flavor...
—wait till you taste
this pineapple juice!

Pineapple juice isn't anything new at our house, of course. The children all love it.

But this Del Monte Juice! I had no idea a fruit drink could be so good. Just like golden sunshine. So rich in real pineapple flavor! A flavor that actually improves my breakfast disposition.

Offhand, I asked my wife why we hadn't ever tried Del Monte before.

"Well," said she, "I only discovered a week ago that Del Monte packed pineapple juice. But I'll guarantee you'll get it often now!"

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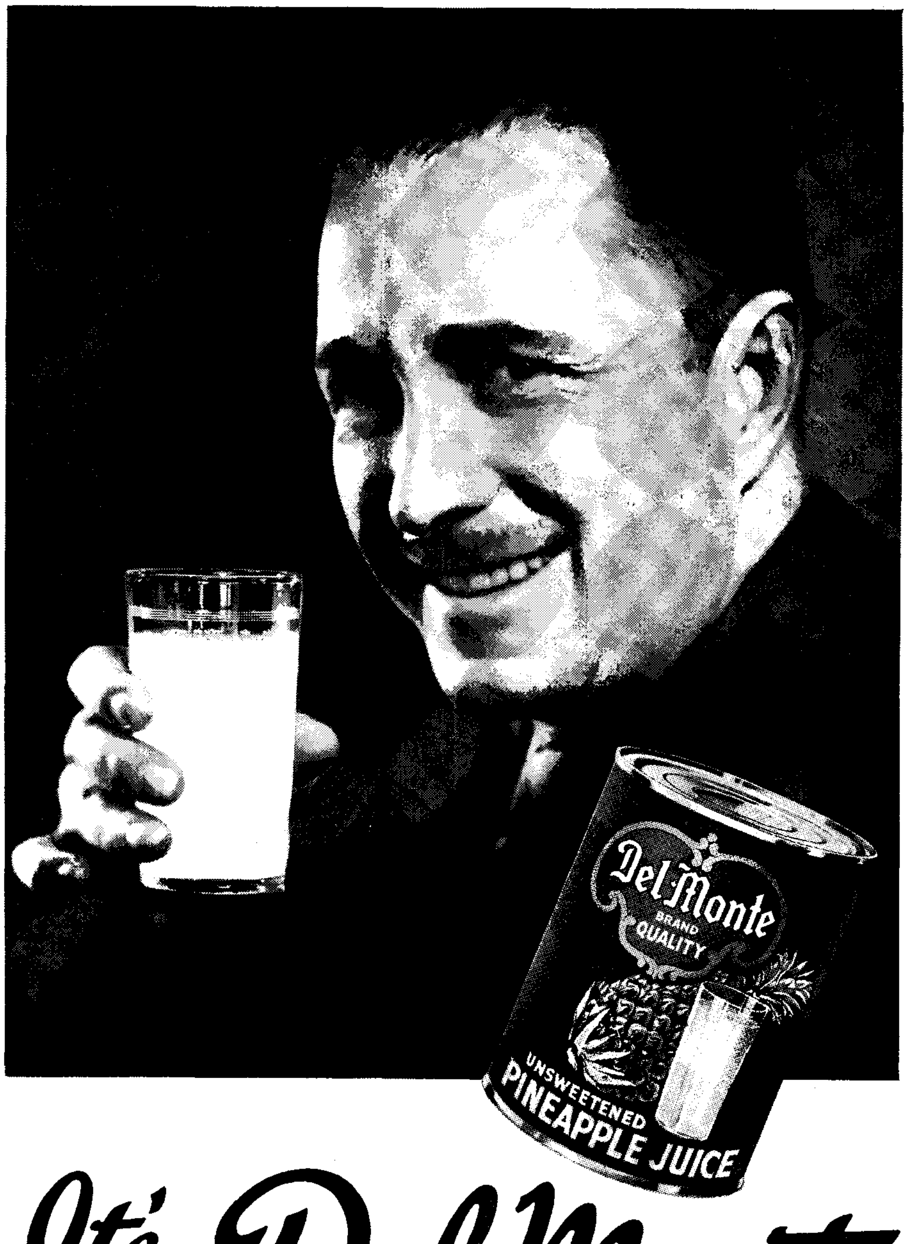


It's Del Monte
PINEAPPLE JUICE
PURE • NATURAL • UNSWEETENED

(Continued from page 65)

she knew nothing. Before many weeks she was to wonder how even a nurse had lived twenty-one years without having heard of the East-West Agency. But at that moment that vast empire was known to her only by some sixth sense.

She had no time, however, then, to think of all this, for he was going on telling her why she must pose for them. Why, there was no one else, no one at all, who would do. She kept protesting and he kept insisting.

"I may be wrong," he said, "but if I am, it's the first slip I've made on this sort of thing. My bet is that you will photograph like a million dollars. And why not try? There's nothing to lose."

"Oh, it is too crazy. I'm not a model."

"That's just the point. We want a nurse, we want it authentic. Now don't," he said craftily, "be afraid of the hard work."

"Is it hard work?" she asked in surprise.

"Sometimes. Braddock could tell you that. He is one of our most popular models." He leaned across the table. "Miss Landis, please help me out on this!"

"Well—" said Celia. And the battle was lost. She hadn't really wanted to fight, for it sounded like such fun. She had looked at them so often, those lovely girls in magazines, lying on beaches, going to the opera, being adored for this and that while she and girls like her were busy being the backbone of life in hospitals and out.

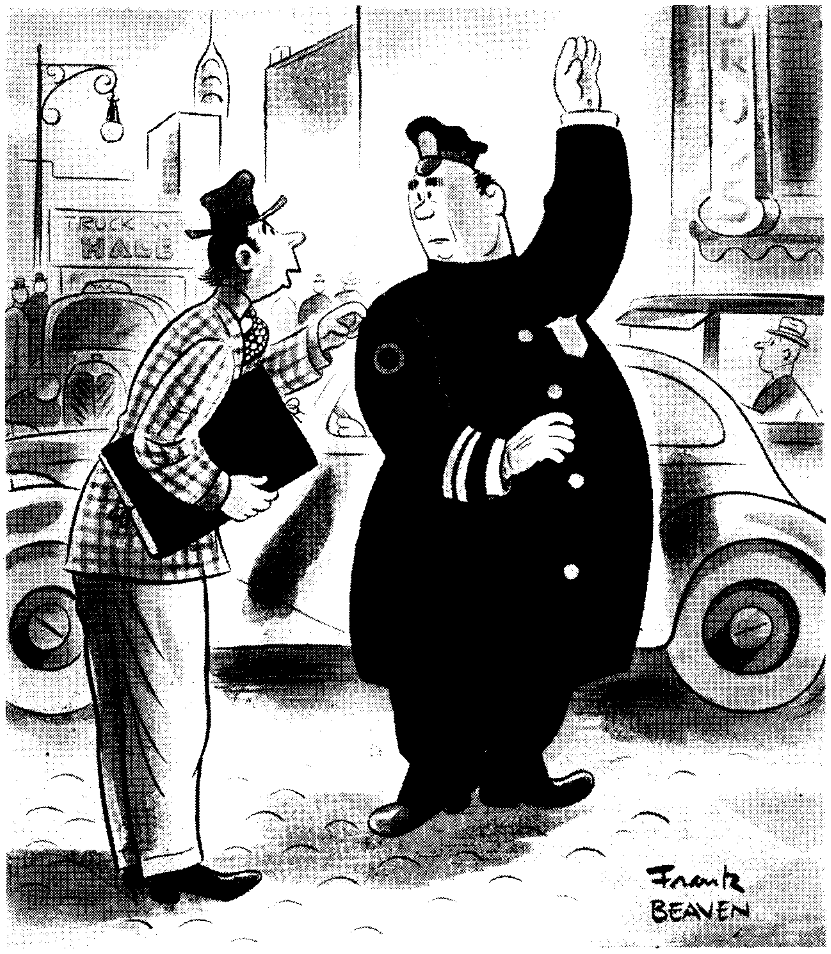
SOMEHOW they were out of the restaurant and back at the registry. "You'll need just your uniform and cap," Daklin had told her. "I'll wait here in the cab for you." Then she was back in the cab again and presently was in Vaski's studio and his secretary was making her up for the camera, laying silver-paste on her eyelids, smoothing some sort of tan liquid over her face.

Vaski was waiting beside his camera. A formal, quiet man, slightly old-fashioned in his manners, he looked Celia over and said very little. He placed her before an illuminated screen, then went to work, absorbed in his work as a surgeon over the operating table. It might almost have been an operation, Celia thought, so intense was the concentration. Once in a while he spoke: "Head up, to the right, chin down a little—" or "Fine. Break the pose. Now, hands folded in front of you—"

Presently he was finished and they went out where Daklin was. "I'll have the proofs in a few minutes," he said, "if you want to wait." Daklin said he would wait and looked at Celia. "Of course," she said. Vaski glanced at them with his face of an intelligent and kindly marmoset, then disappeared into the darkroom. If he thought it odd that the head of the East-West Agency had come up here instead of sending one of his flock of bright young subordinates, that thought did not show.

Daklin went to a window and stood thoughtfully looking down into the street. Then he moved back, sat down with a magazine and paid no further attention to Celia. Mr. Daklin, head of East-West, purely business. Celia glanced at him and smiled to herself, then she roamed about the large room, looking at the photographs of fabulously beautiful girls that lined the walls. Some of them were familiar to her from the pages of magazines. Fantastic notion, to suppose that she could compete with them! Well, it wasn't her idea, she thought. It was just this mad Daklin. What she had done was just to agree to everything and let him see that he, too, could make mistakes. She had no cause for complaint; he had helped her pass a day which otherwise would have been gloomy beyond words.

She was admiring a picture of a girl standing in a garden, a creature of delicate, arbutus loveliness, when Vaski emerged from the darkroom. He was carrying proofs in his hand and looked satisfied. Like a surgeon, Celia thought, when a difficult operation is over and the patient is doing better than could be expected. He looked more than



"Who is doing your wisecracks this season, Mr. O'Brien?" FRANK BEAVEN

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that—there was a kind of triumph about him which was unfamiliar to her then but which she was to come to recognize, later, as the elation of an artist who had come within sight of a distant goal.

Daklin rose, deliberately putting down his magazine. His gaze met Vaski's and he grinned. "I thought so," he said. Celia did not know what he meant, but then Vaski held up a photograph for them to see, and Celia stopped dead and her breath for a second was taken away. She stood and gazed, her lips a little open.

"But that isn't me—I—" she gasped.

It seemed to be all beauty she saw there, shimmering in the silvers and whites of Vaski's devising. It was the simplest of compositions—Vaski had made it that—and its colors were indescribably delicate and pure. There was a great spray of lilies at one side of the picture and beside it stood a bronze-haired figure in white, a figure which seemed to light the space around it with quiet, with loveliness and faith. The cap was a halo around the nurse's dull gold hair, and that figure in the professional uniform seemed to walk into a tired, tawdry world, bringing healing, bringing strength, shining with some wonderful secret.

"Oh—" breathed Celia. Her face was sober with wonder. She gazed reverently at Vaski, the magician who could create out of a commonplace girl like herself a thing like that.

SHE looked back again at the photograph which was so much more than a photograph, then up again and saw Daklin watching her. He smiled curiously as if he had read her thoughts. As if he knew that she wondered how he had known that she could be made to look like that.

"Now do you believe me?" he asked.

"It doesn't look in the least like me," she said with utter honesty. "I don't see how you did it, Mr. Vaski. It is just what you think you should see, not what is really there."

"A good description of art," said Vaski.

"St. Martha's Hospital arriving in the advertising pages," said Daklin, as she continued to eye the print. He regarded her gravely. The angles of her face and throat were pure ivory. No wonder she had dazzled Vaski into a masterpiece. The girl was a natural.

"Miss Landis," he said to Vaski in the clicking tone of Big Business, "is doubtful about the ethics of posing for this series, Vaski. I can't see her point. It seems to me directly in line with her work. Curing people en masse, so to speak, rather than one by one."

"You must do it, Miss Landis," Vaski urged. "It won't take us more than a day or two to complete the series. There are ten studies to be made."

"Well, of course—"

"It is your duty as a nurse," said Vaski. He was interested in the planes of her face and in her eye sockets and he wanted very much to see what he could do with them in various lightings. "Of course you will do it!" he added brusquely. "Besides," he said, turning away, "think of the money you will make. A thousand dollars isn't to be sneezed at in these days, I should think."

"A thousand dollars!" Doubts assailed Celia as to Vaski's sanity. One had heard that artists were crazy. . . . A thousand dollars indeed!

"We are paying a hundred dollars apiece for the photographs," Daklin put in smoothly, "because we want exclusive rights to the model who poses for it."

Exclusive rights! Now what did he mean by that? Who else would want her? Why, she would have posed for nothing; she hadn't even thought of money. A thousand dollars . . . the words, the sum wouldn't go out of her head. They danced dizzily round and round. It made her still dizzier when she thought of how long it would take her to make that much money at nursing, even provided, unlikely possibility in the circumstances, that she should get cases. And how hard she would work for that nursing thousand!

"Nursing," she thought. Now, if they saw her face on billboards and in magazines, what would Kallock and Klapham say, and even darling Miss Cox? That chilled her. Then something seemed to snap. What did they matter? They mattered less than nothing at all. They had already cast her into outer darkness and, besides, a girl with a whole thousand dollars could snap her fingers at them all! Fantastic riches, a thousand dollars. And just for standing up and moving around in front of a camera!

"It is a perfectly incredible price," she said after a while. "I'm not worth it." She hated to say that but she couldn't let these madmen dash ahead without a word from her. One must protect the insane.

Daklin looked indifferent. "No, it isn't. We don't want you to pose for any competing products and we want a face that isn't associated in the public mind with every advertisement they turn to. You'd be surprised to know how much the headliners in the model world make. This is one of the most important campaigns we've launched and your part of it won't cost as much, for instance, as sending five or six girls to Bermuda to show clothes."

"Do you do that?"

He nodded.

This was what they meant, Celia told herself, when they talked about Advertising Ballyhoo. And this—this was what happened to you if you refused to be tied down and wanted to make a place for yourself in the world. Now what would Anthony Starr say?

"Well," she said, "I'm being paid for having a perfectly delightful time and of course I'll do it. But I still don't think it can be true."

Nothing, she thought, wanting to pinch herself to see if she was awake, could ever convince her again that fairy tales aren't true.

"Then please be here at ten tomorrow," said Vaski practically.

"I'll camp on the doorstep," she said.

She went with Daklin down the hall and into the elevator as one in a dream. She walked out into Park Avenue and found herself looking around as if this were a new world.

"I think," said Carleton Daklin gravely, "that the least the Hygiene Council can do is to buy you a cocktail to celebrate the occasion. How about it?"

"I am sure the Hygiene Council would consider that the thing to do."

THEY went into the grill-room bar of the Delphic, where the little caterpillar that was Celia Landis, registered nurse, had sat with Anthony Starr a few weeks ago. No one seemed to know, unless it was Carleton Daklin, that a butterfly had just fluttered in.

He rang the bell for the waiter. The bell was one of the whims of the Delphic. It seemed only to be calling a waiter, but each of these two knew that it was calling to other things too. Down in her heart it was calling to fears which Celia did not understand.

A little bell calling them to each other. Carleton Daklin, whose name was a power in many circles, and the tall young nurse who had found it difficult to make a success in her own circle.

"I'll be back nursing by next week," Celia thought, and she knew she was lying to herself. When the cocktail came she drank it quickly and tried not to think of Anthony Starr. For hers was the sudden loneliness that only those can know who have betrayed a friend for other things.

(To be continued next week)

NOT A PICTURE OF "NO MAN'S LAND"

. . . but it tells a grim story of

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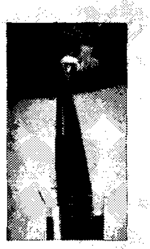

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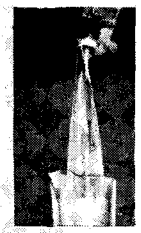

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Seagoing Girl

Continued from page 15

"Kay doesn't seem to want to go to Block Island," he muttered, unlashing the pump. "Tommy's there, all right."

From behind the wheel Kay glanced down at him inquiringly as he thrust the pump into the bilge and began throwing water.

"Just a sup of water," he told her cheerfully.

The nice Wellingtons came aft in a hurry and watched him pump with deep interest—too deep. He didn't explain at length; he pumped. It wasn't a long job.

While Brad, down below, allowed for tide on the chart flattened out on the cabin table he felt the motor slow down again. Promptly he stuck his head up the companionway.

"Open her up a few notches, Kay," he said, grinning knowingly at her. "If we don't keep footing it'll be black before we get there and I want a long night to talk to Tommy."

Kay smiled at him—rather a Mona Lisa smile—and promptly obeyed.

An hour later the motor stopped dead. Quite involuntarily Brad looked at the girl before he looked at the motor. He had felt a motor seize up before. Kay's forehead puckered up.

Brad swung down the companion ladder. There was no doubt about it: the motor had overheated and a piston had frozen up solidly in one of the cylinders. He heaved on the flywheel with wiry strength but could not budge it.

"Did you think she'd overheat turning that fast?" he asked Kay softly.

"It's an old motor, just intended to push the boat slowly into port if the wind fails," Kay replied as quietly.

Brad gazed at her uncertainly.

"It ought to do better than that," he muttered. "We'll get the sail covers off. There'll be a breeze out of some quarter before it's dark."

For two hours, while the sun calmly left them, they drifted on the tide. Brad worked on the motor long enough to make sure that its repair was a shop job. Then he pumped again and began roving the narrow deck in restlessness that, on the water, was unlike him. He interrupted this to hang the running lights and also, with a thoughtful eye on the Wellingtons, made fast a waterlight to the ring buoy.

Kay went below, toiled mightily to assemble the implements and makings of a good meal in the cramped galley, bumped her head on deck carlins for the first ten minutes and finally spread a good meal on the table—vegetable soup, chops, peas and carrots, lettuce salad, apple pie, coffee.

BUT the breeze didn't come. Kay got the dishes washed and stowed them hastily, while the schooner rode upright. Dora Wellington assisted somewhat and hindered somewhat more. A galley is a kitchenette kitchenetted; it takes dexterity to perform useful work therein even when the boat is still.

And then the breeze did come.

"On deck, Kay!" Brad roared jubilantly. "Make sail!"

Up it came, that welcome wind.

They closehauled her, and Brad devoted himself to getting all there was in her out of her. She had a fair turn of speed—nothing to win races with, but good footing nevertheless.

"This is it!" he murmured to Kay.

She flung back her curly hair and took a deep breath. "Absolutely it!" she agreed.

What a fool he had been to harbor doubts!

The schooner liked this smooth water. It wouldn't last long, that flat sea; already wavelets were building up into waves.

"Trim the fores'l a hair," he said to the girl. "We'll have the bell buoy outside the Pond abeam in jig time."

Kay brought in the foresail. A moment later, as something tumbled noisily to leeward when the schooner leaned more sharply, she went below. She secured whatever had gone adrift and came up again at once. She sat very close to Brad, so close that he turned to look at her.

"Water on the cabin floor," she murmured.

Brad jerked his head; then nodded in silence. He knew well what had happened. The wind-filled sails exerted a pressure on the masts that they transmitted to the old hull, squeezing it here and stretching it there. Probably she leaked a bit in every seam. But the worst of it would be around the maststeps, where the heels of the straining masts rested. She was certainly rather loose.

HE WENT into the cabin and gauged the slow encroachment of the water with sober eyes. As he stood there he felt for the first time a bit of motion. The old schooner lifted now and then to a wave. Soon she would be pitching and plunging, which would not help her hull.

He consigned Tommy Turrentine to a sealess inferno, moved rapidly forward over the slanting floor, caught up the pump, returned, pulled up a floorboard and thrust in the foot of the long pump. Then he stuck his head up.

"She needs a bit of calking," he called, addressing Kay, though his words were meant for the Wellingtons.

He glanced at the cabin clock and counted his strokes as he threw water over the leeward side. Edmund, nudged by his wife, permitted his cigarette to blow away and volunteered to pump.

"You can take the next shift," Brad answered casually. "Sixty-seven, sixty-eight—"

He finished the job and left the pump on the cabin floor, handy.

Up in the cockpit again he reached for the weather backstay runner and spoke in an unaccented voice to Kay:

"Put her about. We'll see how she does on the other hitch."

The girl put the wheel down and the schooner turned into the wind with shivering sails. The booms swung across as the breeze filled the canvas again and the schooner raced away. At right angles to her previous course, she was still fighting her devious course toward the sheltered anchorage of Block Island. Seas slapped her port bow as she slashed on through the chop.

Brad went below again. On this tack, with the strain on the opposite side of the masts, the flow of water through her seams was no greater and no less.

"Just open—that's all," Brad muttered. "No, maybe it isn't that bad! Kay wouldn't lie! But—"

He climbed the ladder and stood up in the cockpit, estimating what course she was making good, with glances from the compass to the light on the point. Kay was sailing the schooner closely to windward, taking advantage of every shift and puff of the wind to head up, but always keeping the wind in her sails.

"You seem more anxious to get there than you did," he said to her, bending over her to look more closely at the compass. "Afraid?"

"Do you think so?" she asked tranquilly. "Brad, why don't you say something reassuring to the Wellingtons? Can't you see they're upset?"

"I will," he answered and raised his voice:

"Sorry to do you out of a little beauty sleep. She'll be in soon."

"But—" Dora Wellington's voice struggled against a quaver. "Isn't this a—a bad storm?"

"Storm?" He laughed somewhat more brutally than he had intended.

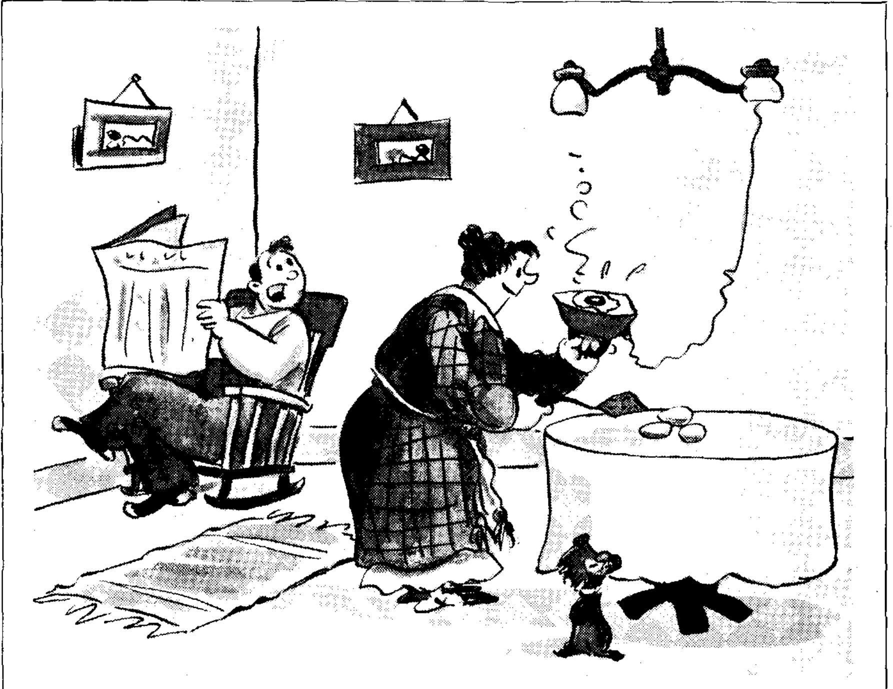
"This isn't a storm, Mrs. Wellington; this is just a good sailing breeze. If you're getting chilled on deck you'd better go below. We'll be dropping our hook in a landlocked pond in an hour or two."

Dora Wellington rose unsteadily. "I—I think I will go down," she said.

Edmund got up, too, in precarious gallantry. A puff heeled the slanting schooner further at that instant. Dora lurched down to leeward and Edmund grabbed at her. He fell with her, then clutched her tightly as he found himself thrown half across the coaming down to the narrow deck outside the cockpit. There, covering the deck by scant inches, the sea foamed past.

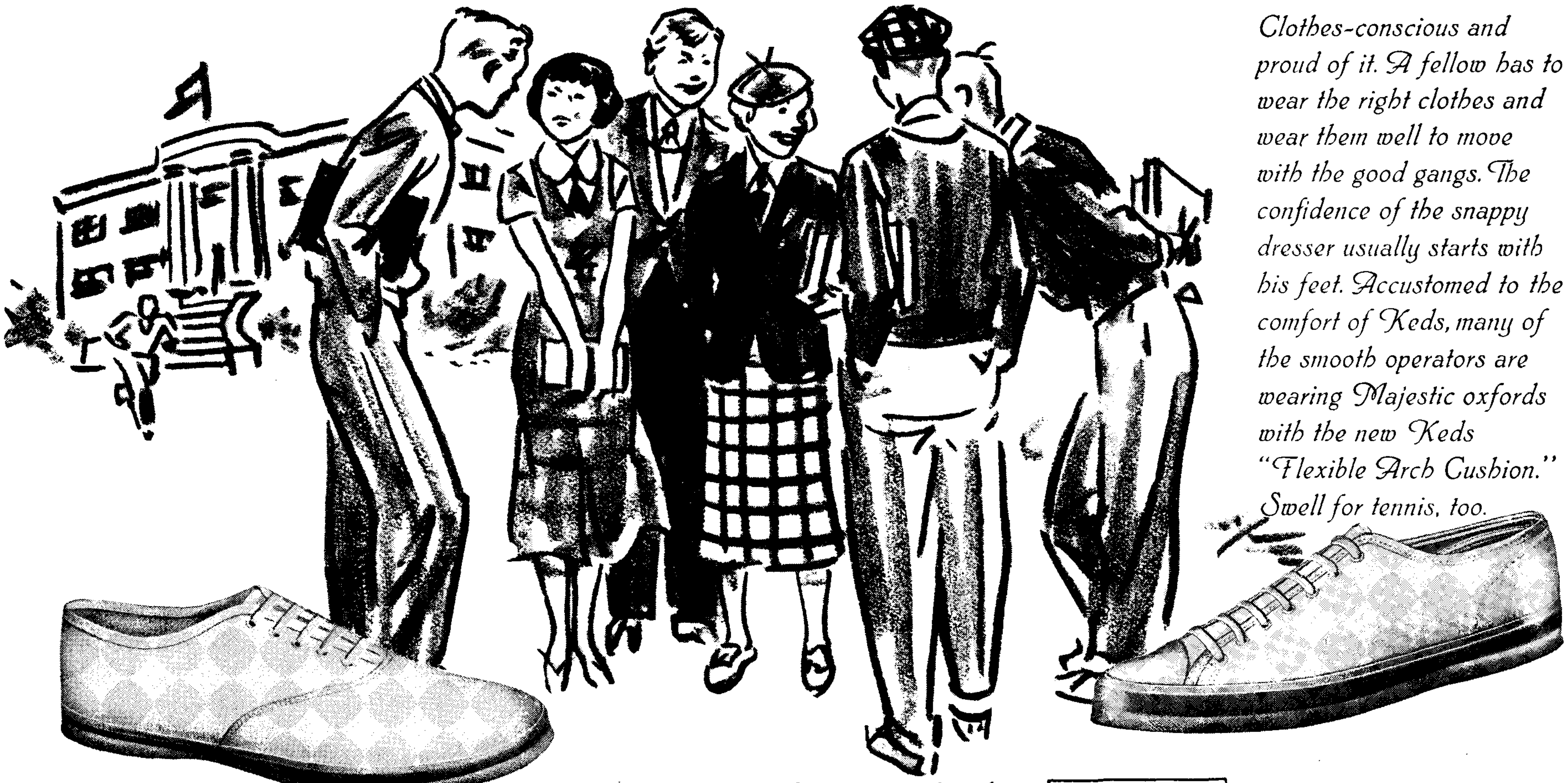
Edmund yelled. His unthinking grip

(Continued on page 70)



"When you get through with those eggs, how about pressing me a cup of coffee?"

REAMER KELLER



Clothes-conscious and proud of it. A fellow has to wear the right clothes and wear them well to move with the good gangs. The confidence of the snappy dresser usually starts with his feet. Accustomed to the comfort of Keds, many of the smooth operators are wearing Majestic oxfords with the new Keds "Flexible Arch Cushion." Swell for tennis, too.

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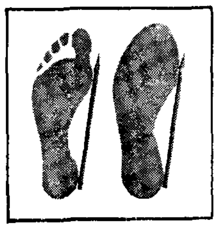

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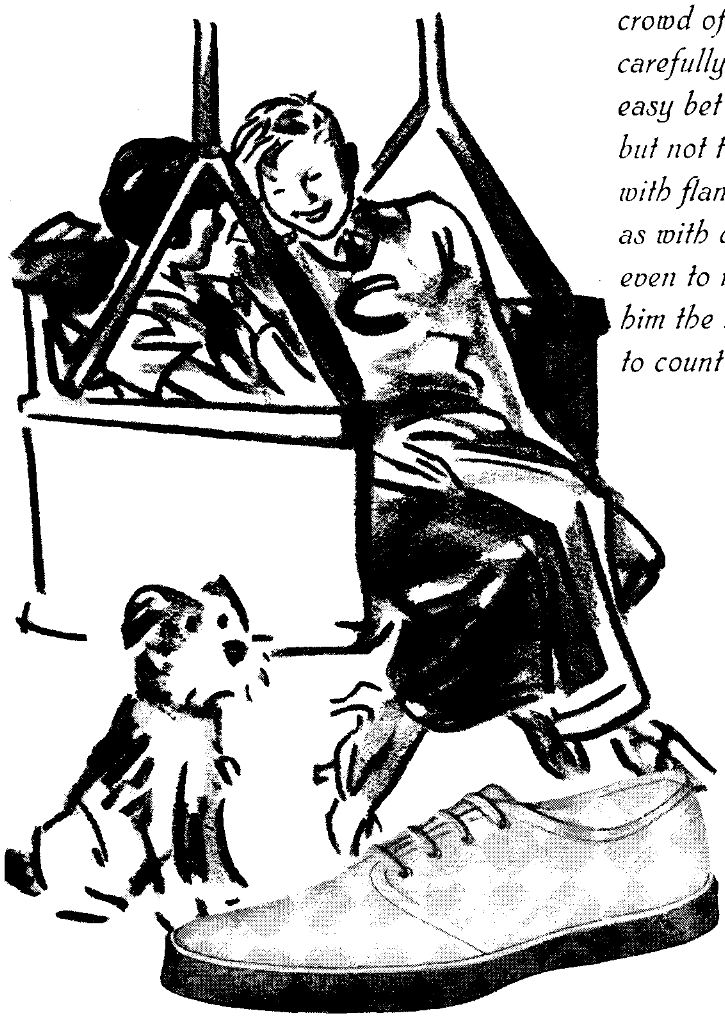

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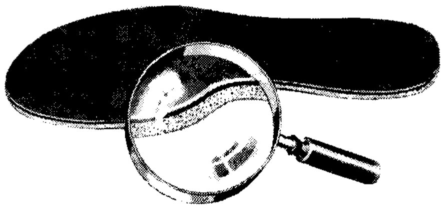
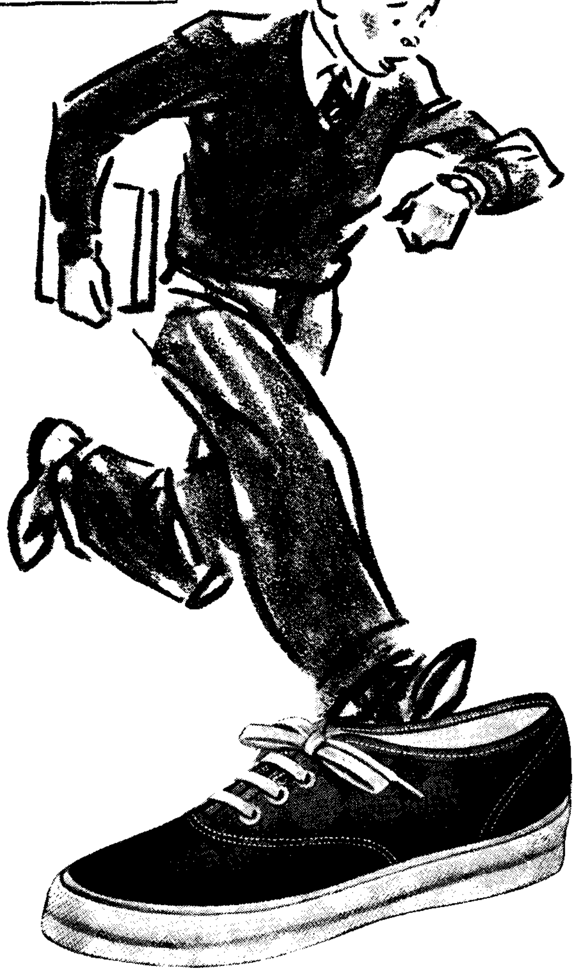
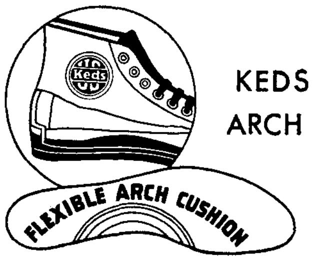


Hammock-duty is a great institution for the proud owner of a new pair of Keds Cuban Welts —all ready for admiration. These blucher oxfords, adapted from the Cuban type of sport shoe, he regards as wows in the field of what a smart young man is wearing today.



His Keds blue Supreme oxfords have a smooth crepe sole that is a great help on fast starts, sudden turns, and quick stops. It has the famous "Shock-Proof" insole.



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Seagoing Girl

Continued from page 68

on his wife pulled her lighter body almost within the drag of that rushing water.

The disgusted Brad leaped toward them, threw a leg over the floundering Edmund to hold him down and reached for his wife. He dragged her out of her husband's grasp onto the floor of the cockpit, dumping her there unceremoniously. Just then Edmund's frantic fingers found the solid deck under the thin wash of water. He planted both hands on the deck and heaved himself up under Brad's widespread legs. His spasmodic effort threw Brad completely off balance. He was over the side, in an instant.

Before Brad lifted his dripping head out of the sea the schooner rushed past him. The water was cold—bitter cold.

Overboard! For a fantastic moment there flashed through his mind the picture of Kay writing in her little book with a stubby green pencil.

"Brad overboard—11.32 P. M."

OVERBOARD! The unforgivable sin; the hopeless lubber's trick—to go over the side, whatever the reason. And he had done that—leaving a girl aboard to wrestle alone with the job of handling the schooner, with two frightened people around her neck.

"I ought to drown!" he told himself savagely, but even as he spoke he glanced with grim calculation toward the Sandy Point light. Then his eyes followed the schooner.

Kay had tried no foolish jibe. She was letting sheets run and easing the schooner down wind before coming about to try to find him.

Something between him and the schooner now vanishing into the darkness suddenly flared into violent magnesium brilliance. It was the waterlight that he had attached to the ring buoy.

He swam toward it as fast as he could. As he grabbed the life ring, he saw the boat, her three sails vivid in the fierce light. Down to leeward, she was working up toward the buoy. She had a line out over the one side that he could see. He raised his hand and waved. The cold of the sea was striking in now.

When it looked as if she would sail past, the schooner of a sudden rounded up. With sails flogging and booms swaying she shot up into the eye of the wind. Her momentum carried her on, straight for him and the light. Her bow, splitting the waves, rose steadily higher as she came toward him.

Edmund was kneeling on deck forward, just under the thrashing club of the shaking jib, with a line in his hands. He threw it too soon and the rope fell far short of Brad.

Brad caught sight of Kay's strained, alert white face turned forward over the starboard rail, back by the wheel.

"Seagoing!" he muttered.

He swam toward Kay's side of the schooner and he swam fast. The boat must soon fall off and gather way again. Kay saw him, called out to Edmund and pointed to the dangling line beside her.

Next moment Brad had grasped the rope. With a hand from Edmund, he drew himself up over the rail. He flopped into the bottom of the cockpit.

"Pull on this rope, please!" Kay said crisply to Edmund, and Edmund promptly hauled away. Next moment they were paying off on the starboard tack. The schooner picked up speed; rushed on out of the brightness of the abandoned waterlight.

"Nice landing, Kay!" Brad panted. "A fine swanboat captain I am!"

"I'll think you are if you don't get those clothes off," Kay warned him. "And just a suggestion—why don't you pump her out to warm up before you come out on deck? The Wellingtons and I can handle her—they learned very fast."

"We were afraid—until we had something to do," Dora cried. "I like the way this boat gets over the waves. It's a fine boat—if it is a little leaky."

Brad Stratton slunk below. He dug out more flannel trousers and a woolen sweater. He understood Kay's implied rebuke. He had neglected the Wellingtons, both as passengers and potential sailors. Yet Kay had taught them seamanship in a hurry—enough seamanship. He pumped ferociously, throwing the water back into the sea as if he had a grudge against every drop.

Suddenly he stopped. He looked down at the cabin floor, now submerged to the weather side. The sight of that deepening water shocked him into a decision against which he had been struggling.

"I can't go through with this," he whispered. "I can't let Tommy unload this rotten old basket on the Wellingtons—not even with Kay backing him—not even when she has saved my life. I can't do it. I've got to tell her that—it's only fair to tell her now."

He began to pump again, and this time, though he pumped as furiously, he did not stop until the pump sucked air. Then he dropped it to the cabin floor and climbed up to the cockpit.

"Go below out of the wind for a while," he called to the Wellingtons. "We'll be needing you on deck later."

They obeyed the new note of comradeship in his voice.

Kay, whose white face was illumined by a gleam from the binnacle, lifted it to his. The schooner was flying through the seas now, with her slashing bows hurling spray masthead high and her lee rail deep sunken under rushing water.

BRAD sat down on the bench behind the wheel, to windward of Kay. He brought his lips close to her ear.

"Sorry, Kay," he said gruffly. "You saved my bacon. I know it. But you're wrong about this schooner. She's pretty far gone. I could okay her to the Wellingtons but I won't. Tommy's got to return that money somehow even if he's cashed the check and bought the yawl."

Kay nodded. Her eyes lifted to the luff of the mainsail. Her hands tightened on the spokes of the wheel.

"I don't know any man I'd rather have with me in a hard chance than Tommy—but I can't let him get away with this." Brad's voice was bleak but steady. "It's my responsibility that the Wellingtons get a sound boat." He stood up. "I—I guess that's all."

"You may be mistaken about Tommy."

He shook his head. "I know Tommy. I know all the seagoing Turrentines. They've taken a mighty bad dusting, a much worse one than my family did, with a big estate crumbling into almost nothing, but—"

"But so far we have managed not to be pitied," she interrupted quietly.

"Sorry, Kay," he said again. "Let me take the helm." He peered anxiously into her face as she slipped out from behind the wheel but the darkness defeated his attempt to read it.

"Must you see Tommy about this tonight, if he's in the Pond?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "I'm afraid I must."

"Can't I—"

"No, Kay; you can't." His voice was grave, decided.

The Victoria surged through the windy night, thrashing her way to shelter on port tack and starboard.

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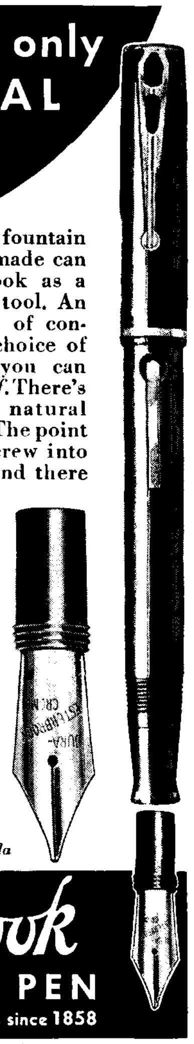

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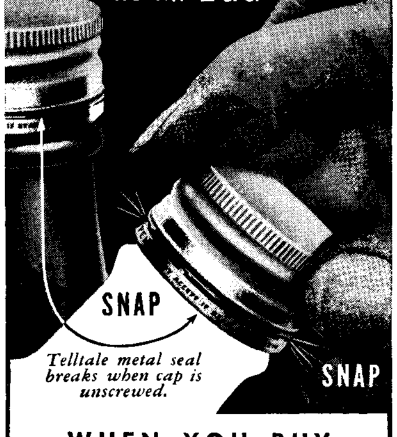

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See Page 71

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island the seas lost their strength and the schooner plunged less roughly. Though it was something of a job to beat in overcast darkness through that narrow entrance, Brad made it without grounding her.

He sailed on up the Pond, handling the wheel and spraying the black water with a flashlight. He pursued that search for the Dennis yawl with savage zeal, for his resentment against Tommy Turrentine was mounting higher. It was not alone that Tommy had sold his guileless clients an unseaworthy boat, though that was serious enough, but because he had used Kay, steady-eyed, true-blue Kay, to shield himself behind. And Kay might love her brother but without great pressure she would hardly connive with Tommy against Brad Stratton.

"There's a limit to this Bermuda race business," Brad told himself in cold anger. "Tommy's gone beyond reason, and Kay—why did she do this? Maybe she didn't know about the boat—but even so, she's still protecting him. That's it—that's what hurts!"

UP NEAR the pier that reaches out from the west side of the Pond his veering light fell upon the yawl he sought. He had guessed right. She lay there, black save for her riding light, swaying on the jib stay.

Brad rounded up the schooner close alongside her and gave the word to let go the anchor. Beside him Dora Wellington uttered a long soft cry and Edmund lit another cigarette.

While Brad was hastily furling the sails and throwing stops around them Kay and Edmund, at Brad's crisp request, lowered the dinghy.

When the boat dropped to the water Kay slipped into it.

"Wait!" Brad called, running toward the boat. "Kay, where—"

"I'll bring Tommy over for you," she called to him and pushed off.

"Stop!" he called again. "Stop, Kay!"

With quick, easy little strokes she rowed on toward the sleeping yawl.

Brad Stratton watched her go in fierce uneasiness. If he knew Tommy Turrentine, Tommy would be heading for the beach rather than for the music. That wasn't as important as that Kay had gone. She was still on Tommy's side.

But within ten minutes, after various thumps and voices on the black yawl, the boat came back. The plump figure of Tommy was rowing it. Brad's straining eyes made out that Kay was sitting in the stern sheets.

The Wellingtons surveyed Tommy frostily from the cockpit as, framed by the circular radiance of a torch, he came alongside. He was grinning, yawning and scowling in turn, but the yawns and scowls were more convincing than the grins.

"Hello, hello!" he called in an attempt at heartiness. He bounded aboard. "Hear you had a roughish trip and that she leaks like a sieve. I'm sorry about that—mighty sorry." He coughed. "I let the boatyard fix her up."

He coughed again but an impatient movement by Brad started him talking again, more rapidly, to the Wellingtons: "But I had my suspicions of her myself."

He pulled something out of his trousers' pocket—a slip of paper. "So, until I heard how you liked her, I didn't cash your check. I have it here. And if she's as bad as Kay says"—he paused for an involuntary gulp—"I wouldn't buy her, if I were you."

With an almost imperceptible hesitation he thrust the check into Edmund Wellington's eager hand.

Brad Stratton threw his flashlight on the check. It was the check! He looked past Tommy's shoulder at Kay, very much in the dark background.

"That's that, then," Brad said slowly. "I can't recommend this schooner. Tommy, just a word with you, forward."

Reluctantly Tommy joined him on the foredeck.

"Why didn't you cash that check?" Brad demanded without preliminaries. "You got the Wellingtons to send it to you because you knew I'd never let them buy this thing. And then—why didn't you cash that check?"

"I told 'em she was old—but that she'd do swell for Long Island Sound stuff," Tommy asserted. "You know, Sunday afternoons, with white pants on."

"Why didn't you cash that check?" Brad rasped. He gripped Tommy's thick shoulders. "I've got to know, Tommy! It's darned important. Come on! Why didn't you cash it?"

Tommy rumbled in his throat. Even in the darkness of the overcast night he seemed to feel the impact of Brad's eyes on him.

"I can't—" he began.

"Talk!" Brad blazed. "Talk, I said!"

"Well, it was this way," Tommy said hurriedly. "I shot off my mouth too much in front of Kay about how I'd unloaded the old Vic on the Wellingtons. I must have been crazy. Anyhow, d'you know what she did?"

"I want to know!"

"She pinched the check out of my mail on the hall table before I got up—just plain pinched it! Said I could have it if you and the Wellingtons were satisfied with the bargain. Then she skipped with it. My check!"

"And Kay had that check with her. She just gave it to you now, when she made you come over from the yawl?" Brad pressed.

"That's right," Tommy admitted. "Told me she'd have Wellington stop it if I didn't give it to him myself."

"Kay came with us on the Vic to see if the old boat was worth the money?"

"Of course! What else? But she'll skin me for telling you—she said she would." The seagoing Turrentine chuckled. "She thinks she's saving my reputation. My reputation's swell—except with lubbers who don't count."

"Tommy, you're a crook!" said Brad severely. "But at that you're not as bad as I am—a mean-minded, suspicious halfwit."

"That's so—that last part," Tommy agreed. "But anyhow, I've fixed it with Ed Dennis to sail his yawl in the Bermuda thrash with a Turrentine crew. Her price'll go up if we win."

BRAD laughed in spite of himself. "Come on!" he commanded and led Tommy back to the cockpit. The Wellingtons had delicately gone below—a nice couple to the end.

Brad jerked a hand at the dinghy. "Bring it back in the morning, Tommy!" he said. "We've a lot to do before we turn in."

Tommy yawned. "G'night." He slipped into the boat and vanished astern with a practiced flip of the oars.

Kay and Brad looked after him. "I know, Kay," Brad said gruffly. "I made him talk. Can you imagine how I feel—thinking you'd come to help Tommy against me—instead of—Kay!"

"I did come to help Tommy," Kay insisted. "I did—and I have helped him."

"I still loved you—even when I was thinking the worst of you," Brad blurted out. He laughed bleakly. "Can't help it, I guess, Kay. After a solid year of being in love with you I know it's permanent. And I'm proud of it."

"And I was very proud of you when you put decency and your job above all the troublesome Turrentines," Kay said slowly. "I haven't been coquetting with you, Brad."

She laid her curly head on his shoulder with a little sigh of content. "It's so lucky for both of us that you f—were knocked overboard," she murmured. "I didn't know until then, Brad dear."

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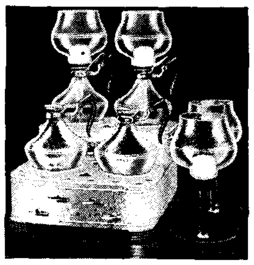

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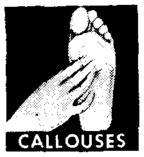
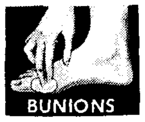




Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

The Stranger

Continued from page 19

put two tallies in his book before following Dick Skelton traveled idly back from the cemetery, crossing the street's deep dust.

Mulrane said in a deep, unfriendly way: "Who's that?"

Dick Skelton came up to the porch and stood in front of old Tom Mulrane, looking across at Mulrane in an even, indifferent way. He had heard Mulrane's displeased question and he could see the cattleman's quick intolerance rising. He said, with a deliberate coolness: "You're asking me something?"

Mulrane said: "A pilgrim?"

"Just a pilgrim, ridin' through," answered Dick Skelton in a half-sleepy voice.

Mulrane's eyes fired up. They were hard and bitter and careful. They roved Dick Skelton and saw what was to be seen. Afterwards Tebo watched the cattleman's discontent grow, too powerful to be suppressed.

"No room around here for stray hands," said Mulrane. "Keep on ridin'."

"Maybe," said Skelton very softly. "And maybe not."

Mulrane made a quarter turn, looking beyond Dick Skelton. He said, half furious and half weary: "How many men do you need, Swain?"

Tebo Vaughn observed how swiftly Dick Skelton turned upon Ed Swain who had come so quietly up the dust to witness this scene. The girl stepped out of the store, advancing with a package in her arm, walking with that same slow, distinct grace. But it was Ed Swain's leather-darkened face Tebo's ancient eyes watched. All Swain's features were bold with the hard curiosity in him; the man was studying and listening—he was absorbing all the significance of what might be here, between Skelton and old Tom Mulrane. A little flash of unrest skipped across his cheeks.

"I don't understand the remark, Tom," he called.

THE four KX riders were rooted figures in their saddles; and all the faces before Tebo were grave and without trust and some black apparition brushed along the porch and touched everybody. Then Tebo noticed Dick Skelton's shoulders swing and afterwards the whole scene changed. For Skelton's glance touched Lily Mulrane and she, paused by the buckboard, lifted her chin a little and returned that long appraisal in a way that stirred Tebo and made him vaguely remember what youth was like—and what the years had taken from him.

Nothing was said. Yet, between those two tall and proud and self-willed young people was a sudden flash and the sense of a fire released. It changed everything, this scene and this dismal town and this droning day.

The girl climbed into the buckboard's seat; and old Tom Mulrane let his fierce eyes drop as he took his place beside her, easing the weight all at once from his legs.

In a moment the buckboard and its escort had whirled out of Starr.

"That's KX?" murmured Dick Skelton.

"Old Tom Mulrane—and Lily, his girl," said Tebo Vaughn and watched Skelton meet Ed Swain's bright and greedy and continuing stare. Swain was a rooted shape in the dust, throwing his will into those eyes, ransacking Skelton for the faintest betraying change of expression. At once Dick Skelton was laughing in his soundless way, his long lips stretched out and the quality of his temper reckless and high-hearted. He left the porch and went directly to the stable and reappeared on his big, clay-colored horse. Tebo watched him until he had gone up the hill trail; and turned to catch the dark, cruel cast of Ed Swain's expression.

Swain said:

"What you think he is, Tebo?"

Tebo shook his white head.

"It was a pretty scene between 'em," intoned Swain skeptically. "A pretty scene, with old Tom lookin' mighty mad at this stranger. Maybe it was real. Maybe it wasn't."

His chest heaved up, broad and solid; his nostrils went round with a deep breath expelled. "I'll find out—if he ever comes back."

"He'll come back," said Tebo.

"Why?"

Tebo said, "He'll come back," and watched Ed Swain wheel toward the store.

IT WAS noon; it was one; it was two; it was three o'clock. Time dragged on like that. Mrs. Bob Duncan crossed over to unlock the schoolhouse and to sweep its floor for the night's dance. The Prairieville stage rolled into Starr and rolled out—leaving the risen dust high and thick in a windless air. Helen Monroney appeared at the hotel corner and looked up the hill trail—and kept that attitude a long while. Tebo remained in his chair, nursing the familiar taste and smell of his cigar while half-forgotten memories unpleasantly revived in his head.

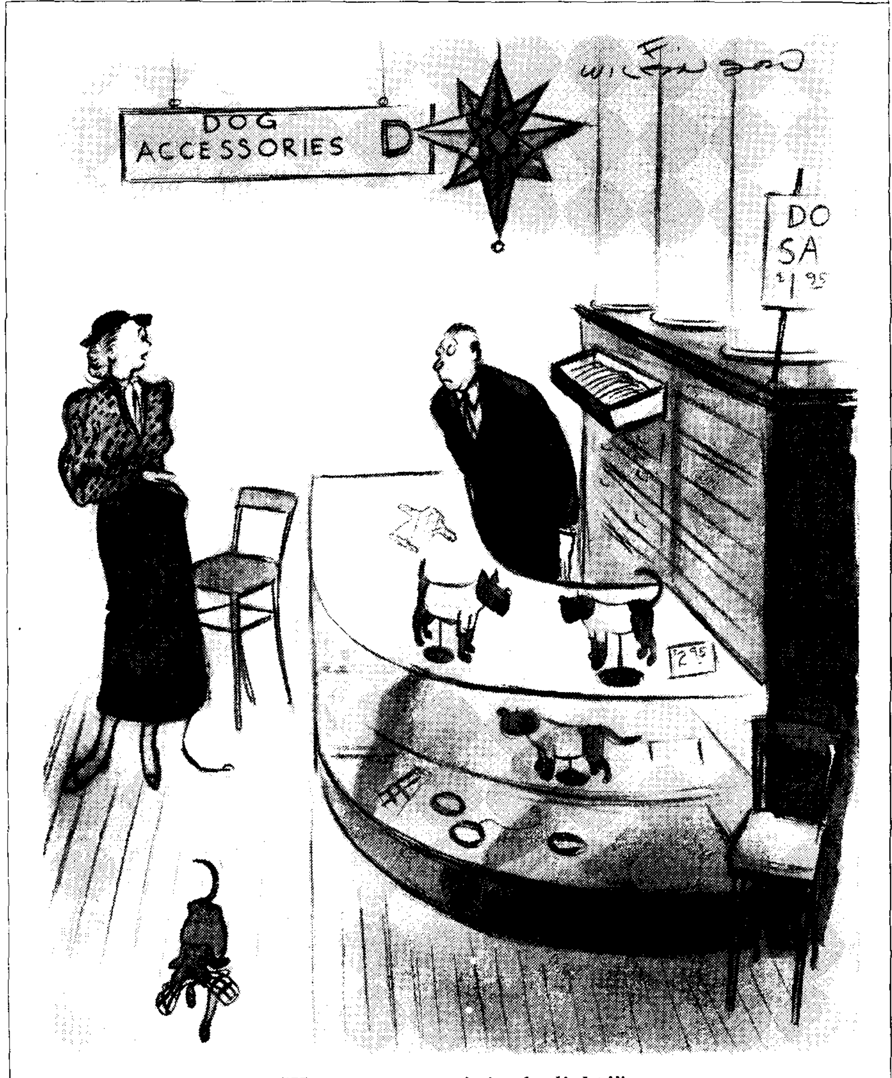
He had grown old and his thoughts had grown dismal; even as the town grew old and dismal. Somewhere along the line—he could not recall just when—he had forgotten to hope for anything; and then the hunger for justice had died in him and nothing was important. It took this willful, hard-tempered stranger to stir the dead and evil sediment of the town; to crack the fear that hung over it with one reckless smile. It was like a challenge. He felt it. And Ed Swain had felt it. And it was as certain as the rise and fall of the sun that those two men would come to grips.

They would come to grips. That was the length and the breadth of it, for Ed Swain could endure no mystery in a man. This was Ed Swain's fear—to be caught in a trap old Tom Mulrane might set for him. He could look back, Tebo Vaughn could, and remember when Ed Swain had been only a two-bit rustler living off Tom Mulrane's beef. Tom Mulrane had known it too, laughing in Swain's face for his impudence. In those days the world was young.

But here was a different world, with Tom Mulrane grown old and Ed Swain a crook grown too strong for Tom Mulrane to handle. This was Swain's town now, with every soul in it hating him, with no man daring to speak his mind. And out in the hills there were twenty men eating into the flanks of Tom Mulrane's ranch—twenty men who obeyed Ed Swain's orders. This was why Swain and Dick Skelton would come to grips. Even now Swain thought that Skelton was a range detective hired by Tom Mulrane to come in here.

Beyond five o'clock, four men rode down the hill trail—dusty and thirsty from their traveling—and went into Swain's store. Swain's rustlers, all of them, and here on Swain's order. It was plain to the considering Tebo. Swain

(*Continued on page 76*)



"He wants to see it in the light!" FRITZ WILKINSON

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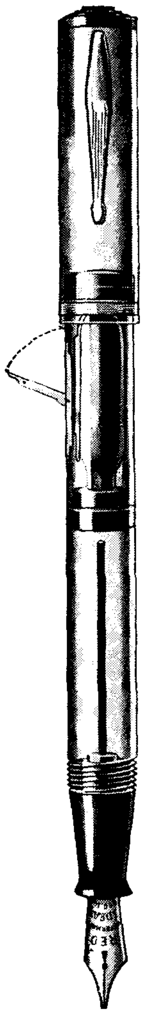

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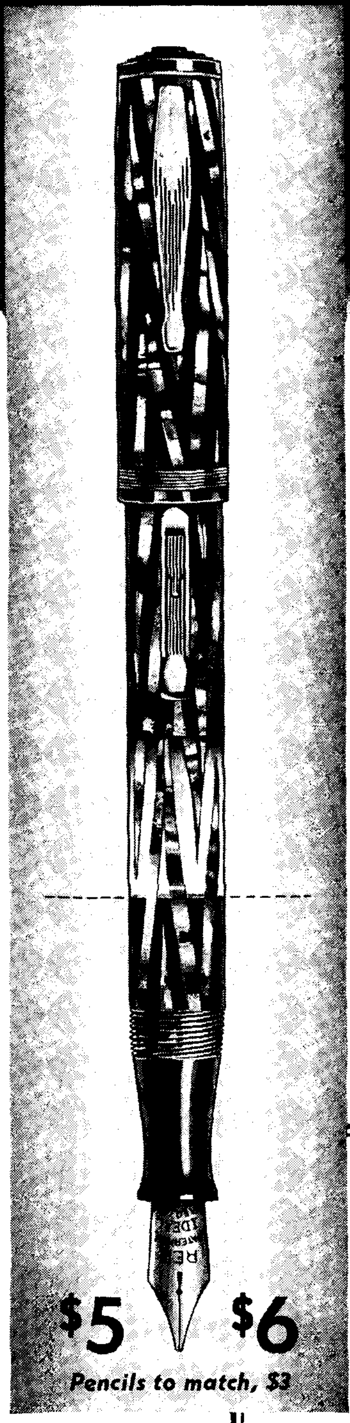

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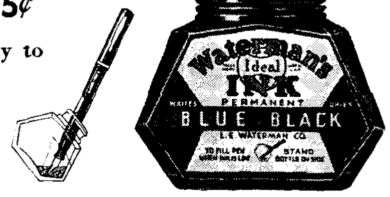

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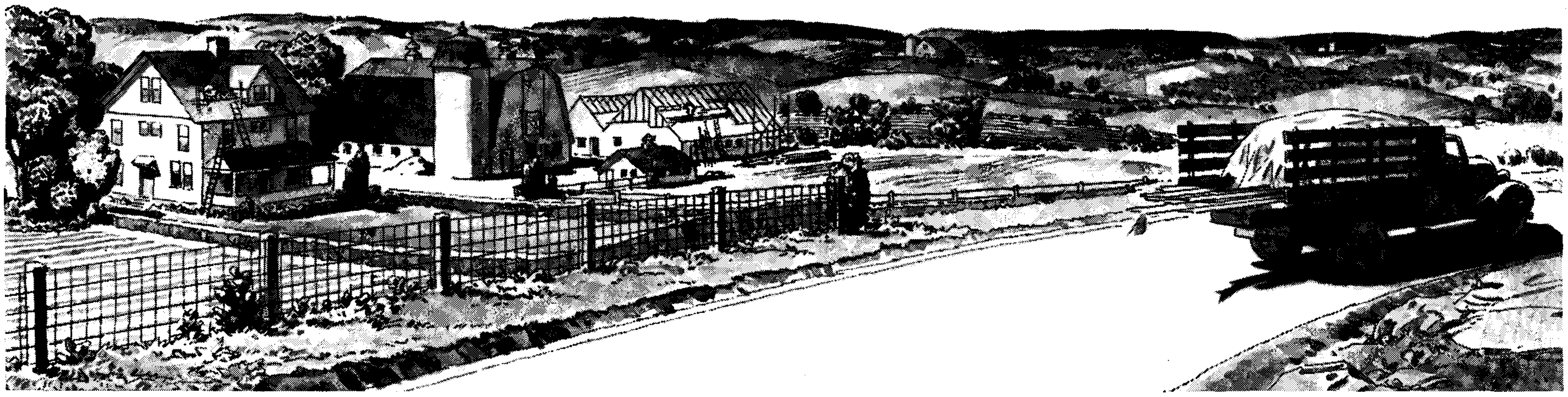
BUILDING MATERIAL DEALERS FIND PROSPERITY AROUND EVERY CORNER IN



TALK about building activity! Go deep into the country and you see it. New homes are springing up. Men in overalls are refurbishing old dwellings, barns and service buildings. Weather-worn roofs are being replaced. Sun-dried paint is being covered. Modern kitchen and bathroom fixtures are being uncrated—and antiquated heating equipment is being hauled to the dump. *They're sprucing up down on the farm to the tune of millions of dollars a month!*

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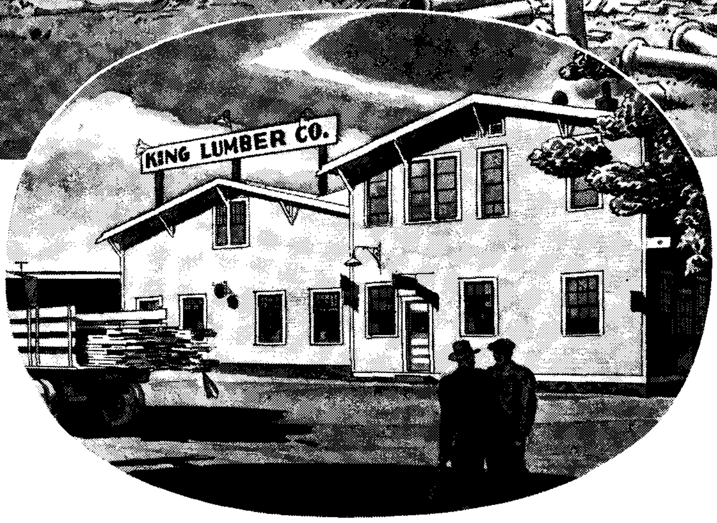
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THE Country Home

The "A" Magazine in Farm Market A

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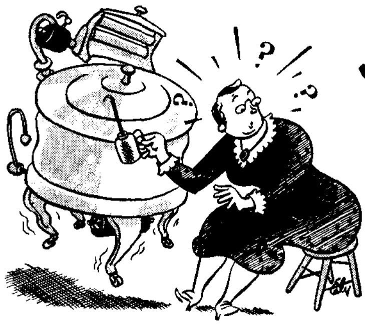
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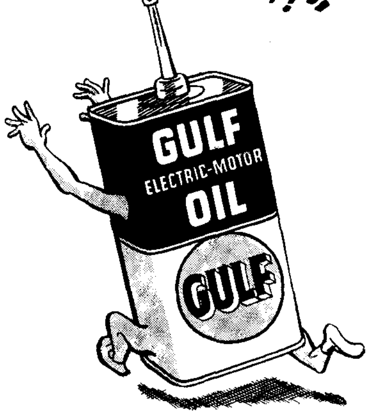
YOU'LL STARVE IT TO DEATH!"



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A Schutter PRODUCT

The Stranger

Continued from page 72

wanted to see if any of his fiddle-footed crew could identify Skelton; if, in the long memory of their lawlessness, they could place Skelton. And all four of them were in the saloon, drinking out their thirst at one of the tables, when Dick Skelton returned to Starr at supper time, put up his pony and came over.

Tebo Vaughn, behind the bar, saw Skelton lift to the porch. And there was for Tebo once more that disquieting feeling of suspense. He had been for twenty years or more a neutral spectator, seeing and hearing and knowing, and saying nothing; rigidly holding himself above the primary matter of right and wrong. And yet he felt the suspense run down his big arms and weight them heavily against the bar.

He noticed how Skelton stopped in the doorway and how his eyes touched the four men at the table, and turned cold; and he saw how all those four faces rose in unison to lay a straining attention on him. The interval dragged out like that, with violence rubbing the walls of the room. Tebo could see no change, no revelation in the eyes of Ed Swain's men. But Skelton's long muscles loosened and he came over to the bar, putting his back to them. In a little while they went out, going to Swain's store.

SKELTON drank his whisky. He looked up at Tebo, the frosty sparkle of amusement in his eyes; a metal-hard irony at the edges of his mouth. "Man," he said, "sees a lot of things when he travels."

The late afternoon's light was a burning yellow patch in the doorway and the smell of dust was keen. Swain's men were riding out of Starr—three of them only; he noticed that Skelton didn't bother to turn and watch them go. But he knew this stranger's ears had counted those departing hoof beats. He knew it from the thinning of Skelton's remote grin. The man was sharp and smart and cool. And there was a faint wildness and a faint drumming of danger in the room. It was, Tebo noticed, Ed Swain's best man who remained behind. Crazy Bill.

Skelton said: "I've known of ranches that were too big for a man to keep—when he got old. I hear KX is a big one." Then he said irrelevantly: "These hills make good hiding places. The outfit that ran by my camp spot the other night was headed away from KX. They were driving the beef pretty fast."

He put down his glass and turned around the room, his long fingers brushing against the walls impatiently. Health crowded this man and colored all his thoughts, and made idleness unbearable. Tebo knew it was so; he had been that way once. Skelton wheeled with a brusque violence and stood a little while in the saloon's doorway, watching the eastern sky. The sun's last light bombed the high desert but here under the lee of the hills long shadows were running. He was on edge, with a thin smile on his lips; and then he left the porch.

Tebo toweled the surface of the bar automatically, deeply involved in his thinking. The ways of men were strange, stranger than the mystery of their creation. All men had something in them that would not die, something to attract other men's loyalty, or other men's instant hatred. He saw it working here clearly. Ed Swain hated this Dick Skelton at first sight.

Mike Reese limped in, his small eyes filled with small secrets. He said, "Give me a drink," and waited there, half begging and half resenting, until he got it and drank it. "There was a letter in Skelton's blanket roll. From a man in Wyoming that wanted him to come over there. Wyoming ain't Utah."

Tebo said: "You're a fool for talkin', Mike. Keep your mouth shut."

Mike's glance was haunted by a greedy light. He said: "You for Ed Swain, or not?"

"Tell him," growled Tebo.

"No," said Mike sullenly. "I'll keep still. But if he finds out I knew something I didn't tell him he'll knock the rest of my face in. Like he's knocked everybody else's face in."

He said no more, for the schoolhouse bell began to ring, beating its iron echoes violently into the late day's utter quiet. It turned him around and pushed him out of the saloon. More leisurely following, Tebo saw the few citizens of this town appear on the street and run up the dust toward the schoolhouse. Ed Swain hustled from his store and Bob Duncan trotted out of the blacksmith shop, stripping off his leather apron. Tebo, heavily curious, trudged the dust with them—and stopped when they stopped. For Dick Skelton came out of the schoolhouse, the ironic laughter more deeply engraved on his sharp face. He saw them all standing there; and he stared at them in a way that was restless and deeply comprehending.

"I rang it," he said. "Just wanted to see if there was anything alive in this dead joint."

"That bell means fire," growled Ed Swain.

"Maybe fire is what you folks need," countered Skelton.

Helen Monroney came around the edge of the crowd and looked at Skelton carefully, and began to laugh. Swain wickedly said: "Shut up, you fool kid!" And then Helen Monroney's eyes went dark with a hopeless anger, and she turned away, not showing the crowd her face. Tebo noticed Dick Skelton's lips go thin again as he watched Swain; and then the group broke and straggled down the street. Twilight was flowing. Back on his porch, Tebo watched that ancient ceremony repeat itself, the illusion of grace covering these faded buildings and lights making their yellow shine on the dust, and the silver flood of the moon all across the high desert where KX lay. Dick Skelton walked by, bound for supper. He was still smiling in that narrow, reckless way.

In a little while Crazy Bill came out of Swain's store and went by Tebo, into the saloon. Tebo saw the man seat himself at a poker table and begin to shuffle the cards with a flexing motion of his fingers; he was watching the door as he shuffled.

THE KX party had arrived and the little roundabout settlers were in, and the music of fiddle and guitar swung out of the schoolhouse and all its windows were pleasantly shining; and men were idling along the walks, softly talking. Helen Monroney appeared from some dark niche and stood at the schoolhouse corner, and seemed to grow taller and straighter when Dick Skelton came out of the hotel and walked on to where Tebo sat.

Tebo said: "Drink?"

Skelton's head turned gently from side to side. He was looking into the saloon and seeing Crazy Bill's hands moving endlessly and meaninglessly with the cards; and afterwards he shot one rapid look behind him. Tebo hadn't known Swain was in the near-by shadows until then. Skelton was smiling in his high, rash way; the rising wildness of his temper brushed across Tebo like a breath of wind. And Tebo thought:

"He knows all about Swain now. He's known about him since last night." Skelton laughed softly and dropped from the porch, his high legs carrying him toward the schoolhouse.

Swain came from the shadows, passing Tebo and going into the saloon. Tebo saw Crazy Bill rise and twist his head in a painful circle, as though to relieve a long strain. Swain said: "What you think?"

Crazy Bill said: "Seen his saddle?"

"What?"

"Go look at his saddle."

Swain wheeled and rushed out; and Tebo, a weary judge waiting for evidence that was old and familiar and unpleasant, bowed his head and let the moments run by. KX boys were bunching up in front of the schoolhouse. He saw Skelton pause a moment in the lighted door and then pass through. Helen Monroney still clung to her position at the schoolhouse corner. Swain had gone directly into the stable; he came directly out, springing up to the porch and going back to Crazy Bill. Tebo turned then to see them.

"I don't get it," said Swain.

Crazy Bill's voice was dry and foxy. "A cowpuncher's saddlehorn always shows rope marks. That man's no puncher."

"So Mulrane's hired him to come here."

THEY were staring at each other, with Crazy Bill's face turning smooth and cruel and Ed Swain's shoulders gently rising. There was a change in that room, so deep and so definite that Tebo could feel it. Ed Swain said in a small, gritting voice, "All right, Bill," and Crazy Bill quietly nodded. They came out to the porch, passing Tebo without looking at him; and crossed over to the shadows along the stable's side. They disappeared over there.

Tebo watched Swain's shoulders sink beyond sight and thought, "Made up his mind about Skelton finally," and searched himself for a cigar and failed to find one. He remained a moment longer on the porch, more and more dissatisfied. There was the scent of mystery riding the night; there was a wolf call riding it, even while music rolled the street and men's voices rose cheerfully from the schoolhouse. Tebo left the porch.

When he got near the schoolhouse corner Helen Monroney called softly to him: "Tebo!"

He said, "No. No, Helen," and went on, pushing himself by the little cluster of stags at the doorway. The music stopped and men and women broke from their whirling and talk began to bubble around the room. Dick Skelton stood just inside the doorway, his high frame lounged against the wall.

There was something here then like the charged and sulky feel of a storm-congested sky about to burst beneath the weight of thunder. Lily Mulrane stood in the middle of the floor, proud and willful and a sight for any man's eyes. She was laughing at her partner, and then her shoulders wheeled in a slow and graceful way and her eyes touched Dick Skelton, whose glance seemed to burn a trail across the room to her. Tebo saw her laughter die; he saw her chin lift a little and her lips turn to a soft and womanly and obscure line. The fiddle and guitar started up again and her partner said something she didn't hear. Dick Skelton went across the floor and made his quiet bow and she took his arm—and they went wheeling away.

There hadn't been a word said between them. Tebo thought of that as he left the doorway and started back toward the saloon porch. Helen Monroney, still at the corner of the schoolhouse, whispered: "Crazy Bill's hiding in the stable." Tebo plowed on. They hadn't said a word. It went like that sometimes—a fire flashing up from darkness to light the world's gray gloom. On his porch he saw a body shift vaguely along the store wall. Ed Swain. Swain here—and Crazy Bill hiding in the stable across the street.

The music stopped again and the group at the schoolhouse doorway began to boil. And just then he saw Helen Monroney break and run for that doorway. Ed Swain was sibilantly cursing in his shadowed covert, so violently displeased that Tebo could make out each wicked oath. Helen Monroney had gone into the schoolhouse; old Tom Mulrane came out of it and walked toward the saloon with a slow, infirm step. Ed Swain quit cursing, and stepped away from his covert into the street. Dick Skelton's voice, cool and everlastingly definite, instantly ran down the dust:

"You're a doubtful man, Swain."

Swain had been watching that schoolhouse door—out of which Dick Skelton had not come. Looking the other way—down the street behind Swain—Tebo saw Skelton walk plainly forward from the hotel and make a still high shape in the moon-bright shadows.

Tebo's thoughts then were exact and regretting, and full of admiration. This Skelton was a heady man, and a brave one. There were odds against him here. He had figured them, and was taking them. For Swain, wheeling all in one shocked motion, had drawn his gun and had lifted it and had fired it, that echo hard and overwhelming in the night. Tebo's straining attention held the picture of Skelton and his inner voice cried for Skelton to be faster. And then Skelton's return shot struck Ed Swain fair and fatally, the impact of it a brutal thing to hear. Ed Swain was falling; he was crying as he fell. And afterwards Skelton fired twice more at the stable arch across the street and Crazy Bill, racing out of that stable, made a long low dive and collapsed in the middle of the street. There was no more shooting.

The music had quit. KX boiled from the schoolhouse. Tom Mulrane, half across the street, yelled to his people, "Wait," and a long silence came down across the town and the smell of powder drifted with a faint breeze. Swain was dead and would send no more rustlers across the KX range; and Crazy Bill would never ride on that errand for Swain. Mulrane said to Skelton:

"Maybe I was wrong."

Dick Skelton said, calling quietly forward: "I told you I was just travelin'."

Mulrane said: "That was what I didn't believe. I figured you just another recruit for Ed Swain's wild bunch."

THEY were walking forward to meet each other, Mulrane so slowly, Skelton so high and confident against Starr's dismal row of buildings. Lily Mulrane came from the schoolhouse crowd to take her father's arm. Presently these three were near the saloon porch.

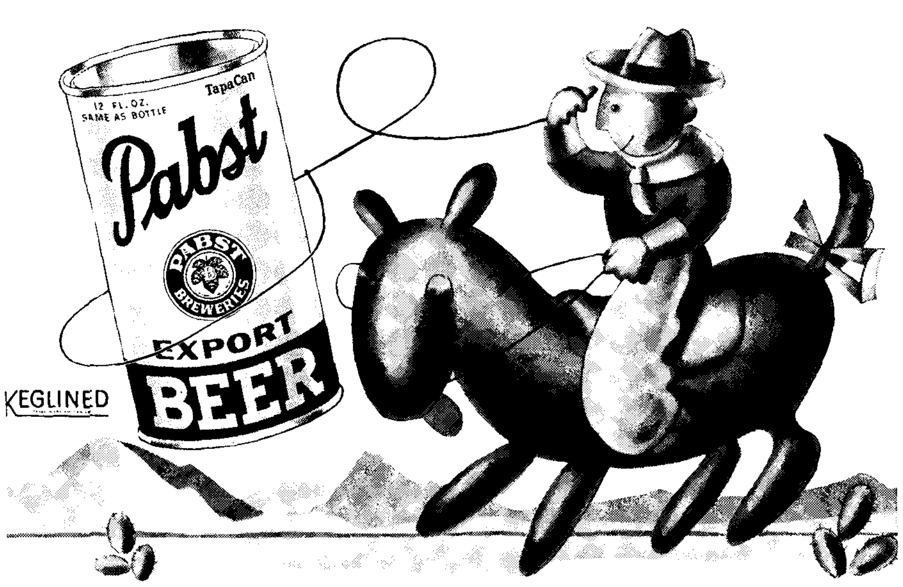
Skelton said: "A man sees a lot of things when he travels. Swain was no mystery to me. That's my business—to handle his kind. I did it in Utah. But I was only travelin' through here for fun—just to have a look at the world."

Tom Mulrane said: "What's in the world you want to find, son?"

Tebo vainly searched himself for a cigar. His eyes were on Lily, and on Skelton, and he admired that smiling composure so clear on their faces; and was stirred by what passed between them, then, like the outflash of lightning, half wild and very strong.

"Maybe," said Skelton, "this was the place I wanted to find."

That was all there was. Tebo heard Lily Mulrane say softly: "Perhaps it is." A breath of wind, cool and heady, flowed along the street.



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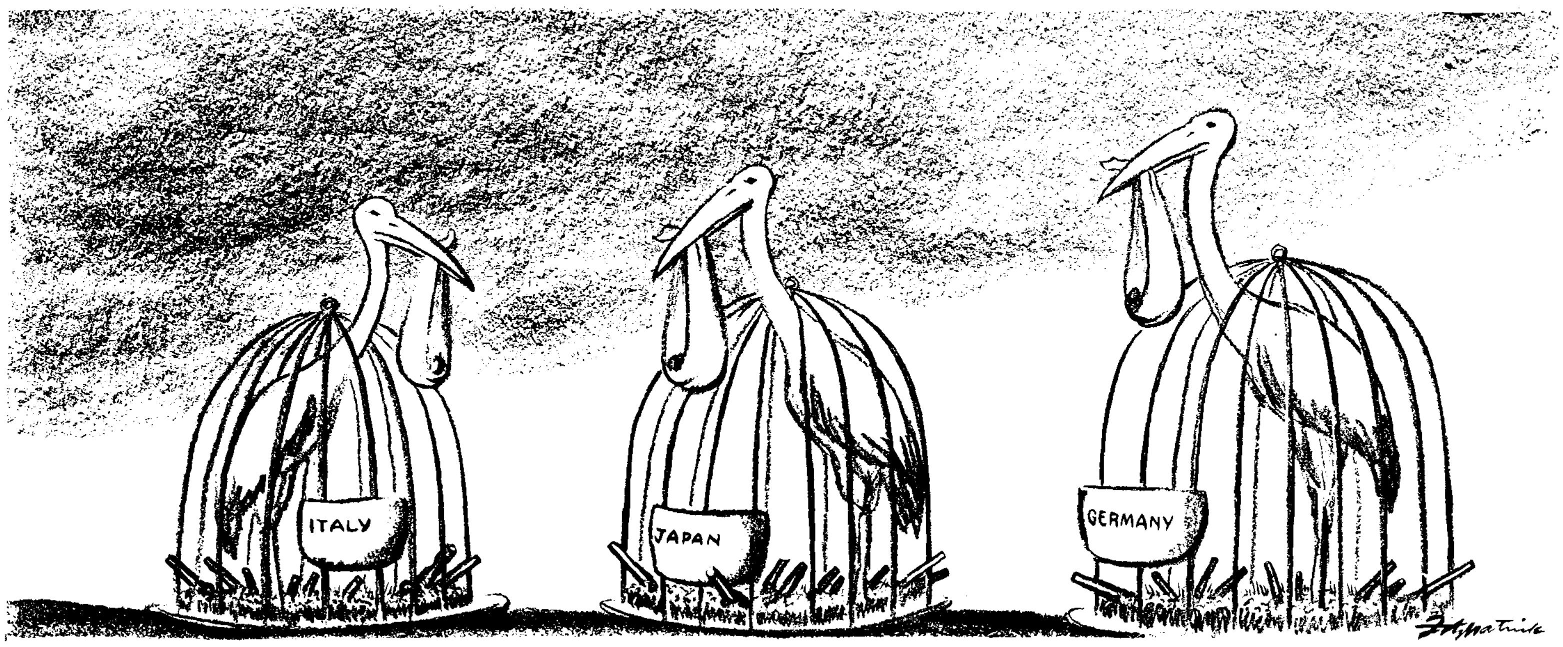

Too Many People

ITALY, Germany and Japan, storm centers of world unrest, justify their aggression with the statement that they suffer from overpopulation. Let's look at the facts to see if population pressure is actually driving peaceful governments into warlike activities.

Admittedly, each of these three countries occupies a relatively small land area and includes a large and growing population. The standard of life for the great mass of people is low, whatever our basis of comparison.

In the past, Italy's surplus population emigrated to the United States and to the more promising South American countries. But the closing of these gates in recent years has left open no desirable place for Italians to go. So Mussolini claims the right to appropriate new areas so that his people may have larger opportunities.

Germany has a larger population, sixty-five millions. The land is agriculturally poor and the country cannot raise the food necessary to supply its people. But iron and coal are plentiful and form the basis of Germany's industrial progress. Before the war, enormous equipment of high technical excellence had been developed and, as a result, the great mass of the people lived on a fairly high level. The disastrous consequences of the war changed the whole picture. Germany lost some of her richest provinces and colonies. That, coupled with the depression following the war and especially the monetary inflation, brought about a state of despair in which the whole nation shared.

Hitler and his associates attempted to do in Germany what Mussolini was doing in Italy. The people were exhorted to produce children for the service of the Fatherland. This patriotic call, together with marriage loans and other aids, was so effective that the annual natural increase is now back to about 7 per 1,000. We again hear the demand that Germany must have more room and her colonies must be returned.

The Japanese picture has the same characteristics. Here we have a population of close to seventy millions—which is rapidly increasing—living on a series of islands with a land area of little more than half the size of Texas. There are indications that the population will grow to about one hundred millions before becoming stabilized. To meet the increasing demands of these people has been an extremely difficult problem for the government. The country is poor in natural resources. The soil does not produce enough food to maintain life and health on anything but a low standard. Industrial development has advanced tremendously in recent years, but it is not yet sufficient to raise the standard of living materially. The leaders of Japan, sensing the irritability of their people, demand more room and a place for their teeming populations. They also require the raw materials which will facilitate industry, thereby raising the standard of living at home. The result has been international turmoil and war.

Thus, the story in each of these three countries is essentially the same. The spokesmen demand more room for their people because populations are increasing. The standard of life is low in spite of the fact that the people are intelligent and have the same capacity to enjoy life as have those of more favored nations. But they lack the resources to realize their desires and develop to the utmost their innate capacities. They have been a little slow in the game of imperialism.

Do these three countries really suffer from overpopulation? What yardstick can we use to measure the relation between population and environment?

In Italy, in 1935, the population per square mile was 349; in Germany the figure was 361; in Japan, there were 433 people per square mile. In relation to the United States, where the population density is only about 41, these countries are much overcrowded. On the other hand, other thriving countries have a density greatly in excess of the figures so far cited. England, for example, shows a density of 742 people per square mile; Belgium has close to 700; and Holland 611. In other words, on the score of population density, Italy, Germany and Japan are little more than half as crowded as are other countries in Western Europe from whom we hear little regarding population pressure.

There can be no doubt that the people of some countries, like the United States, Canada, Australia, England and Denmark, are, comparatively speaking, well off, while those of other countries, like Italy and Japan, are much worse off. And even without a single figure to substantiate the statement, we know that workers in such lands as China and India fare very badly in comparison with those of more advanced industrial countries.

The answer to the question raised by Mussolini, Hitler and the Japanese is not so clear-cut. There are, of course, maladjustments and sources of discontent in plenty, but they cannot be traced directly to population pressure alone. A reduction of population in these three countries would not solve their present difficulties.

At bottom, we are concerned with national maladjustments which grow out of a military tradition, out of envying the better fortune of neighbors, and out of the prevailing type of government and the character of its leadership.

However much we may deplore the aggressive policies of dictatorships, we must admit that there is fundamentally a certain reasonableness in their demands for greater accessibility to raw products and to markets.

Would not the peace of the world be greatly advanced if the leading nations were to sit around a table and attempt to solve the economic problems which confront them? Is this not an opportune moment for the thorough study of the problem of land and resources with the view to their more just and fair distribution among the countries of the world?

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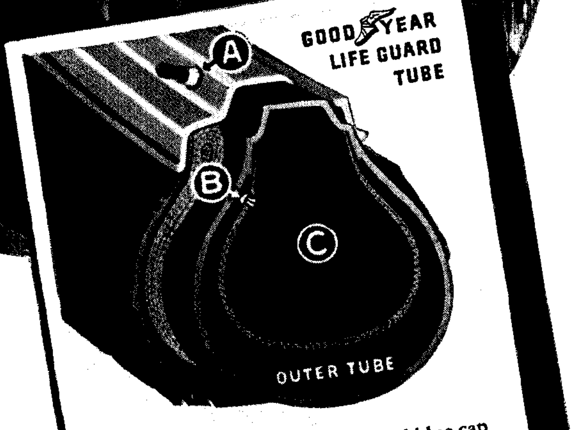

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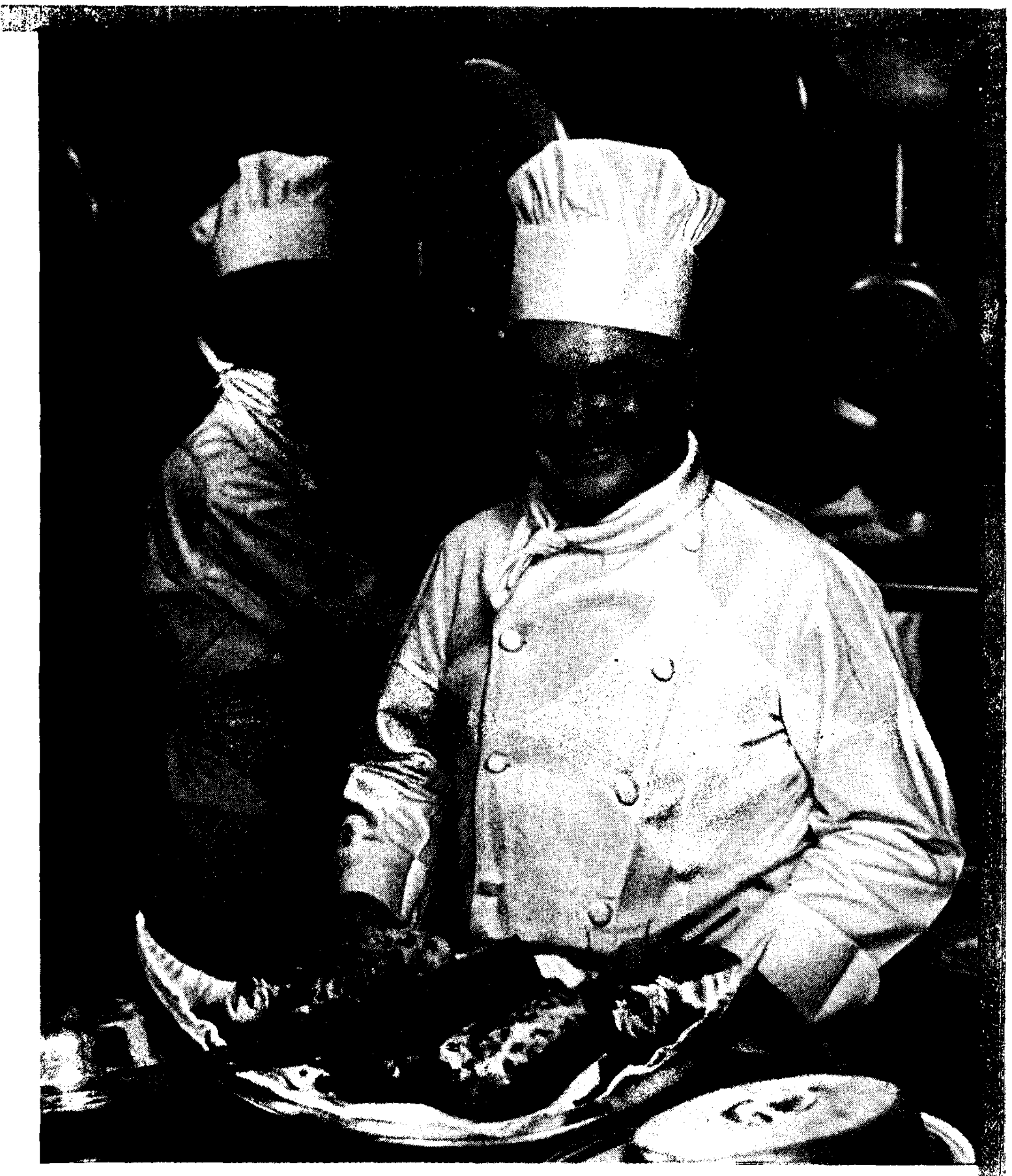

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